MARCH, 1902.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

Of the new phase to the Bacon-Shakespeare squabble we have nothing to say. Simply let us reprint from the London *Outlook* the following:

He thought he saw a mystery,
A new Rosetta stone.
He looked and saw a cipher which
Has recently been shown.
"The same old dish again," he said;
"I thought we cleaned the bone."

Raffles and Sherlock Holmes.

The theory advanced in the February BOOKMAN about the footprints of the Baskerville hound has brought to this office a number of letters, some of which contain theories far more ingenious than our own. Our chief regret in the matter is that we did not use the idea in the January number, so that we could have discussed some of the resulting letters in the February issue, because we have an idea that the March installment of *The Hound of the Baskervilles* (these lines are being written on February 10) is going to tell us what it is all about. So we feel that we shall have to take leave of Sherlock Holmes for a little while and turn our attention to another gentleman with whom we occasionally hear him contrasted and compared.

The first time that Mr. E. W. Hornung put an apparent end to Raffles, the amateur cracksman, it was with a very obvious hesitation. The author seemed

E. W. HORNUNG.

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THE CHILDHOOD OF THE GREAT.

Scenes From the Confirmed Great Novelist Orphanage.

Scene I. On a Fair Day.

THOMAS HARDY: "What a pity it is, Georgie, that when we go, there will be no one to live in this beautiful place. What an orphanage it will be when there are no more orphans!"

GEORGE MEREDITH: "Yet it has been a little lonely; I have sometimes thought that we might have played with other boys if the rules had not been so strict. They might have let Stevenson in; he may prove to be a disinherited heir."

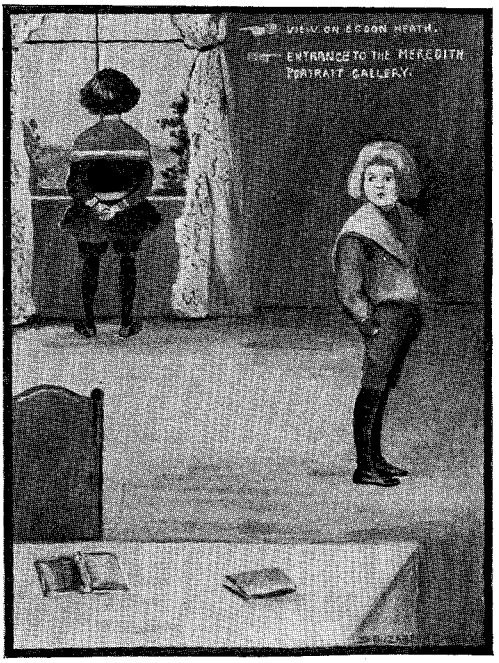
THOMAS HARDY: "In that case Time will look after him. But the Age has made no mistake about us. We are confirmed."

(*Both Together*): "Certainly."

(*Later and Confidentially*): "Tom, do you think we can write poetry?"

to be saying: "This chap seems to be becoming somewhat of a bore, so here goes. But as it may be convenient to bring him back, I may as well throw in the suggestion that although he undoubtedly jumped overboard he did not necessarily drown. It was much the same way with Sherlock Holmes. Dr. Doyle protested, and very loudly protested, that if he did not kill Sherlock Holmes, Sherlock Holmes would certainly kill him. But when it came to the point, and Professor Moriarty was made to throw the detective over the Alpine precipice, the author saw to it that nobody ever found the body. Nor did he throw out any hint that all the stories preceding the catastrophe had been told. On the contrary, in the course of former narratives, allusions were made to other stories, among them *The Adventure of the Tired Captain* and *The Adventure of the Second Stain,* with a promise that they should appear in print at a later and more favourable day. Raffles's second "finish," however, was very emphatic and decisive, and, consequently, it is with considerable curiosity that we await his next reappearance.

The birthplace of Robert Louis Stevenson at Number 8 Howard Place, Edinburgh, is for sale, and the price is said to be eight hundred pounds. Just now it is interesting to note that Number 11 Howard Place was for several years the home of Mr. W. E. Henley when Mr. Henley was editing the *Scots Observer.* From Howard Place the Stevensons removed, two years and a half after Robert Louis was born.



Scene II. When the Wind is in the East.

MEREDITH: "It is lucky for some people that no matter what they write afterward they are allowed to remain here after once being admitted."

HARDY: "*I* would draw the line at orphans who are not able to make themselves understood."—*Marjory MacMurchy.*

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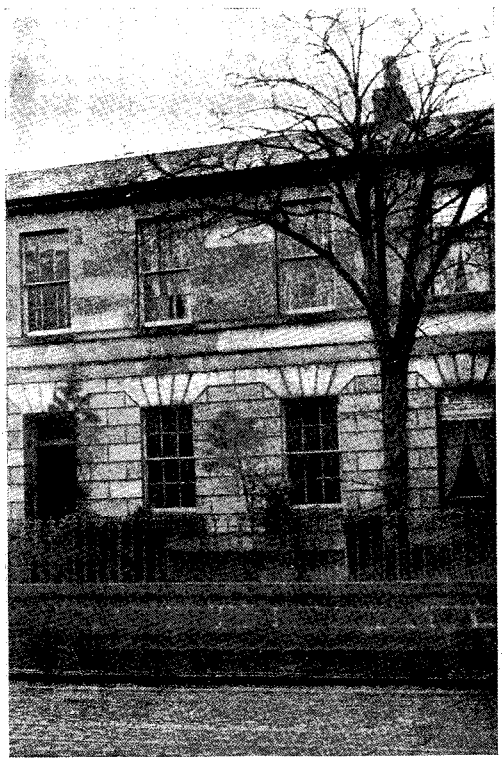
"Lord Alingham, Bankrupt."

Lord Alingham, Bankrupt, to be published in March, describes the pursuit of an American fortune by a titled Englishman of tattered fortunes,—an ocean liner, an English country house and an American ranch providing the background to the chase. The central figure—scarcely to be called a hero—rather more than suggests a certain young Englishman, conspicuously penniless and very well known in this country; while the uncle of the story might be as easily identified with an elderly person who is very nearly as well known in London as the Tower. Another character in the book who has a familiar prototype in real life is the lady to whom Lord Alingham owes his bankruptcy, and who in the middle of the story flips a coin with him to decide whether she shall sue him for a farthing for breach of promise, in order to break off his projected marriage, or burn his letters and give him her blessing.

MARIE MANNING.

The author of *Lord Alingham,* Miss Marie Manning, has had an experience much more varied than that of the average young woman. It includes several years' residence in England, ranch life in the really wild West—Colorado, Montana and Wyoming—and four years of newspaper work in New York. Hence the story is based on ground entirely familiar to her, from the yellow newspaper duel which in the first chapter drives Lord Alingham from American soil, before his matrimonial snares are laid at all, to the end of the game and the story in the West. Miss Manning counts her four years of newspaper life, begun under Arthur Brisbane on the *World,* a valuable experience. She is living now in New York, and at work on a story which gives in more detail the humorous side of life on a ranch. *Lord Alingham, Bankrupt,* is marked by a cleverness which at times approaches almost to brilliancy.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
8 Howard Place, Edinburgh.

Literary Lawyers.

Even looking at the matter casually, one is impressed by the close connection which has always existed between law and literature. Although lawyers very rarely write fiction which treats essentially of the experiences which come to them through the practice of their profession, there has never been a time when there have not been lawyers writing novels, and good novels. Scott was a barrister. Balzac

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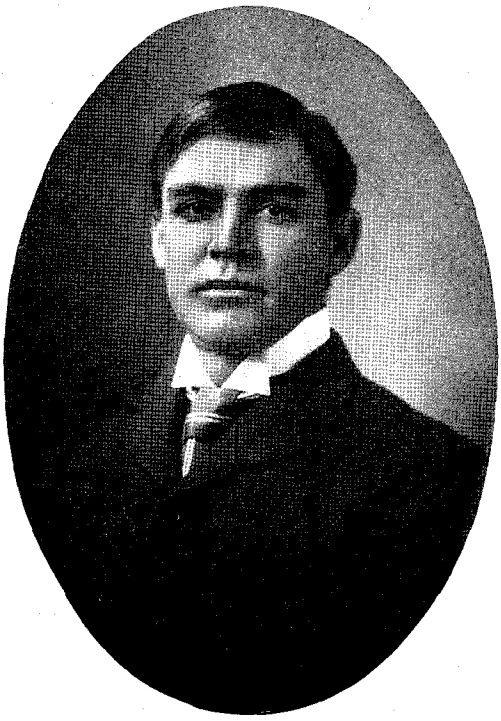
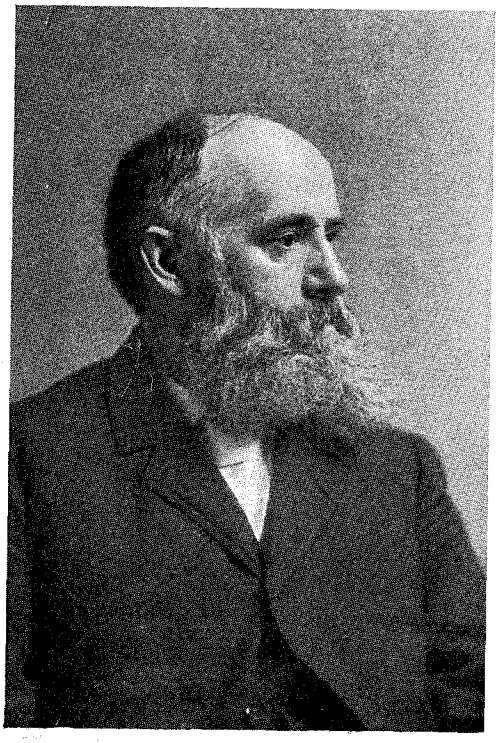
FREDERICK TREVOR HILL.



ROBERT AMES BENNET.



THE LATE HORACE SCUDDER.

THE LATE ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

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began life in a law office. Thackeray was qualified to practise. To-day, in thinking casually of our own American novelists, we recall that Judge Grant and Mr. Major, among others, belong to the legal profession. Two lawyers who have written novels, published recently, are Mr. Robert Ames Bennet, the author of *Thyra,* a book permeated with the atmosphere of Norse and Icelandic legend and poetry, and Mr. Frederick Trevor Hill, whose new book has the striking title *The Minority.*

Among recent deaths of literary men were those of Jean de Bloch, who wrote a book on the war of the future which is said to have inspired the Czar to issue his call for the Peace Conference at The Hague; Horace Scudder, sometime editor of the *Atlantic Monthly,* and Elbridge S. Brooks, who for many years held so warm a place in the hearts of young readers.

"Soldiers of Fortune" on the Stage.

It is very seldom nowadays that we hear that a popular novel is to be dramatised, without experiencing feelings of exasperation or downright disgust. This wholesale dramatisation of fiction may be of benefit to some authors and actors, but it is decidedly harmful to literature and the stage and to the general public of novel readers and theatre-goers. Now and then, however, there is an exception to this rule, and Mr. Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune* is one of these exceptions. It is rather extraordinary that so little use in dramatic form has been made of Mr. Davis's books and short stories. Almost all of them possess qualities which fit them absolutely for the stage, and yet with one or two slight exceptions these qualities have never been put to use. *Soldiers of Fortune,* in especial, should make an excellent play. Its very faults as a piece of literary work should enhance its value to the playwright, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Augustus Thomas will refrain from depriving Robert Clay of any of his superfluous medals. Some of the episodes of the book are to be slightly changed. For instance, Clay's only love affair is with Hope. The earlier affair with Hope's elder sister, Alice, is to be ignored entirely.

Two Beacon Biographies.

Two recent Beacon Biographies which we note are *Paul Jones,* by Hutchins Hapgood, and *Edwin Booth,* by Charles T. Copeland. Mr. Hapgood, whose name must be familiar to all readers of THE BOOKMAN,

ROBERT EDISON AS ROBERT CLAY IN RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE."

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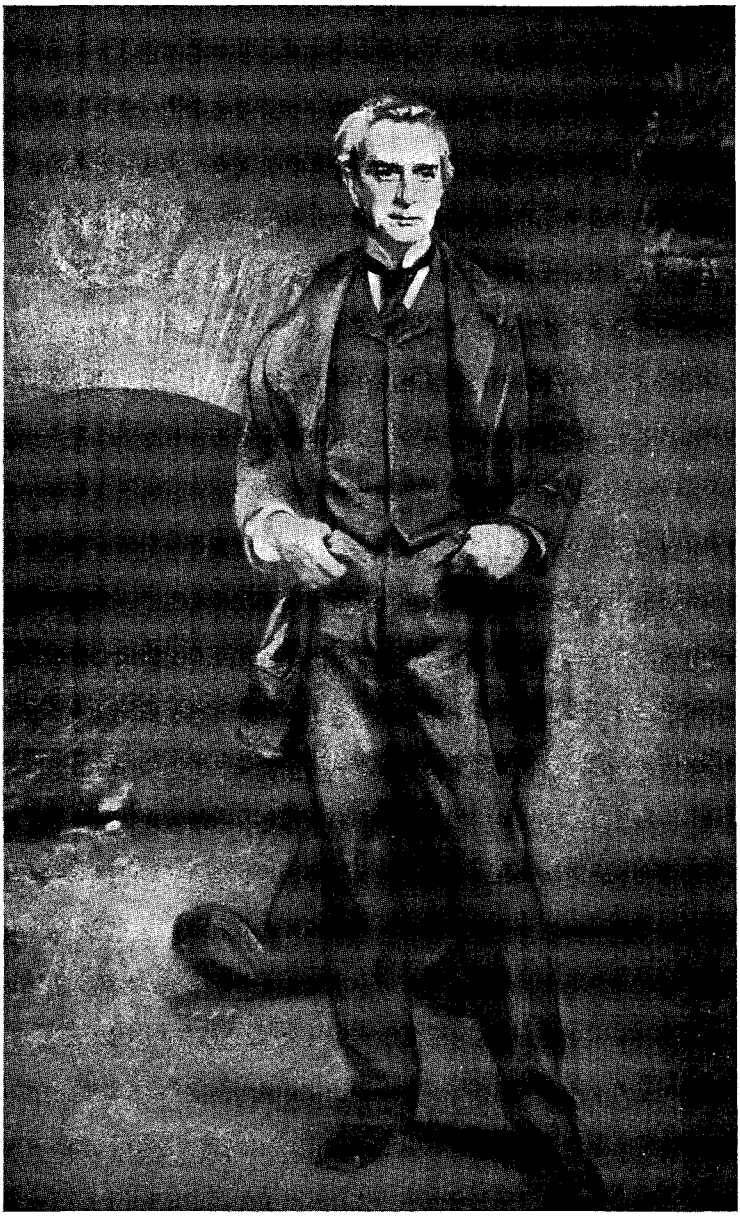

THE SARGENT PAINTING OF EDWIN BOOTH. THE PROPERTY OF THE PLAYERS' CLUB OF NEW YORK, TO WHICH IT WAS PRESENTED BY MR. E. C. BENEDICT.

That face which no man ever saw
And from his memory banished quite,
With eyes in which are Hamlet's awe
And Cardinal Richelieu's subtle light,
Looks from this frame. A master's hand
Has set the master player here,
In the fair temple that he planned
Not for himself. To us most dear
This image of him! "It was thus
He looked; such pallour touched his cheek;
With that same grace he greeted us—
Nay, 'tis the man, could it but speak!"
Sad words that shall be said some day—
Far fall the day! O cruel Time,
Whose breath sweeps mortal things away,
Spare long this image of his prime,
That others standing in the place
Where, save as ghosts, we come no more,
May know what sweet majestic face
The gentle Prince of Players wore!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

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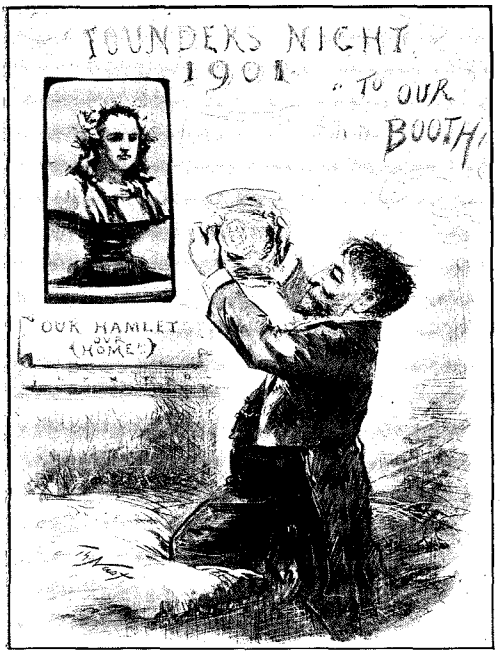

has had during his career as a newspaper man a very wide and varied experience. After being graduated from Harvard in the class of '92 he went around the world, spending considerable time in the East. As a newspaper man he has "covered" all the assignments which fall to the lot of the reporter, from interviewing the weather bureau to handling murder cases; he has written dramatic criticism, book reviews, and furnished the special stories which go to make up the Saturday editions of the evening and the Sunday editions of the morning New York papers. In the issue of this magazine for December, 1900, we told the story of four writers for the magazines and newspapers who used to make their headquarters in a Franco-American hotel not far from Washington Square. Two of these, as we said at the time, were Josiah Flynt Willard and Alfred Hodder, the authors of *Powers That Prey*. It has been said that the investigation which they made into the criminal life of New York City when they were preparing that book furnished a great deal of material to Judge Jerome when he was making his whirlwind campaign last autumn. Mr. Hodder is now the District Attorney's private secretary. Mr. Hapgood was the third of the four and the one who dealt the death-blow to its integrity and its tradition. Mr. Copeland's *Edwin Booth* is one of the happiest of an attractive series. It treats not only of the career of one of the most amiable and best loved of all great players, but it shows a fine intimacy with Booth's art.

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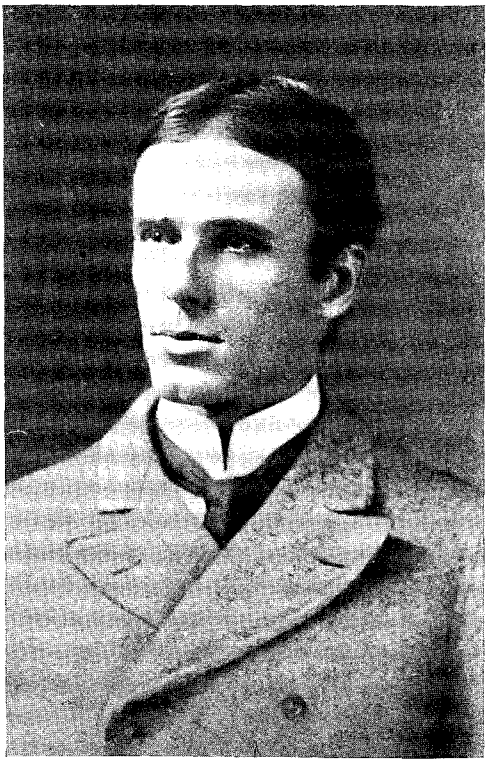
A Forthcoming Life of Thomas Nast.

Thomas Nast's felicitous pictorial tribute to the memory of Edwin Booth is of particular interest just now because a life of the eminent cartoonist is in the course of preparation. It is being written by Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, two of whose books, *The Bread Line* and *The Van Dwellers*, were appreciated by Mr. Nast in the humorous sketches which appeared in the December BOOKMAN. The subject is one of especial interest to the biographer, because his political opinions were moulded when he was a boy by the Nast cartoons in *Harper's Weekly*. One Christmas season, when Mr. Paine was a boy of eight living on a farm in Illinois, there was published in *Harper's Weekly*



HUTCHINS HAPGOOD.

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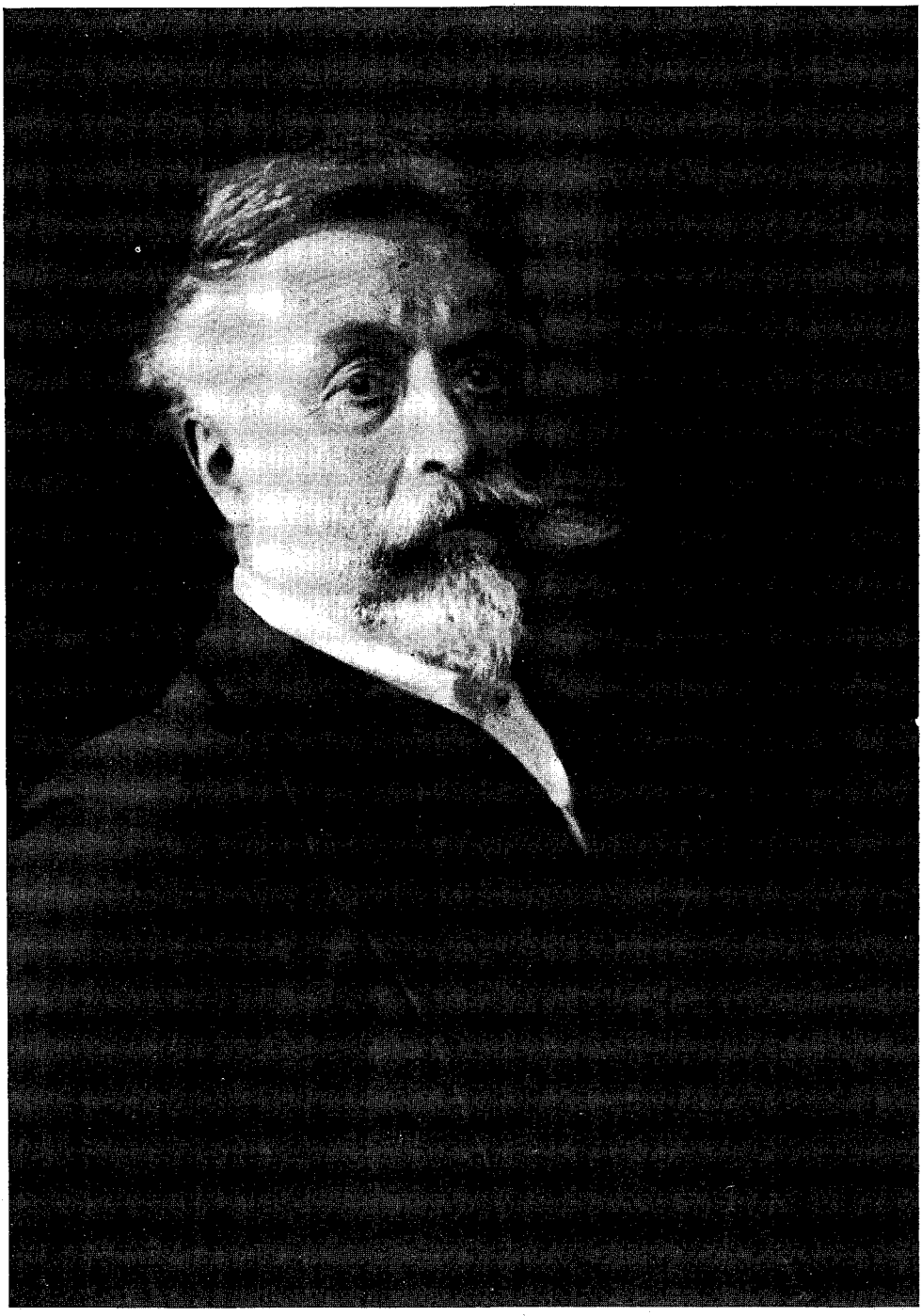
a double-page Christmas picture of "Santa Claus and His Works," showing Santa Claus at his various occupations, with a large view in the centre of his castle, and the old fellow on an upper battlement, looking out over the world with a spy-glass. This picture impressed itself vividly on the boy's imagination. He



PORTRAIT OF THOMAS NAST. BY MISS BEN-YUSUF.

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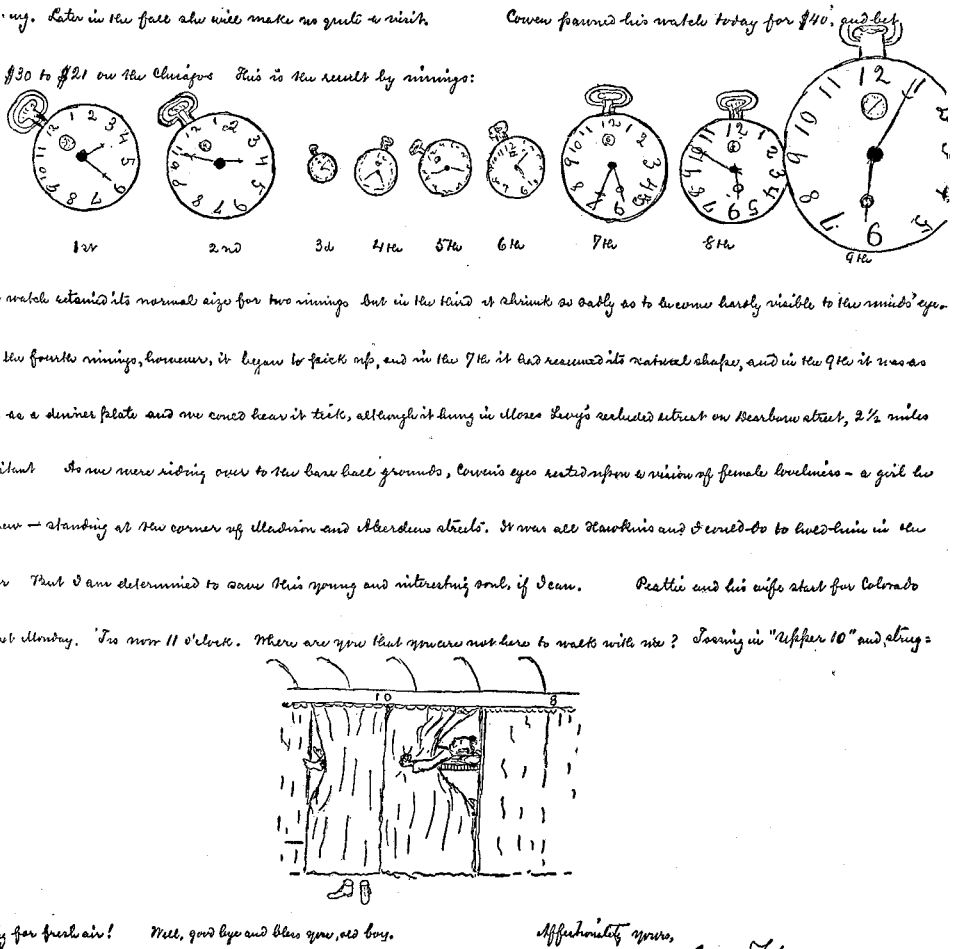
never forgot it, and thirty years after he referred to it in conversation with Mr. Nast and learned for the first time that it had been drawn by the latter. It was then, one evening in the Players' Club of New York, that the biography was first suggested. Mr. Nast had had frequent requests to write his autobiography, but could not find time for the work. Elsewhere in the present number will be found a short article about Mr. Nast and his cartoons.

Eugene Field, the Man.

So much has been written about Eugene Field of late years, and so much stress has been laid on his correspondence and personality, that he has come to suggest a sort of American minor Stevenson. His latest biographer, Slason Thompson, cannot exactly be called his Boswell; but "his Balfour" might do very well. However, it would not be wise to carry the metaphor too far. Of Mr. Thompson's *Eugene*



A CHARACTERISTIC LETTER, WRITTEN BY EUGENE FIELD TO SLASON THOMPSON.

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Field it is to be said that it is very seldom that a better equipped man finds a more fitting and congenial subject. Field and Thompson worked side by side for many years, delighted victims of each other's practical jokes; their aims, their ideals were very much the same; they were alike temperamentally; and when the biographer recounts or describes the eccentricities of his friend-hero it is not in the spirit of explanation or apology, but in sheer enthusiastic admiration. This admiration may not always be understood; some of Field's vagaries and buffooneries were rather extraordinary; but in the man behind there was very little that was peevish or unkind or ungenerous. Slason Thompson seems to have put it all down and given us two volumes of the most entertaining reading. It is a book which should appeal even to people who don't like biography.

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Field once said very characteristically that he did not like the East. He did not understand it. Its ways, its conventions awed and irritated him. He wanted the elbow room which the West gave him, to be able to go about acting without restraint, to exploit gleefully red flannel underwear, to parade the public streets of a bitter cold midwinter day clad in a linen duster and brandishing a palm leaf fan. He was typical of the Western journalism of his time—the very apotheosis of its wit, its humour, its good nature, its personality, its irresponsibility. When in Chicago he used to complain of the quarters in which his newspaper work was done. Probably he really liked it, and would have felt cheerless and uncomfortable in more elaborate surroundings. The rough pine table at which he wrote his daily column of "Sharps and Flats" was suited to him; a roll-top desk would have been an object to be taken a part with childish curiosity. This spirit of boyish horseplay he carried with him everywhere; into his work, his home, his relations with politicians and celebrities of all sorts. His early life in Denver was one round of whimsicalities; one day he was inveigling a local candidate into amusing difficulties with his coloured constituents; another he was being driven triumphantly through the streets dressed and made up in extravagant caricature of a much-heralded visiting lecturer. And he seems never to have changed very much.

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One of Field's most extraordinary literary accomplishments was his faculty of inventing the most impossible news stories and writing them up with such apparent sincerity, such solemn-faced gravity and such a minuteness of detail that most readers gulped them gaspingly but without doubt. It is what the French call *pince sans rire.* Once he concocted a most outrageously ridiculous story concerning Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. Had the story been given baldly the hoax would have been obvious to the most gullible of readers; but turned and twisted in Field's dextrous hands, embellished by figures and supported by names and addresses, it was made at last to seem extraordinary but true. Labouchère printed it solemnly in London *Truth,* adding some comment of his own. Field was delighted. Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman was to visit Chicago as a guest of the Twentieth Century Club of that city, and Field found the usual opportunity to give vent to his spirits. He drew a circumstantial and dramatic picture of the excitement which the prospective visit of the poet was arousing in Chicago literary circles. He told picturesquely, yet solemnly, of certain wonderful preparations that were being made, of a grand banquet that was to be. The honoured guest was to be conducted from the railway station by a giant procession, and Field was able to announce authoritatively the following order of march:

Twenty police officers afoot.

The Grand Marshal, horseback, accompanied by ten male members of the Twentieth Century Club, also horseback.

Mr. Stedman in a landau drawn by four horses, two black and two white.

The Twentieth Century Club in carriages.

A brass band afoot.

The Robert Browning Club in Frank Parmelee's 'buses.

The Homer Clubs afoot, preceded by a fife and drum corp, and a real Greek philosopher attired in a tunic.

Another brass band.

A beautiful young woman playing a guitar, symbolising Apollo and his lute, in a car drawn by nine milk-white stallions, impersonating the Muses.

Two hundred Chicago poets afoot.

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The Chicago Literary Club in carriages.
Another brass band.
Magnificent advertising car of Armour & Co. illustrating the progress of civilisation.
The Fishbladder Brigade and the Blue Island Avenue Shelley Club.
The Fire Department.
Another brass band.
Citizens in carriages, afoot and horseback.
Advertising cars and wagons.

Strange Adventures of Authorship.

While the success *à grand tirage* of second-rate novels must always remain something of a mystery, the failure of a story of real merit to obtain a fair hearing is in some instances easier to understand. Here is a case in point. Somewhat more than a year ago a young writer in this city finished his first novel. In some ways it was a rather remarkable first novel, depicting the seamy side of life with an uncommon degree of sombre power, and handling certain aspects of the sex problem with the frank fearlessness which is the rightful privilege of a high order of talent. The young writer took his story to a well-known publishing house, where two readers for the firm, both of them authors of successful novels, reported enthusiastically in its favour. It was then read by a younger member of the firm, and the result was a flattering letter of acceptance. Shortly afterward the senior member of the firm, who had meanwhile returned from abroad, took the manuscript home one evening and gave it to his wife to read. Just what happened next it is difficult to discover, but the fate of the book seems to have been sealed from this time forth. It was eventually published, in unpretentious garb and under a rather colourless title, in an edition just large enough to cover expenses, and, with few exceptions, it was not sent to the papers for review. The public never really had a fair chance to pass judgment upon it; but the author must since have drawn some comfort from the fact that the English edition, brought out by an enterprising London publisher, has met with cordial appreciation from widely different sources. The American publisher has since been heard to say that he felt from the beginning that the book was bound to succeed sooner or later, and preferred that the stigma of its success should not rest upon his house.

Although Mr. Arthur Henry, whose unique volume, *An Island Cabin,* is soon to be published, is not the young author referred to in the foregoing paragraph, he is in a position to sympathise with him, since he went through a similar and much more amusing experience about a decade ago. Mr. Henry is the product of a small Illinois village of an unpronounceable name. As a child he was delicate and spent his early years on a farm under close maternal supervision, his education being limited to exactly three months in a public school. As a consequence he has retained the fresh outlook, the boyish exuberance, the joyous irresponsibility of his fourteenth year—an irresponsibility which has survived his rough-and-tumble experiences in an Omaha dry-goods store, and later his apprenticeship on the Chicago *Daily News,* where the only encouragement he received was from Eugene Field, whose clear insight discovered the evidence of dormant talent. Later he drifted to New York and wrote his first novel. It was accepted and the plates cast, when here again the head of the firm returned and interfered. Mr. Henry purchased his plates, found another publisher, and arranged to have the whole edition sent to the American News Company or some similar house for distribution. Then with that characteristic spirit of boyish elation, he could not rest until he had returned home and told the story of his triumph to the appreciative home circle. It was just eight years before it occurred to Mr. Henry to come back to New York and make inquiries about his book. He then learned that his novel, although duly shipped from the printers, had never reached the point of distribution, but had mysteriously vanished *in transitu.* Among his other youthful traits is Mr. Henry's tendency to remember kindly those who at any time have been kind to him, and so it was the most natural thing in the world for him to look up the old lady with whom he had boarded in former years. After greeting him effusively, his former landlady inquired whether he was ever going to remove all those big packing cases which still encumbered her basement. Somewhat bewildered, he in-

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vestigated, and of course discovered the whole edition of the missing novel in such an advanced stage of mildew as to destroy their usefulness for commercial purposes.

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One of the many youthful dreams which have survived Mr. Henry's early youth is that of some time owning an island—a little island all his own, on which he could live a luxurious, Robinson Crusoe existence, untrammelled by any of those troublesome conventions and responsibilities which an unsympathetic world insists upon thrusting upon him. Last summer he learned that such islands were to be had for the taking, off the coast of Connecticut, and after a brief investigation found one to his taste. Here he erected an unpretentious little cabin and spent the summer in the company of a few congenial friends, making many naïve discoveries in the arts of fishing and boating, all duly recorded in his forthcoming volume. It matters not that the things he discovered were the common property of mankind long before the Carthaginians sailed the Mediterranean; they were none the less original discoveries with Mr. Henry. He found, for instance, that there was such a thing as a head wind—a wind which at times would perversely blow from the very point toward which he wished to sail. But his discovery went further than this; with the spirit of the true inventor he applied himself to a solution of the difficulty, and at last hit upon a method by which he could sail the boat in a zig-zag path against the wind. In other words, he rediscovered the art of tacking, and has described it quite minutely in a chapter of refreshing *naïveté* for the benefit of future boatmen.

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In winter Mr. Henry lives in New York, where he shares an apartment with Theodore Dreiser, author of *Sister Carrie*. In this connection it is perhaps interesting to note that Mr. Dreiser's novel has recently been taken over from its former publishers by the J. S. Taylor Company, and will be published this spring in more attractive form, and, let us hope, under a new and more significant title. Just at present its author is much too busy over a new novel to carry out the changes which he intends to make in *Sister Carrie*. Instances where a novelist has rewritten the closing chapters of a book are not numerous, and it is a question whether the result has ever been wholly satisfactory. Even Kipling, when he remodelled *The Light That Failed* to satisfy his literary conscience, plainly expressed his own sense of impotence when he wrote that there were wrongs which admit of no reparation, since they are "as remediless as bad work once put forward." Mr. Dreiser's case, however, is not quite analogous, since his proposed changes in *Sister Carrie* are almost wholly in the nature of amplification. As the story now stands, there are two men whose destinies are closely bound up in that of the heroine. There is still another man whose path crosses her own at the close of the book, but in an abortive manner, which leaves an impression of artistic incompleteness and faulty observation. It is this chapter which Mr. Dreiser has set himself to revise.

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The Origin of Kipling's "Namgay Doola."

There is probably no real admirer of Mr. Kipling, either the old Mr. Kipling or the new, who, if asked to make a list of the dozen Kipling stories that he liked best, would intentionally omit *Namgay Doola*. It is, as every one knows, a tale which shows the author at his best. From the first sentence to the last it is crammed with character and invention. There, "between the tail of a heaven-climbing glacier and a dark birch forest," is the little *opéra-bouffe* kingdom four miles square (but "most of the miles stood on end"), and the royal elephant which ate up the revenue, and the standing army of five, and the king himself, who would not imprison because, having been once bedridden, he "perceived the nature of the punishment," nor burn a rebel out, "because a hut is a hut, and it holds the life of a man." Then there is the spirited scene of the great deodar logs jammed in the Sutlej, and Namgay Doola, red-headed, blue-eyed, wild Irish from top to toe, leaps on to the timber and clears the dam. Irish of the Irish is all that follows, from the cattle-maiming to the Angelus, when the red-headed brats, standing in a semicircle before the little oil lamp and the worn crucifix, croon their heart-breaking hymn—

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Dir hané mard-i-yemen dir to weeree ala gee,

which is all that the years have left them of

They're hanging men and women for the wearing of the green.

Whether or not Mr. Kipling took the idea of *Namgay Doola* from the story which we are going to reprint makes, so far as credit to him is concerned, no difference whatever. If he did, it is an excellent illustration of how genius can take a crude and unmoving bit of narrative, and through sheer humour, tenderness, imagination and dramatic skill transform it into a fine piece of creative art. It will be worth while to any one who is interested in the making of fiction to take *Namgay Doola* and compare it with the newspaper account which follows:

In the Glasgow *Herald* of August 14, 1889, some time before Mr. Kipling wrote *Namgay Doola,* there appeared the following article:

The Indian mail brings an account of a curious episode in the Sikkim campaign. The story is not only interesting in itself, but it touches on several of those problems of heredity which puzzle and fascinate the scientific student. Among the prisoners taken at the battle of the Jelap was a Thibetan, who had fallen, badly wounded, while defending one of the series of stone walls which the enemy had thrown up to stop the British advance. The man's appearance—his fair complexion, blue eyes, red hair, and robust build—attracted much attention, and the hospital doctor, a keen physiologist, convinced that his patient was of European extraction, left no stone unturned to discover his previous history. The man himself, Namgay Doola, had little to tell. In speech, habits, ways of thought, and dirt, he was manifestly Thibetan. He had been born in Sikkim some five-and-thirty years before; his mother was a Lepchani; his father, Timlay Doola, had had the same physical characteristics as himself; both were now dead, but Namgay had brothers and sisters in Thibet, some resembling himself in colour and stature, others like ordinary Thibetans. As the prisoner's wound healed and he grew strong, the astonishing facility with which he picked up English phrases gave a fresh edge to the doctor's curiosity; but all his inquiries proved fruitless, till one day, on visiting the Pemeancha Monastery, he was struck by the venerable appearance of one of the Lamas, and questioned him as to any recollections that might throw light on his physiological conundrum. The old priest was able to give him some assistance. He told him that very many years before a big, burly, red-headed European, dressed in a red coat and armed with a good gun, had come to Sikkim from Darjeeling with a Lepcha woman, her brothers and their wives, and had settled down without molestation, till the British forces entered Sikkim in 1860, when they had emigrated in a body into Thibet. The doctor, so far confirmed in his conjectures, next made inquiries at Darjeeling, and more particularly at the Convalescent Depot at Jalapahar. The information obtained at the depot was complete and wholly satisfactory.

Among a batch of invalids sent to Jalapahar shortly after the establishment of the Convalescent Depot there had been a wild, harum-scarum, red-headed Irishman named Timothy Doolan, whose constitution had been broken down by drink and the climate. Tim had been speedily captivated by the charms of a good-looking Lepchani, but the *liaison* had unfortunately not returned in a moral reform. Tim grew careless and dirty in his habits; he often returned to the depot in liquor, and was frequently late at roll-call. It was at last resolved to send him back to his regiment, and he received his marching orders. Next morning, however, Tim was not to be found anywhere. On search being made, it was discovered that the Lepcha woman and her family had left for Sikkim, and a party of sappers was at once despatched on their track. After a pursuit of three or four days the sappers returned, and reported that they had come up with the deserter and the Lepchas on the further side of the Runjeet, but the soldier, who had taken all his equipments with him, had halted and fired on them, and as they were afraid to go far into Sikkim they had returned. This was the last seen of Tim Doolan, who presumably led thenceforward a comfortable loafer's life as Timlay Doola. Further evidence as to the identity of the deserter with the prisoner's father was furnished by a messenger, who brought from Namgay's house in Thibet an old brass breast-plate, used formerly for fastening a soldier's cross-belts, with the number of the regiment on it, a small, well-worn brass crucifix and an old tobacco-stopper. One wonders what thoughts passed through Tim's red head as he gazed on these relics of his past life—whether he ever regretted his soldiering days, or pictured to himself the ancestral hovel in the "ould counthry." When Tim's son was released with the other prisoners he did not at once return with them to Thibet. but lingered about the camp, with a feeling of reluctance to leave it which must have been inexplicable to himself. After a while, however, he departed, with a few presents and keepsakes from the men, and made his way back to his wife and family. Whether Namgay Doola has transmitted to his children any of the peculiarities, physical or psychical, of their grandfather, the narrative does not say; but one cannot read it without reverting to those curious discoveries recorded by travellers, of isolated tribes and communities, in which the presence of the blood of the white man is undeniably manifest. . . . Namgay Doola's facility in picking up English, and his attraction toward the British soldiers, suggest, indeed, possibilities out of which something might be made; but here,

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too, reversion is toward a lower, not a higher, condition of life. The instances are sufficiently numerous. . . . The blood of the Doolans will, therefore, in all probability effect little change among the mountain villages of Thibet. Aptitudes, vague longings, quick temper—what may be called unconscious reminiscences of Donnybrook, Father Phelim, Tim O'Hara's wake, the turf cabin and the black bog—may distinguish the Irish-complexioned children from their Lepcha-featured brothers and sisters for a generation or two, and then the red-coated deserter will disappear for ever. And yet, who knows? Inscrutable are the tricks of heredity. Timlay may reappear again and yet again, and the Irish blood spring up in a turbulent mountaineer destined to give trouble to some unlucky viceroy of the future.

A poet who signs the initials "F. B." contributed to a recent number of the *Westminster Gazette* the following addition to Mr. Kipling's "The Islanders":

[The list of British sports to which Mr. Kipling has recently made such graceful allusions is unfortunately very incomplete. The following lines will (possibly) be inserted in future editions.]

The rubber-shod rough with a racquet, the ass on the asphalted path;
The half-witted hurler of hammers, the lubber that leaps at a lath;
The ruffian riding in red, and the gaby in gaiters that shoots;
The fatuous flapper of flies, and the scoundrel with skates on his boots;
The lout that loafs on the links with his lingo of "lies" and "the like;"
The blundering bent-backed bounder that buckets along on a bike;
The bare-legged boobies in boats, each bent on becoming a "blue;"
The crass-headed crocks playing croquet, the crapulous cad with a cue;
The maniacs mounted on motors that murder a man every mile,
(And I think you will freely admit that I've bettered my earliest style).

It was recently pointed out that Mr. Kipling is not the first poet to attack the worship of sport. The same thing was done a great many hundred years ago by one Euripides in lines of which the following is a translation:

Of all the myriad plagues that harass Greece,
'Tis sure the tribe of athletes is the worst!
They learn not how to make a livelihood,
And would not if they could. . . .
. . . While their bright youth lasts,
They walk admired, the darlings of the crowd:
But when the bitterness of age is come,
Like worn-out garments they are cast aside.
And much I blame the custom of the Greeks,
Who gather from afar to see these men,
Honouring their useless sports, which do but serve
To whet the appetite of greedy folk.
For grant a man has wrestled well, or won
A foot-race, deftly pitched a quoit, or struck
A ringing blow, how has he served the State?
Why do ye crown him? Will he, quoit in hand,
Do battle for his country, or go forth
To box with foes who come in armour clad?
When swords are drawn we put these follies from us.

Amid the flood of criticism and indignant retort that have been called forth in England by "The Islanders," these spirited lines by Mr. W. Monro Anderson, an Australian poet, well deserve preservation:

Lord of the loud-lunged legions!
Prince of the Purple Press!
Are we but pigmy people
Lost in the wilderness?

That we of the Younger Nations
Should call back our fighting men
At the blast of your tin war trumpet,
Or the scrawl of your scratching pen?

Safe in your inky dug-out,
Flinging your gibes about,
What do you know of England
Or the quest that brought us out?

We of the Younger Nations,
Reared on the range and plain,
Scornful out of battle,
Hurl you the lie again.

We of the Younger Nations,
Are we but sickly spawn?
Spoilt little lambs of the Empire
On whom the elders fawn?

Willing and freely we sought it
Out of the range and the plain,
Freely, unbridled, undriven,
As we would seek again.

Lord of the loud-lunged legions!
Scribe of a jaundiced age!
We of the Younger Nations
Were taught from a brighter page—

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Have read of the old-time leaders,
How their stirring deeds were done,
How on the fields of Eton
The great war games were won.

So when the war-worn horseman
Comes to his own again,
Back to the fen and moorland,
Back to the rolling plain,

Grudge him not gun nor hunter,
The hound nor the well-kept turf,
Bidding him strut the pavement
Like some war-belted serf,
* * * * * * * *
Bidding him rule the people
By aping some foreign cur
Whose marketplace is silenced
By the clink of the bully's spur.

As there seems to be a good deal of misapprehension as to whether the second and succeeding editions of *The History of Sir Richard Calmady* were "cut," it may interest our readers to know that no chapter and no scene has been cut out, but that for business considerations the English and American editions have now been brought into harmony by the omission of five lines in the former.

Miss Marie Van Vorst was to have published in March a novel entitled *The Sacrifice of Fools.* By one of those coincidences which are growing very common nowadays, the title has already been used, and cannot therefore be copyrighted. For this reason the title has been changed to *Philip Longstreth.*

The Hugo Centenary.

Great preparations have been made in France for the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Victor Hugo, the twenty-sixth of February. They include an impressive ceremony in the Pantheon, with a eulogy by M. Leygues, Minister of Public Instruction, and a parade by the school children; the unveiling of a very elaborate monument to Hugo by Barriat, on the Place Victor Hugo, not very far from the house in which Hugo spent his last years and died in May, 1875; also a popular festival organised by the Municipal Council of Paris, with dances and receptions in the Hôtel de Ville; a gala performance of scenes of Hugo's dramas, with recitations from his poems in the Théâtre Français, which is also to revive on that occasion the drama of *Les Burgraves,* which has not been performed since 1839, and which is to be presented with a superb cast, including the Mounet brothers, Le Bargy and Mademoiselle Bartet; the inauguration and presentation to the city by the Hugo heirs of the Musée Victor Hugo, situated in the house where Hugo lived until his exile in 1851 on the Place des Vosges, not far from the Bastille, in front of which will be exhibited, among other things, a plaster model of the statue of Victor Hugo by Dalou. Preparations have been made elsewhere also, especially in Besançon, where Hugo was born. The chief American celebration is under the auspices of Columbia University. The place selected is the new auditorium of the Horace Mann School, the only hall of the university with a seating capacity of one thousand. The chairman selected is Professor Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton University. The list of speakers includes Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie and Professor Léopold Mabilleau, whose lectures before the Boston Branch of the Alliance Française have met with such success that hundreds had to be turned away every night. Hugo, who was far from indifferent to the spread of his own fame, will have no ground for turning uneasily in his tomb, under the dome of the Pantheon. The world is still listening to his words, and there is no fear lest the publication of his last posthumous volume of verse, *La Dernière Gerbe,* will form the least appreciated feature in the centennial celebrations.

The Carnegie Institution and Its President.

The meeting of the trustees of the Carnegie Institution, held in Washington on the twenty-ninth and thirtieth of January, is an event that will be memorable in the history of American scientific progress. On the date first mentioned, Mr. Andrew Carnegie formally made over to the trustees the deed whereby he placed at their disposal the sum of $10,000,000, to be used in the furtherance of human knowledge by original research. A fuller statement with regard to this magnificent endowment will be found upon another page, over the signature of Dr. Daniel Coit Gilman, who has become the first President

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of the Carnegie Institution. The selection of Dr. Gilman for this most dignified and responsible office gives the fullest assurance that the purpose which Mr. Carnegie had in view will be attained through plans so broad and liberal as to perpetuate not only the name and memory of the founder, but also that of the great scholar and organiser who has undertaken to give effectiveness to this unique foundation. Never, perhaps, before has it fallen to the lot of a single man to shape the beginnings of two such seminaries of science as the Johns Hopkins University and the Carnegie Institution; so that the distinction which Dr. Gilman enjoys is quite unique. It is not thirty years since he assumed the presidency of the infant university in Baltimore, yet to-day that seat of learning is one of the world's centres of original research, famous alike for the renown of those who have taught and laboured there, and for the brilliant and enduring results which they have achieved. It is safe to say that the existence of the Johns Hopkins University, as planned by Dr. Gilman, has changed the whole history of the higher education in the United States, and raised the standard of every other American university to a level such as it might not have attained in a whole century of experiment and unstimulated growth. The influence and example of the group of men whom Dr. Gilman drew about him—Rowland, for instance, in physics, Remsen in chemistry, Sylvester in mathematics, Gildersleeve in Greek, and Haupt in orientalia—have revolutionised American scholarship. The Johns Hopkins University, in fact, first taught our hesitating pundits the full meaning and the true value of scientific investigation, and now the Carnegie Institution comes into being to encourage and develop all the possibilities of such investigation and to disseminate a knowledge of its results. It is ideally appropriate, therefore, that Dr. Gilman should be chosen to give the garnered fruits of his experience and ripened wisdom to this second great experiment. The work upon which he is now engaged is, indeed, the complement of that to which he set his hand some thirty years ago. That events should have so shaped themselves as to render it possible for him to discharge this double task in the cause of human knowledge is extraordinary. To him has come a most unusual distinction and an opportunity that is quite unique; while, for the higher learning and for science in its broader sense, he has, in accepting this great office, performed a service that will never be forgotten.

Dr. Gilman is a native of Connecticut, and a graduate of Yale in the class of 1852. He held for a time the professorship of Physics and Political Geography in the same university, acting also as its librarian. He was Superintendent of Schools for the State of Connecticut from 1863 to 1865. In 1872 he was called to the presidency of the University of California, which he held until 1875, when he became President of the Johns Hopkins University, whose organisation was planned by him. This office he held until last year, when he resigned and was succeeded by Professor Ira Remsen. In the autumn of 1900 he accepted the editorship of the *New International Encyclopædia*, concerning which we shall have more to say in our next number, and has lately been engaged in other literary and educational work.

Some Imitations and Personalities.

A few weeks ago, in rambling along our book shelves, we came upon a little volume called *The Imitator*. The author's name was not given, and the imprint was that of the publisher of a periodical of a city of the Middle West. There was something about the book which attracted attention from the first, and after having read it and then turned back to certain pages here and there, we felt that we had found the peg on which to hang some observations about a certain kind of writing that seems to be coming rapidly into vogue. Of late years there has appeared every now and then a novel which has piqued, by reason of its caricatures or portraitures of people whose names and eccentricities are well known to all newspaper readers. The trick is old enough to European novelists, but with us it is sufficiently new almost always to attract some attention. Of recent books of this kind we recall none more daring than *The Imitator*. The disguises under which well-known people are introduced are of the thinnest and

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flimsiest, and these people are handled with a great deal of sarcasm and cleverness. *The Imitator* is whimsical, brilliant, absurd. Possibly it is just as well that it is published anonymously.

The opening pages of *The Imitator* should be read because they are so beautifully illustrative of a certain style of writing which should sedulously be avoided. They retail the imaginary conversation of two New York society men who are dining in the cellar of a widely exploited Hungarian restaurant. Orson Vane and Luke Moncreith inhale Egyptian cigarettes, sip curious liqueurs, and pelt each other with laboriously constructed epigrams. They are blasés bored to death with the ennuis of a life of leisure and social functions. Theirs is the sort of conversation which seems to be inseparable from the conventional smart novel. Of course, in real life nobody ever talks so. It would be too absurd.

"If you imitate my manner of a while ago, I shall not say what I was going to say. If I am to be sincere, so must you." He took the scarlet drink the man set before him, and let it gurgle gently down his throat. "It smacks of sin and I scent lies in it. I wish I had not taken it. It is hard to be sincere after a drink that stirs the imagination. But I shall try. And you are not to interrupt any more than you can help. If we both shed the outer skin we wear for society, I believe we are neither of us such bad sorts. That is just what I am getting at: I am not quite bad enough to be blind to my own futility. Here I am, Luke, young, decently looking, with money, position and bodily health, and yet I am cursed with thought of my own futility. When people have said who I am, they have said it all; I have done nothing: I merely am. I know others would sell their souls to be what I am; but it does not content me. I have spent years considering my way. The arts have called to me, but they have not held me. All arts are imitative, except music, and music is not human enough for me; no people are so unhuman as musical people, and no art is so entirely a creation of a self-centred inventor. There can be no such thing as realism in music; the voices of Nature can never be equalled on any humanly devised instruments or notes. Painting and sculpture are mere imitations of what nature does far better."

However, if we find the sort of thing which we have quoted above impossible, it is only fair to say that it is more than redeemed by the many brilliant descriptions and imitations that follow. The plot of the story is based on an offshoot of the old Jekyll and Hyde idea. Orson Vane becomes the possessor of a mirror which enables him to take on for a time the soul of any person whom he can persuade to look into the glass. In this way his body is inhabited in turn by the souls of Reggie Hart, of Spalding-Wentworth and Arthur Wantage, and it is the daring descriptions of his behaviour while under these different influences that give the book, despite its outrageous impertinence, almost a real dignity. It is not parody at all; the actions and the utterances may be exaggerated, but they ring true. Reggie Hart is society's court fool. Spalding-Wentworth is "a man of Western wealth, of Western blue blood, and of prominence in the smart set," an arranger of innumerable golf tournaments, and a writer of books in his own way. Arthur Wantage is an actor, an eminent actor, but one who on the stage or off is always impossible, because of his egotism, his impertinence, his moods. There is no guessing at the identities of these men. Fact and fiction are so closely woven that it is impossible to tell where one ends and the other begins. Perhaps the author is at his best in describing Orson Vane's impersonation of Wantage.

The actor's curtain speech at the end of the season, that speech which always was awaited with so much curiosity, is a little triumph.

"The actor," he said, "who wins the applause of so distinguished a company is exceedingly fortunate. The applause of such a very distinguished company—" he succeeded in emphasising his phrase to the point where it became a subtle insult—"is very sweet to the actor. It reconciles him to what he must take to be a breach of true art, the introduction of his own person on the scene where he has appeared as an impersonator of character. Some actors are expected to make speeches after their exertions should be over. I am one of those poor actors. In the name of myself, a poor actor, and the poor actors in my company, I must thank this distinguished body of ladies

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and gentlemen for the patience with which they have listened to Mr. O'Deigh's little trifle. It is, of course, merely a trifle, *pour passer le temps*. Next season, I hope, I may give you a really serious production. Mr. O'Deigh cables me that he is happy such distinguished persons in such a critical town have applauded his little effort. I am sure ever so many of you would rather be at home than listening to the apologies of a poor actor. For I feel I must apologise for presenting so inconsiderable a trifle. A mere summer night's amusement. I have played it as a sort of rest for myself, as preparation for larger productions. If I have amused you, I am pleased. The actors' province is to please. The poor actor thanks you."

The *Academy and Literature*, by the way, in a recent article on "English and French Fiction in the Nineteenth Century," publishes a curious chronological table. We don't agree entirely with the selections, but the idea is certainly new:

1800 to 1830.

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
	1807 Corinne (De Staël).
1813 Pride and Prejudice (Austen).	
1814 Mansfield Park (Austen).	
1815 Guy Mannering (Scott).	
1818 Heart of Midlothian (Scott).	
1818 Persuasion (Austen).	
1820 Ivanhoe (Scott).	
1822 The Fortunes of Nigel (Scott).	
1822 The Pirate (Scott).	
1823 Quentin Durward (Scott).	
1824 Redgauntlet (Scott).	
	1829 Mateo Falcone (Mérimée).

1830 to 1840.

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
	1830 Le Rouge et le Noir (Beyle).
	1831 Notre Dame de Paris (Victor Hugo).
	1833 Lélia (Sand).
	1833 Le Médecin de Campagne (Balzac).
	1833 La Recherche de l'Absolu (Balzac).
	1834 Eugénie Grandet (Balzac).
	1835 Servitude et Grandeur Militaires (Vigny.)
	1835 Père Goriot (Balzac).
	1835 Mademoiselle de Maupin (Gautier).
	1836 Mauprat (Sand)
1837 The Pickwick Papers (Dickens).	
1838 Oliver Twist (Dickens).	
1839 Nicholas Nickleby (Dickens).	
	1839 Les Illusions Perdues (Balzac).
	1839 Le Chartreuse de Parme (Beyle).

1840 to 1850.

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
	1840 Colomba (Merimée).
1841 The Old Curiosity Shop (Dickens).	
	1842 Mémoires de Deux Jeunes Mariées (Balzac).
	1843 Consuelo. (G. Sand,)
	1844 Monte Cristo (Dumas).
	1844 Les Trois Mousquetaires (Dumas).
	1845 Carmen (Mérimée).
1847 Jane Eyre (C. Brontë).	1847 La Cousine Bette (Balzac).
1848 Wuthering Heights (E. Brontë).	
1848 Vanity Fair (Thackeray).	
	1849 Le Collier de la Reine (Dumas).

1850 to 1860.

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
1850 David Copperfield (Dickens).	1850 Le Vicomte de Bragelonne (Dumas).
1850 Pendennis (Thackeray.)	1850 François le Champi (G. Sand).
1852 Henry Esmond (Thackeray).	1852 Olympe de Clèves (Dumas).
1853 Villette. (C. Brontë).	

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ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
1855 The Newcomes (Thackeray).			1869 Tartarin de Tarascon (Daudet).
	1857 Madame Bovary (Flaubert).		
1859 A Tale of Two Cities (Dickens).		1870 to 1890.	
1859 Adam Bede (Eliot).		1872 Middlemarch (Eliot).	
			1874 Fromont Jeune et Risler Ainé (Daudet).
1860 to 1870.			1874 La Tentation de St. Antoine (Flaubert).
1860 The Mill on the Floss (Eliot).			1882 Numa Roumestan (Daudet).
1861 Silas Marner (Eliot).			
	1862 Salammbô (Flaubert).	1883 Treasure Island (Stevenson).	
	1862 Les Misérables (Hugo).		1885 Bel Ami (Maupassant).
	1863 Le Captaine Fracasse (Gautier).		1885 Une Vie (Maupassant).
	1864 Renée Mauperin (Goncourt).		
	1865 Germinie Lacerteux (Goncourt).	1889 The Master of Ballantrae	
	1869 Madame Gervaisais (Goncourt).	1889 The Ebb-Tide (Stevenson).	
		13 Authors. 38 Works.	7 Authors. 30 Works.

THE POET'S JOY

Through fields of dream his pathways lie,
  Far from the world's discordant throng;
There every flower that greets his eye
  Hides in its fragrant soul a song.

The brooks his brothers are; the trees
  To him their sylvan lore impart;
He finds a message in the breeze,—
  A lyric in the rose's heart.

And this the great joy of his gifts:—
  Some modest fancy from the sod
To fashion into song to lift
  The minds of men up close to God.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THOMAS NAST AND HIS CARTOONS

EVERY now and then there appears in the columns of some newspaper or other an allusion to the work or the talent of "the late Thomas Nast." Whenever in conversation the subject of American caricaturing comes up, those of the older generation, while perhaps willing to concede to some extent the talent of Opper and Bush and Davenport and Barrett and May and Bradley and the rest, will always end by waving aside the pretensions of any of these to especial preeminence, and tell you of Thomas Nast and how splendidly he smashed the

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Tweed Ring. Then very likely they will fall to arguing among themselves about the time when Nast died, for it is very certain that this is a point upon which no two men can positively agree.

That Mr. Nast is not dead but very much alive, that his home is in Morristown, New Jersey, that he is not an unfamiliar figure in the streets of New York, and that he is to be seen several evenings of each week at the Players Club, is, under these circumstances, a very sig-

PEACE.

(Originally Called Compromise with the South.)

This picture first made Thomas Nast's reputation. It appeared just after the election of 1862, and was circulated by the million as a campaign document.

At that time, however, only the upper part of the picture was used. The lower portion, with its arraignment of the Confederacy, was suppressed. The whole is here presented, we think, for the first time, Mr. Nast having resketched it for this article.—The Editors of the Bookman.

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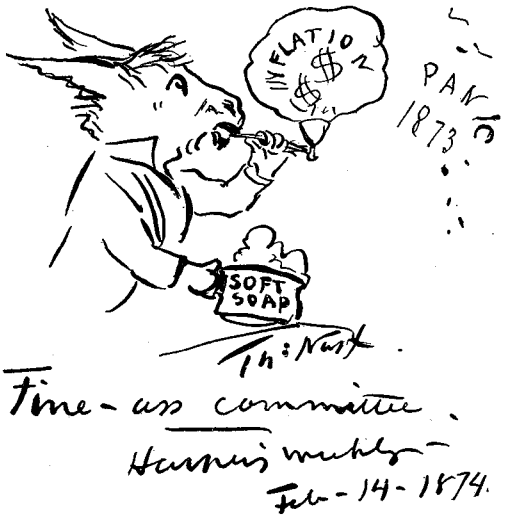
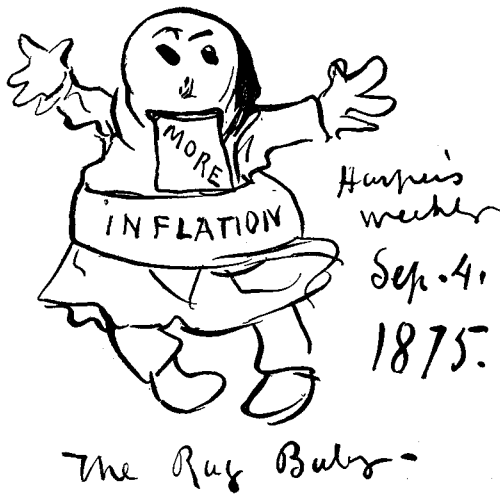
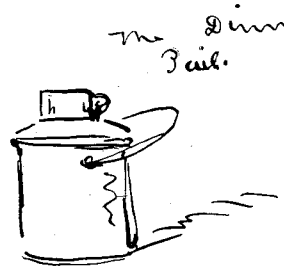


THE DONKEY: FIRST USED TO RIDICULE THE INFLATION TENDENCY.



THE FIRST "RAG BABY."



THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE CAP AND DINNER PAIL AS EMBLEMATIC OF LABOUR.

THE GRATZ BROWN TAG TO GREELEY'S COAT.

SOME CAMPAIGN EMBLEMS.

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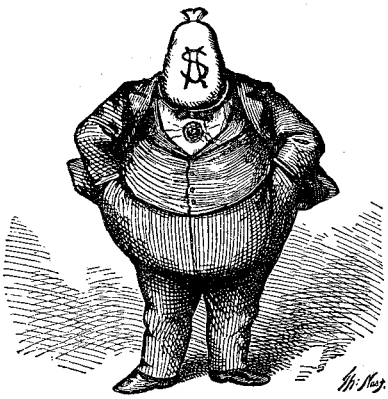
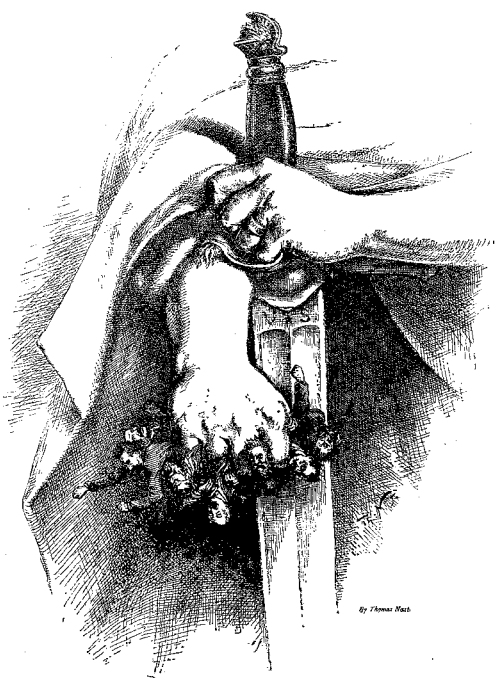
"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?"



"THE BRAINS OF TAMMANY."

nificant tribute to the power of his former work. When he retired from active cartooning, and laid the pencil aside to take up the brush, the public mind vaguely was conscious that a gap existed somewhere, that a certain force was missing, and naturally groped about until it seized upon the most obvious conclusion. Nast is now in his sixty-second year. He was born at Landau, Bavaria, but when six years of age was brought by his father, who had been a musician in the Bavarian Army, to the United States. As a boy his artistic temperament and talent developed rapidly, and after a very few months of study under Theodor Kaufmann, he began to furnish sketches to *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. His work was accepted and appreciated from the first. Before he was twenty years of age the *New York Illustrated News* sent him to England to make illustrations of the great international prize fight between Heenan and Sayers. Of the adventures and vicissitudes of this trip, Mr. Nast now talks with much hu-

THE CARTOON WHICH WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR TWEED'S RECOGNITION AND ARREST AFTER HIS FLIGHT TO SPAIN.



THE CLUTCH OF JUSTICE.

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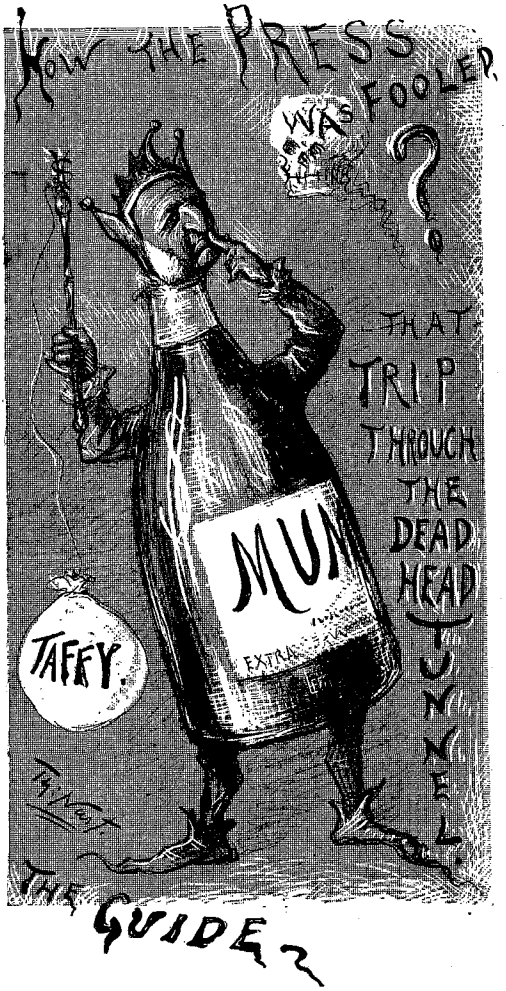
WHO STOLE THE PEOPLES MONEY? — DO TELL. N.Y.TIMES.

morous appreciation. He was in the camp of Heenan and his trainers, and after the memorable battle and the incarceration of the American principal the illustrator found himself penniless, and unable to get money from the New York office. At length he applied to Heenan, and through the generosity of the pugilist was enabled to find the money necessary to take him to Italy to join Garibaldi. During this campaign he not only furnished war pictures to various papers in this country, England and France, but he was entrusted by Garibaldi with several delicate diplomatic missions, which he carried out with great boldness and skill.

His experience of war in Italy was of immense value during the War of Secession, which broke out soon after his return to America. With all the intense enthusiasm of his nature, he espoused the cause of the North, and it was publicly acknowledged by President Lincoln and by many members of Congress that Mr. Nast's pictures were the best recruiting sergeants on the side of the Union. Perhaps his most famous picture of this

THOMAS NAST CARTOONED.



THIS CARTOON HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN PRINTED. IT WAS DRAWN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE DISASTER IN THE NEW YORK CENTRAL TUNNEL IN 1891.

period was that called "Peace," which created a profound impression throughout the land. It appeared in 1862, just after the election, when all the country was clamouring for peace at any price. The picture represented a Union soldier's grave, over the tombstone of which Co-

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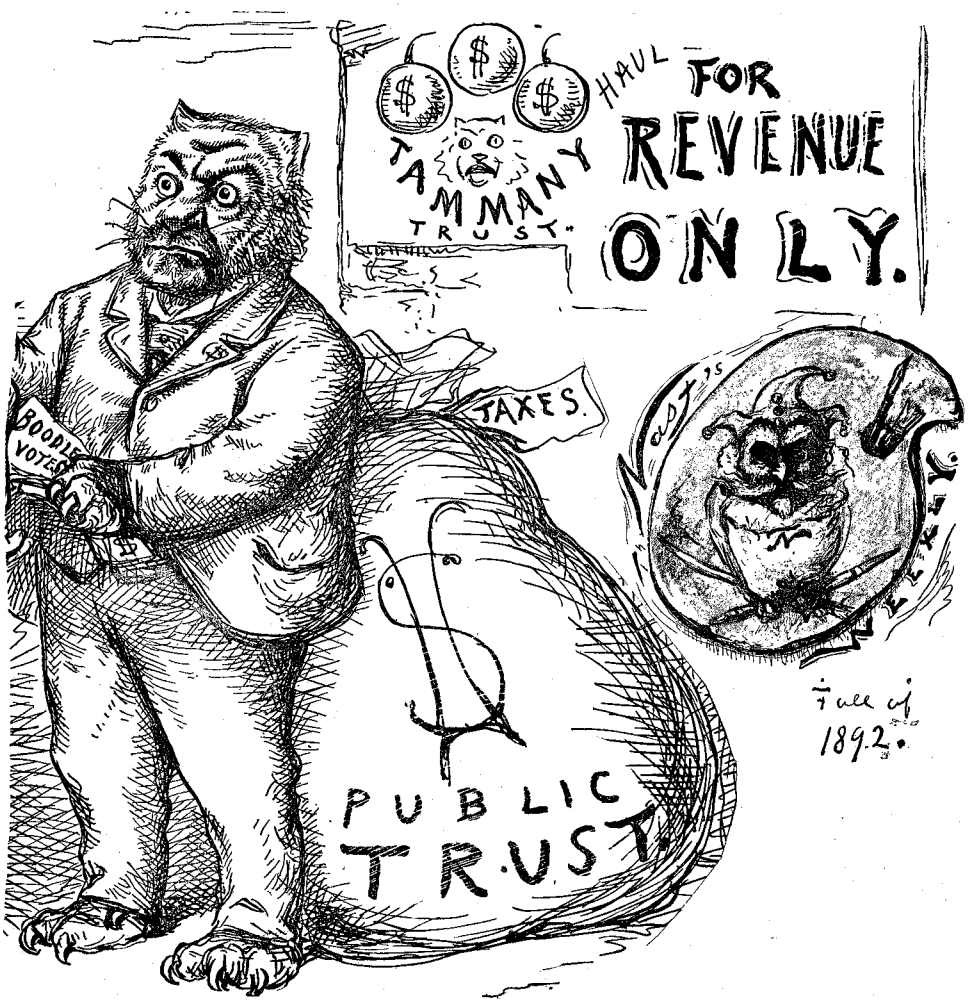
lumbia was weeping. At the foot stood a companion of the dead loyalist, stripped of his arms, and shaking hands with a rebel armed to the teeth, and with one foot upon the grave. That picture made Nast's reputation. It was circulated by the million as a campaign document.

After the War he became a political cartoonist, and it was perhaps during the campaign against Tweed and the corrupt politico-financiering coalition which had New York in its clutches that his genius shone brightest. His drawings were triumphs of invention and the satiric art. Week after week, with an amazing fertility, he launched his cartoons against the enemies of the city's welfare, and it was to him above all others who took part in that fight that the final overthrow of the Ring was due. To a remarkable degree he possessed the faculty of throwing individuality into articles of wearing apparel and personal belongings. It was he who seized upon Horace Greeley's hat, Oakey Hall's eyeglasses, the tag attached to Greeley's coat for Gratz Brown, the dollar mark and money bag for Tweed's face, and gave these objects a significance throughout the United States.

It is to Mr. Nast's invention that we owe the tiger which stands for Tammany Hall, the elephant of the Republican party, and the donkey which Republican newspapers have used as emblematic of the Democrats. The donkey



THE CARTOON IN WHICH MR. CROKER'S RESEMBLANCE TO THE TIGER WAS FIRST BROUGHT OUT.

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THE TAMMANY TIGER IN THE ARENA.

The First Cartoon in Which the Tiger Was Used as Emblematic of Tammany Hall.

came first, but was not at the beginning applied to the Democratic party. Its initial appearance was a cartoon in 1868, representing Andrew Johnson going over a precipice and Uncle Sam trying to save him. Subsequently the donkey was used to ridicule the inflation tendency, and was usually marked "fine-ass committee." As the Democratic emblem, it first appeared on January 15, 1870, in a cartoon marked "Copper Head Press," in which Mr. Nast represented it as kicking the dead lion, E. M. Stanton. It was in December, 1874, however, that the Republican elephant and Democratic donkey together first took definite shape. The idea was suggested to the cartoonist by the New York *Herald's* famous hoax about the animals escaping from the Zoo. The idea of the Tammany Tiger came from the emblem of the "Big Six," the popular name of the Fire Company of which William M. Tweed was foreman. This emblem was a tiger's head. The anti-Tammany cartoons began to appear about the end of 1869, and in these the tiger's head was used in various ways. The fully developed beast was used by Mr. Nast for the first time in a cartoon appearing in *Harper's Weekly* of November 11, 1871, representing Columbia crushed by the tiger in the arena with Tweed and his colleagues looking placidly on.

Although during recent years he has apparently held aloof from any active participation in the turmoil of political controversy, Mr. Nast's sympathies and antagonisms are fully as keen and alert as they ever were. There is a battle to be fought now, he believes, just as there was one to be fought thirty odd years ago, and of those who know him it would surprise none to find him, at any time, taking up the old pencil and entering the lists with the men of the younger generation. *Arthur Bartlett Maurice.*

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THE GREAT NEWSPAPERS OF THE UNITED STATES

The New York Morning Newspapers. Part II.—The New York Morning Newspapers. The Press During the War—The Construction Period—The Tweed Ring—The Influence of Mr. Dana and Mr. Pulitzer on Modern Journalism.

I.

The South had seceded. Sumter's guns had boomed out in answer to those of Beauregard; the Flag had come down and Major Anderson had marched out with his seventy men. The North had flamed up, and then cooled with a growing realisation of the gravity of the crisis. President Lincoln had issued his call for seventy-five thousand men to serve for the ninety days in which the Rebellion was to be put down. The land was wild with excitement, enthusiasm, hope, anxiety. History was bringing to the surface all the energy of the American people; and nowhere was this energy more striking than in the labours of those whose business is was daily to search out and chronicle these events for the benefit of their fellow Americans.

At the beginning of the War the dominant newspapers of New York were, as has been said in a former article, the *Herald,* the *Tribune* and the *Times,* representing respectively the personalities of the elder Bennett, Greeley and Raymond. Other morning papers were the *Journal of Commerce* and the *Courier and Enquirer,* still preserving their conservative blanket-sheet tendencies; the *News* and the *Sun,* the latter then and for several years afterward belonging to the Beach family; and the *World.* The afternoon papers were the *Post,* the *Commercial Advertiser* and the *Express.* The *World* was then a new factor in journalism. It had been founded the year before on the belief that New York needed and would support a newspaper conducted on religious lines. It excluded all advertisements of a profane nature, and, as the *Tribune* had done at the beginning of its career, it would have nothing to do with theatrical announcements. Its aim was to tone down or to ignore altogether the scandalous side of the news—divorces, sensational murder trials and slander suits. The first editor was Alexander Cummings, a Philadelphia journalist of experience and talent; his chief aide was James R. Spalding. But the paper was not a success. Either New York was not yet ready for it or it objected to having its news sermonised. It changed hands, after bringing large financial losses to its original founders, passed under the editorship of Manton Marble, who ultimately became its owner, and became a thoroughly secular sheet; then, until the early eighties, it was noted mainly for its literary character. Grim old Bennett noted the change with huge amusement. The *Herald* used to refer to its three contemporaries as "The World, the Flesh and the Devil." Three months after the outbreak of hostilities the *World* and the *Courier and Enquirer* became one; the *Courier and Enquirer* finally sinking its identity entirely.

In the struggle for news in which the *Herald,* the *Times* and the *Tribune* were the three great competitors, the *Herald,* by reason of its system and the journalistic foresight of its chief, was always at the beginning of the War a little ahead. Two years earlier Bennett had invented interviewing. It was at the time of the John Brown raid at Harper's Ferry. A reporter from the *Herald* was sent to Peterborough to talk with Gerrit Smith, who had been implicated in the affair. This was the origin of interviewing; the talk was published in full, in conversational style, and caused a sensation. Interviewing broadened on the eve of the War and continued throughout the War. For weeks before the beginning of hostilities, several correspondents of the *Herald* were in different places in the South, watching developments and in constant communication with the office in New

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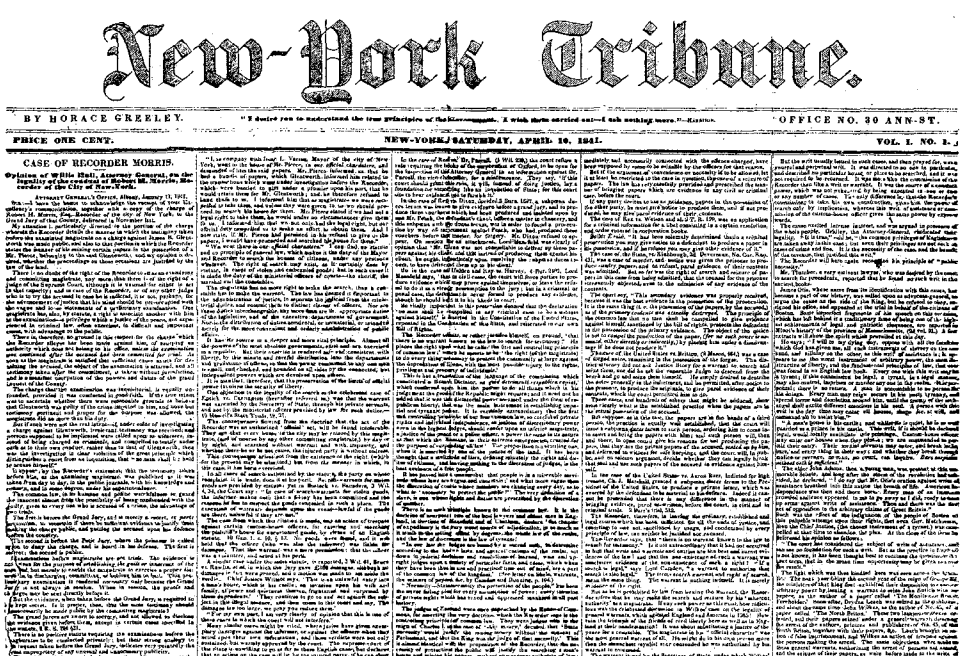
York. When the War began, a Southern bureau was established. The chief of this bureau accumulated and filed all information that it was possible to obtain about the Confederate States. The principal instructions sent to the correspondents within the Southern lines were to obtain and forward rebel newspapers at any price. From these papers were compiled lists of the military forces of the Confederacy. Finally, one morning the *Herald* came out with a report of the rebel army that was so complete and comparatively so accurate that it aroused great excitement in the Richmond War Office. Several of the War Office clerks were ar-



New-York Tribune.

BY HORACE GREELEY. "I desire not to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out—I ask nothing more."—Madison. OFFICE NO. 30 ANN-ST.

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1841. VOL. I. NO. 1.

CASE OF RECORDER MORRIS.

Opinion of Wm. Hall, Assistant Attorney General, for the Office of the Attorney General of the United States, in the case of the recorder of New-York.

ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE, Albany, January 17, 1841.

Sir,—I have had the honor to receive your letter of the 15th inst., enclosing a communication, together with a copy of the charges against Recorder Morris, for a violation of the 2d section of the 1st article of the Constitution of this State, and requesting my opinion as to the sufficiency of the charges to authorize the removal of the recorder from office by the governor of this State, whether the proceedings in those cases are justified by the constitution.

In order to a decision of the right of the governor to remove the recorder, and constituting magistrate, any more than those I am of opinion that the governor has no such power. The power of removal from office is incidental to the power of appointment, and is exercised in the same manner. The right of search and seizure, as it exists under the constitution of the United States, is a right which is not to be exercised in cases of mere suspicion, but only upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation. The power of removal from office, in the case of a judicial officer, is not to be exercised in cases of mere suspicion, but only upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation. The power of removal from office, in the case of a judicial officer, is not to be exercised in cases of mere suspicion, but only upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation.

The charges against the recorder are numerous, and are set forth in the communication. They are, in substance, that the recorder has been guilty of corruption in office, and has been guilty of misconduct in office, and has been guilty of neglect of duty in office, and has been guilty of oppression in office, and has been guilty of malfeasance in office, and has been guilty of misfeasance in office, and has been guilty of nonfeasance in office, and has been guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors in office.

I am of opinion that the governor has no power to remove the recorder from office, upon the charges set forth in the communication, for the reason that the charges do not allege any act done or omitted by the recorder, which is a violation of any law of this State, or of the United States, or of any other jurisdiction, or which is a violation of any rule of law, or of any rule of practice, or of any rule of conduct, or of any rule of duty, or of any rule of morality, or of any rule of religion, or of any rule of any kind whatever. The charges are all of them, in substance, that the recorder has been guilty of misconduct in office, and has been guilty of neglect of duty in office, and has been guilty of oppression in office, and has been guilty of malfeasance in office, and has been guilty of misfeasance in office, and has been guilty of nonfeasance in office, and has been guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors in office.

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THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE," APRIL 10, 1841.

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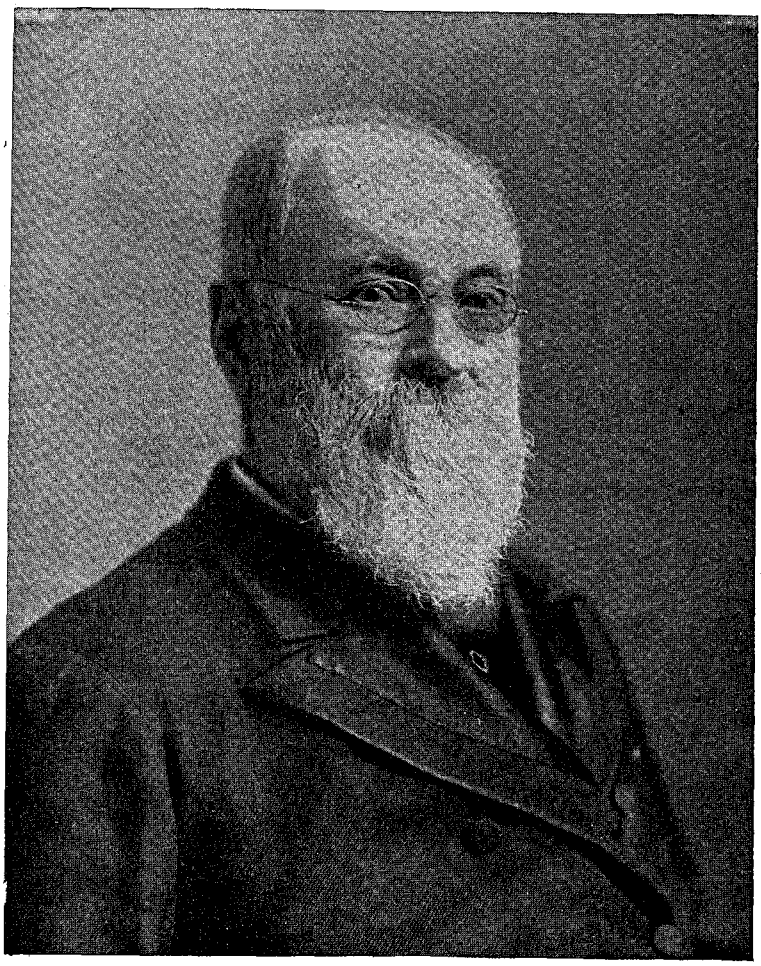
rested on the suspicion of treason, and in the North the publication of the report provoked the charge that an intimacy existed between the *Herald* and the Confederate authorities. Everywhere at the front the *Herald* was represented. Its correspondents were at every battle. With each army corps there was a *Herald* tent and a *Herald* wagon.



CHARLES A. DANA.

In modern warfare there is no rôle that is more difficult than that of the war correspondent. To cope successfully with his rivals, to serve faithfully his paper and its readers, he must use every resource of mind and body and shrink from no danger. Of the methods of war correspondence of to-day something will be said in a later article. The newspaper man at the front during the War of Secession was not so well equipped as the war correspondent of to-day. He had to rely more on his own resources, and there are countless stories which attest his ingenuity and his heroism. One of the conventional tales of war correspondence "beats" during the War of Secession dealt with that newspaper man who, after a great and decisive battle, reaching the wire before any of his competitors, sent off his story, and then, in order to hold the wire until such time as it would be useless to his rivals, coolly dictated to the operator the first chapter of Genesis from beginning to end. A Union soldier was released from Libby Prison, where several war correspondents of Northern papers were confined. When he reached New York this soldier called at the *Her-*

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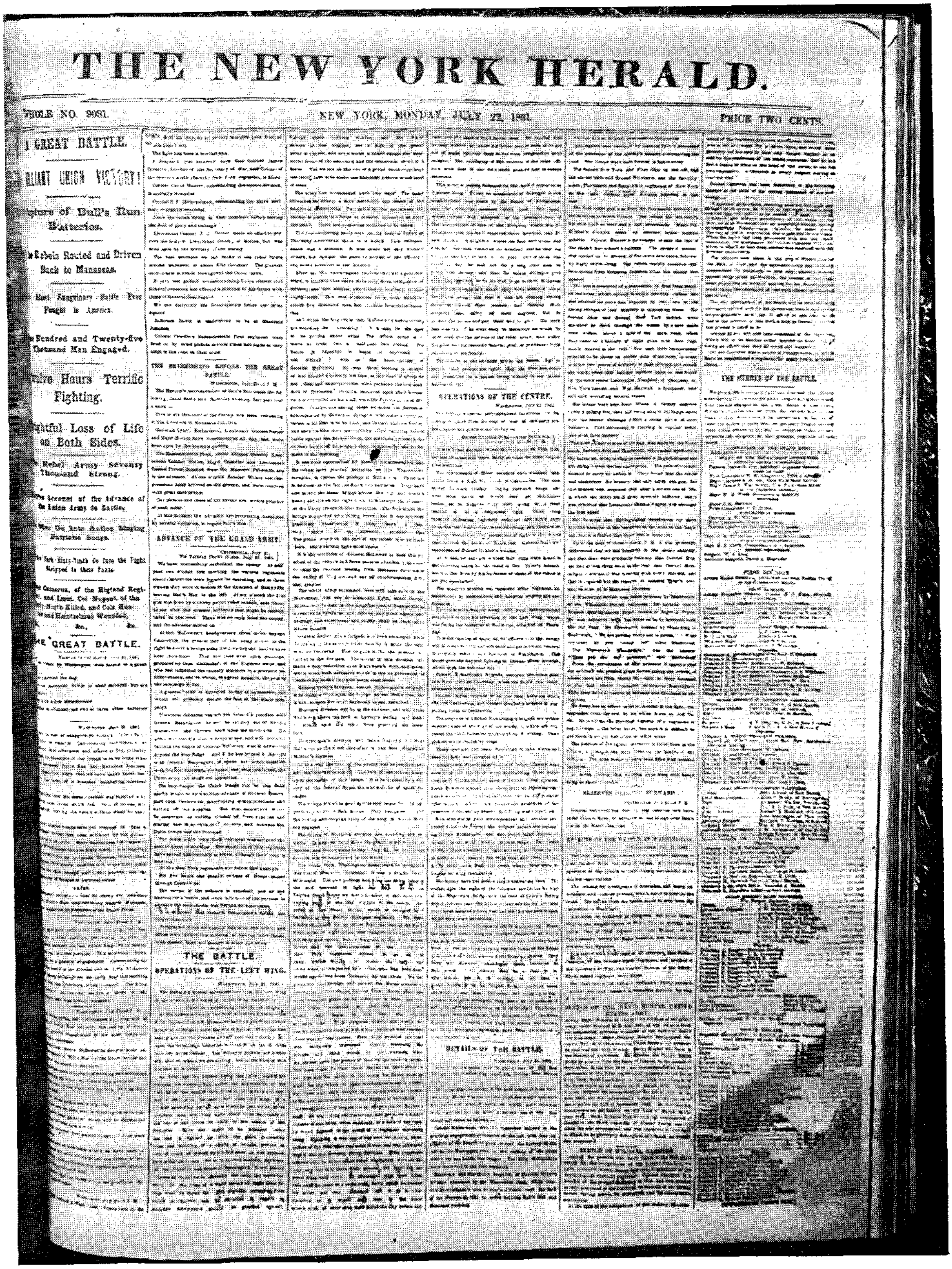
ald office, cut from his coat one of the military buttons and handed it to the editor in charge. The button was hollow, and contained a letter written finely on thin tissue paper describing the condition of affairs in Richmond. Turned into journalese, without undue padding, it made three-quarters of a column. No one knew whence it came. The incident was typical of the *Herald's* mysterious correspondence. Hudson has much to say about the exploits and heroism of these journalists at the front. Anderson, of the *Herald*, taken prisoner, was confined



THE NEW YORK HERALD.

WHOLE NO. 9081. NEW YORK, MONDAY, JULY 22, 1861. PRICE TWO CENTS.

THE GREAT BATTLE.

...LLIANT UNION VICTORY!

...pture of Bull's Run Batteries.

...Rebels Routed and Driven Back to Manassas.

...Most Sanguinary Battle Ever Fought in America.

...Hundred and Twenty-five Thousand Men Engaged.

...lve Hours Terrific Fighting.

...ghtful Loss of Life on Both Sides.

...Rebel Army Seventy Thousand Strong.

...Account of the Advance of the Union Army to Battle.

...Men Go Into Action Singing Patriotic Songs.

...Sixty-ninth Go Into the Fight Stripped to their Pants.

...Cameron, of the Highland Regiment, and Lieut. Col. Nugent, of the Sixty-ninth, Killed, and Cols. Hunter and Heintzelman Wounded,

&c., &c.

THE GREAT BATTLE.

ADVANCE OF THE GRAND ARMY.

THE BATTLE.

OPERATIONS OF THE LEFT WING.

OPERATIONS OF THE CENTRE.

THE SCENES OF THE BATTLE.

DETAILS OF THE BATTLE.

NEW YORK "HERALD" OF JULY 22, 1861, CONTAINING THE FIRST NEWS OF THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

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in an iron dungeon in Texas, and afterward, with a bullet-hole through his arm, took notes in the thickest of the fight at Spottsylvania. Another *Herald* man, Osborn, the only correspondent on the iron-clads in action, coolly watched the effect of each impact, and subsequently, as signal officer in the rigging with Farragut, ran the gauntlet at New Orleans. Browne and Richardson of the *Tribune* and Colburn of the *World*, captured in running the blockade at Vicksburg, were confined for months in Libby, till they escaped to the Union lines

New-York Daily Tribune.

Vol. XXIII. No. 6,943. NEW-YORK, MONDAY, JULY 6, 1863. PRICE THREE CENTS.

THE GREAT VICTORY.

The Rebel Army Totally Defeated.

ITS REMAINS DRIVEN INTO THE MOUNTAINS.

It is There Surrounded and Hemmed in.

Its Retreat Across the Potomac River Cut Off.

TWENTY THOUSAND PRISONERS CAPTURED

One Hundred and Eighteen Guns Taken.

The Rebel General Longstreet Killed

DETAILS OF THE THREE DAYS' FIGHTING.

The Most Terrific Combat on Record

Desperate Charges by the Rebel Troops Blessed.

OUR TROOPS STAND FIRM AS A ROCK.

The Rebel Assaults Repeatedly Repulsed.

Their Solid Ranks Dashed into Fragments.

STILL THE UNION ARMY STAND FIRM.

The Rebels Pause—Waver Break and Scatter.

A great and Glorious Victory for the Potomac Army.

THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE" OF JULY 6, 1863, CONTAINING THE STORY OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

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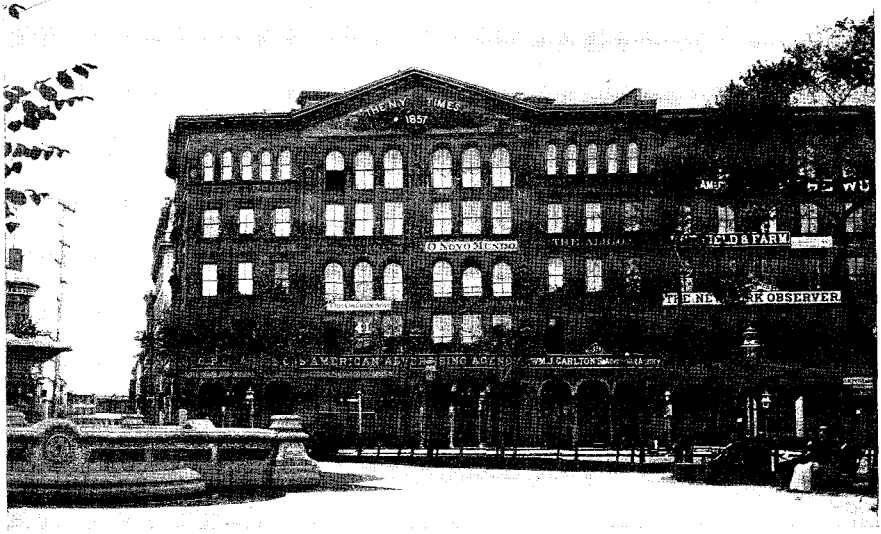
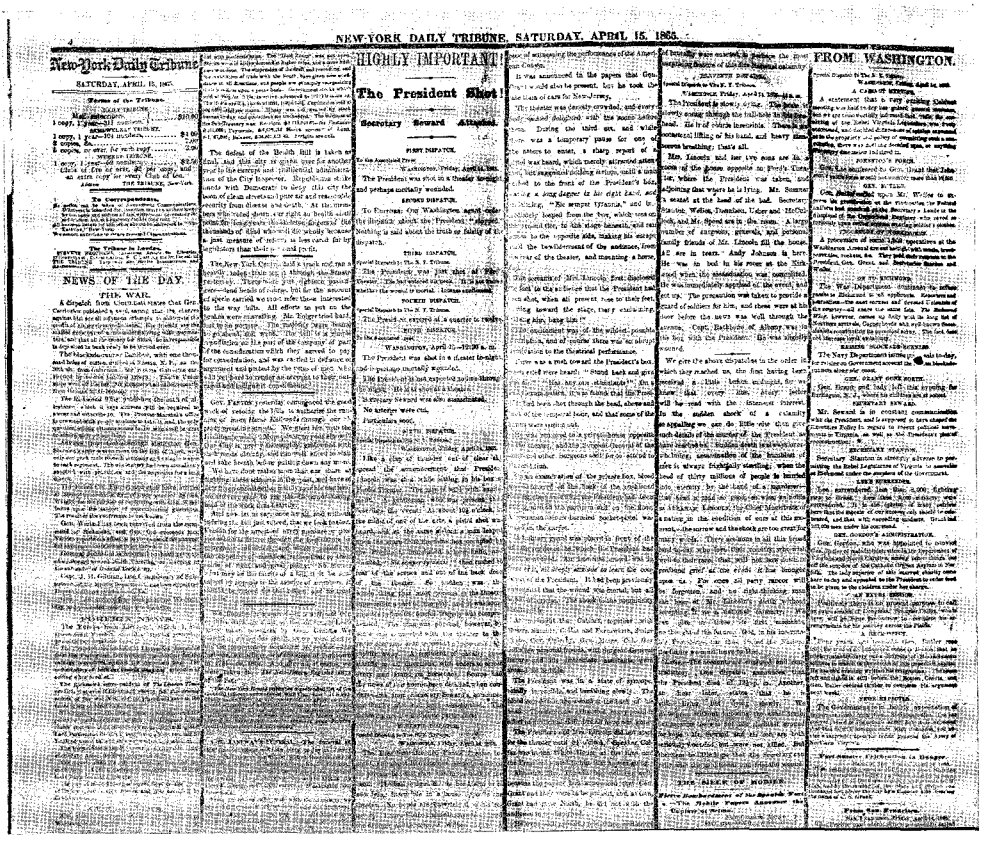


THE FORMER HOME OF THE NEW YORK "TIMES."



NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1865.

New-York Daily Tribune

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1865.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

THE WAR.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT!

The President Shot!

Secretary Seward Attacked.

FROM WASHINGTON.

THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE'S" NEWS OF THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, APRIL 15, 1865.

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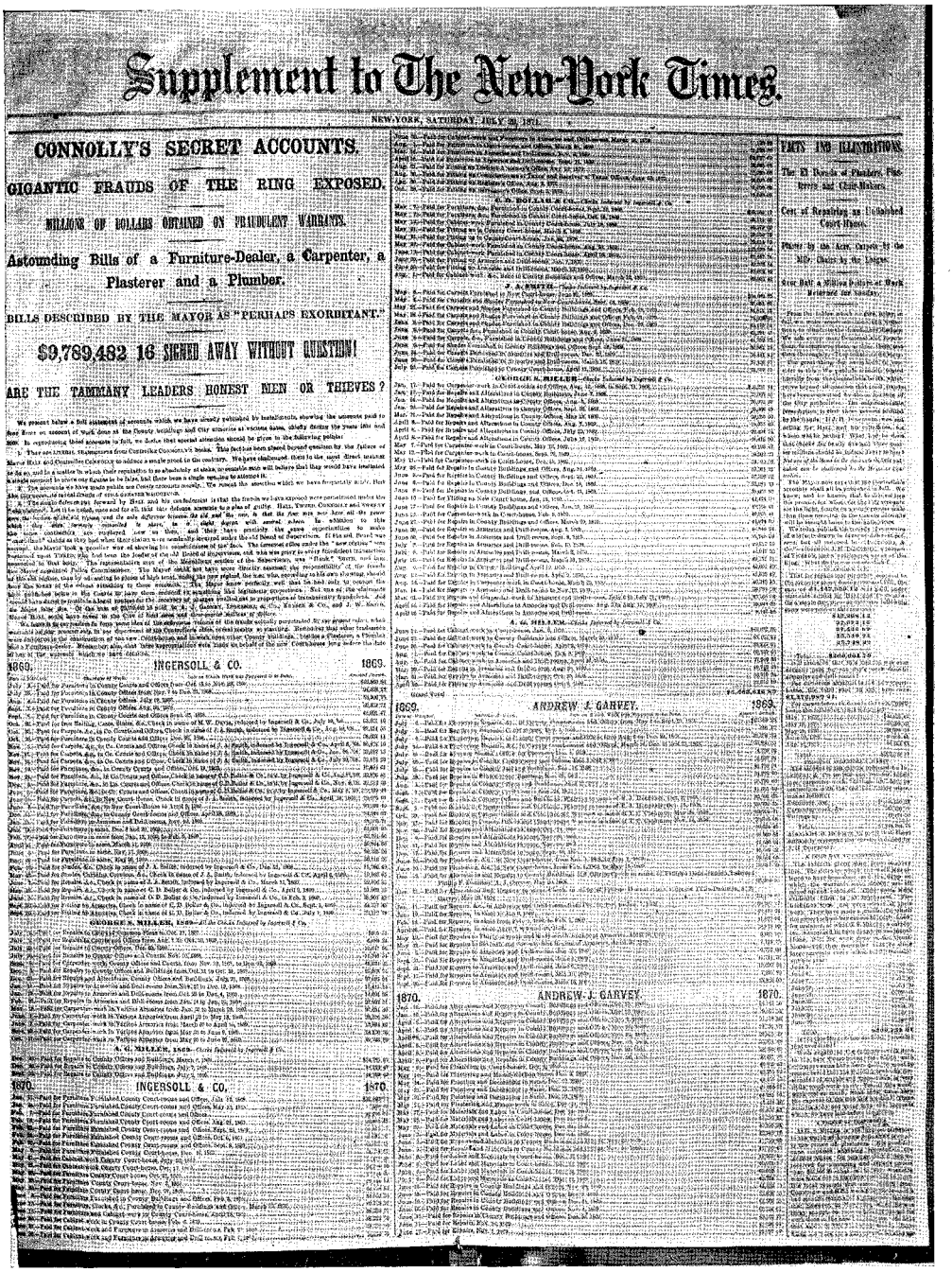
through marsh and brush and forest. Cook sat aloft on Porter's flagship, pencil and note-book in hand, and watched the bombardment of Fort Fisher. Shanks at Lookout, and Hosmer at Gettysburg, wrote their reports in the thickest of the fire. Fitzpatrick and Cadwallader of the *Herald,* and Crounse of the *Times,* were captured by Mosby's band, their note-books and watches taken from them, and



Supplement to The New-York Times.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1871.

CONNOLLY'S SECRET ACCOUNTS.

GIGANTIC FRAUDS OF THE RING EXPOSED.

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS OBTAINED ON FRAUDULENT WARRANTS.

Astounding Bills of a Furniture-Dealer, a Carpenter, a Plasterer and a Plumber.

BILLS DESCRIBED BY THE MAYOR AS "PERHAPS EXORBITANT."

$9,789,482 16 SIGNED AWAY WITHOUT QUESTION!

ARE THE TAMMANY LEADERS HONEST MEN OR THIEVES?

FACTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW YORK "TIMES" OF JULY 29, 1871, CONTAINING THE FIGURES THAT TOLD THE STORY OF THE FRAUDS OF THE TWEED RING.

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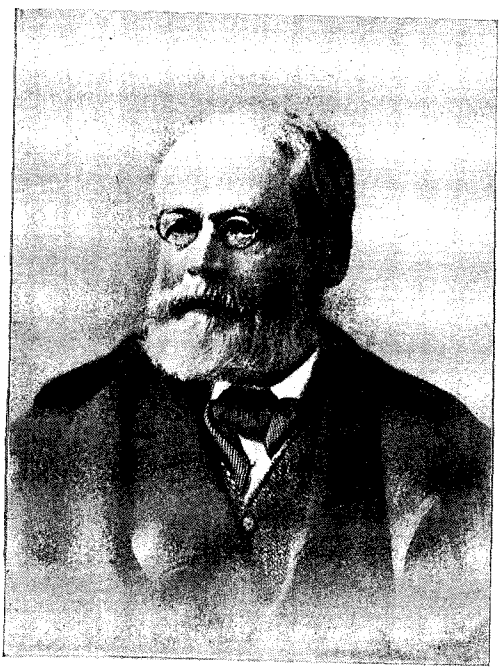
JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

WHITELAW REID.



GEORGE JONES.

JOSEPH PULITZER.

FOUR GREAT FACTORS IN NEW YORK JOURNALISM DURING THE PERIOD (1861-1884) WITH WHICH THIS ARTICLE DEALS.

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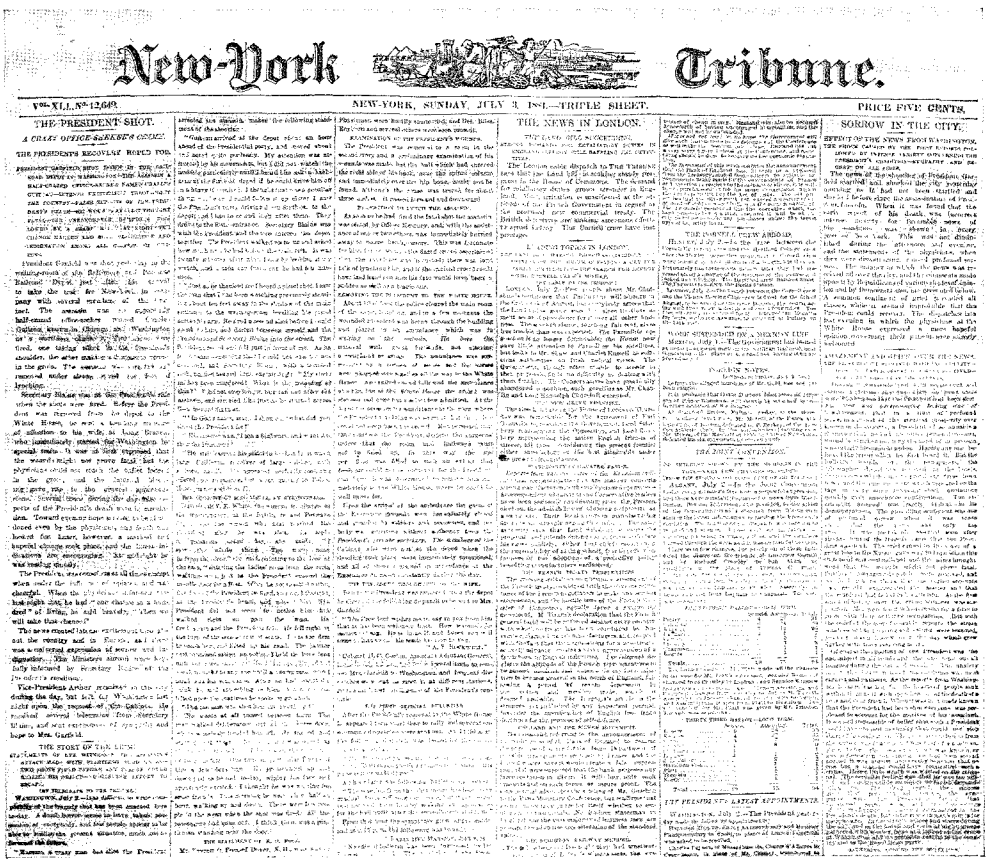

New-York Tribune.

Vol. XLI, No. 12,649. NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, JULY 3, 1881.—TRIPLE SHEET. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE PRESIDENT SHOT.

THE NEWS IN LONDON.

SORROW IN THE CITY.

THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE" OF JULY 3, 1881, THE MORNING AFTER PRESIDENT GARFIELD WAS SHOT.

their facts published in the Southern newspapers. Skestfall in the hands of Morgan guerillas; Conyngham and Doyle with Sherman on the famous march to the sea; Carpenter and Ashley with the Army of the Potomac; Knox at Pea Ridge; Brady lost in a canebrake; Dunn dying at his post on the Mississippi; William Swinton of the *Times* at Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg—these are but a few of the newspaper men who served so well at the front during the four years of the great War.

It is to be regretted that even when the cloud that hovered over the nation seemed darkest there was little cessation in the attacks which New York's great newspapers were almost continually launching at one another. When at the outbreak of the War Bennett seemed to be wavering in his allegiance to the Northern cause, he was subjected to an incessant fire of sarcasm and sneers from the *Tribune*. When Greeley's call for an immediate advance on Richmond had indirectly led to the disasters which at first befell the Union arms, Bennett retaliated with those weapons of biting invective of which he was so thorough a master. Almost every day for two years an article or a paragraph appeared in the *Herald* holding up the *Tribune* and its editor to popular execration, denouncing them as the authors of the War, and darkly intimating that the time would come when the people would find it expedient to hang the editor upon a lamppost.* "If," said the *Herald*, "we decide

*Parton quotes the following specimen of the *Herald's* attack:

"Deliberately, and with malice prepense, 'that horrible monster Greeley,' as he is called upon the floor of Congress, has instigated this dreadful Civil War for years past, and carefully nurtured and fostered the Abolition sentiment with which he hoped to poison and kill the Republic. Most persons suppose that a de-

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THE FORMER HOME OF THE NEW YORK "HERALD," BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

to hang the Abolitionists, poor Greeley shall swing on the post of honour at the head or tail of the lot. We promise him that high honour." It would be impossible to say just how far such attacks as these were responsible for the assault on the *Tribune* building during the Draft Riots. During that eventful week in July, 1863, there was a time when the *Times* also was threatened, and Raymond, with characteristic energy, planted revolving cannon in the publication office, and provided a great store of other death-dealing weapons with which to repel in-

sire for gain has rendered him insane, and that visions of rich plantations, confiscated from slaveholders and bestowed upon him, have tempted him on in his ruinous path. Others regard him as one possessed of a devil. Others still are of opinion that he is in his senses, and is only a bad man made worse by cupidity and disappointment. We do not pretend to decide which of these theories be correct; but it is certain that until recently he has made but very little money by his wickedness. Like the magician's gold, all of his ill-gotten gains brought him ruin. He acknowledged in his *Tribune* that he had lost money by the publication of his paper last year, and he wrote penny-a-line articles for weekly papers in order to make a living. The publication was continued, therefore, only that the paper might be used to secure officers and contracts. It has now no circulation and less advertising, and lives only by illegitimate aid. Its fruit is blood and spoils. Sam Wilkeson of the *Tribune* acknowledged that he kept a *Tribune* contract bureau at Washington. The official correspondence of Secretary of War Cameron shows that the *Tribune* Association has gun contracts." Then follows a vindictive statement of "the Government of the United States in account with the New York *Tribune*"—an account in which the *Herald* alleged to sum up the expenditure in money and blood for which the *Tribune* was responsible.

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vasion. The anger of the mob, however, was mainly directed against the *Tribune*. A great crowd gathered in Printing House Square and began shouting against Greeley and his paper. Stones were thrown and an attempt was made to batter in the doors and shutters. Greeley regarded the disturbance with calmness, and at first refused to listen to any suggestion of preparation for defense. The mob numbered five thousand, and had finally effected an entrance into the building and sacked the lower floor, when the timely arrival of a squad of police put them to flight. Meanwhile Greeley had been hurried away in a closed carriage with drawn curtains by a friend, Theodore Tilton, who realised the danger though the editor did not.

3d Edition. 4 A. M.

The World.

3d Edition. 4 A. M.

VOL. XXV., NO. 8,472. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1884. PRICE TWO CENTS.

CLEVELAND.

He will Surely be the Next President.

New York, Indiana, New Jersey and Connecticut.

They Stand Solidly and Squarely in the Democratic Column.

Michigan Probably Carried for Blaine.

Wisconsin No Longer Claimed by the Democrats.

Democratic Gains in Illinois, but the State Republican.

A Close Scheme to Steal the Two Virginias and Florida.

THE MAN FOR THE HOUR AND THE OCCASION.

PEACE AND PROSPERITY

PUBLIC OFFICE IS A PUBLIC TRUST

The New National Sexton—"He Gathers Them In."

THE EMPIRE STATE.

It Is Democratic and Will So Remain.

Gov. Cleveland's Plurality Between 4,000 and 5,000.

The Congressional Delegation Will Be 17 to 17.

The Republicans Still Retain the Assembly.

Decided Democratic Gains Reported From Republican Strongholds.

THE PLAIN FACTS.

THE NEW YORK "WORLD" OF NOVEMBER 6, 1884.—GOVERNOR CLEVELAND ELECTED TO THE PRESIDENCY.

With the "Moon Hoax," which was printed in the *Sun* in 1835, the "Roorback Hoax" during the Polk campaign, and the "Wild Animal Hoax" which the *Herald* subsequently printed (in 1874) must be classed the spurious Proclamation, purporting to have been issued by President Lincoln, which appeared in three morning papers of New York on May 18, 1864. This was at a critical period of the War, when foreign intervention on behalf of the Confederacy was feared. At a late hour of the night of May 17 there came to the offices of all the New York morning papers the Proclamation in question. In this document the President was made to recommend that a day be set apart throughout the United States for fasting, humiliation and prayer, and to call for a draft of four hundred thousand additional men. The story apparently came through the regular channels, and was written on the conventional "flimsy" (thin sheets of oil paper) used in the office of the Associated Press. It

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was printed the next morning in the *Herald*, the *World* and the *Journal of Commerce*. The *Tribune* and the *Times*, either through suspicion or because they had had some intimation of its spurious nature, withheld it. The error was an unfortunate one for the *World* and the *Journal of Commerce*, both of which were suppressed for some days by the Government. The forgery was finally traced to Wall Street. The work had been done by two ingenious newspaper men, one of whom still has a considerable reputation in the New York journalism of to-day. They had chosen their time skilfully. The hoax was put out on Tuesday night; Wednesday was steamer day. The Cunard liner was departing for her voyage, bearing the papers containing the bogus Proclamation, when she was overhauled by a revenue cutter despatched by the Collector of the Port. The forgers were imprisoned for a few months in Fort Lafayette. This was not the first time that a bogus missive had been issued for the purpose of affecting the Stock Market. A similar episode took place in 1804, when France was warring with the allied powers. A letter was received by the British Admiral commanding at Deal, purporting to have been written by a high Government official, which announced the defeat of the French, Napoleon slain by Cossacks, Paris in the hands of the allied troops, and the Bourbons restored to power.

The World

VOL. XVII., NO. 5569. NEW YORK: WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1876 PRICE THREE CENTS.

TILDEN TRIUMPHANT!

THE DOMINATION OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY OVERTHROWN.

GREAT DEMOCRATIC VICTORIES.

THE SOUTH CALMLY PUTS ASIDE THE RULE OF ITS CARPET-BAGGERS.

THE VOTE IN THE STATE

THE STATE TICKET CARRIED BY 37,144 MAJORITY.

DEMOCRATIC GAINS IN THE CITIES.

THE STATE ASSEMBLY PROBABLY DEMOCRATIC.

A NET GAIN OF TWO CONGRESSMEN IN THE STATE.

THE VOTE IN THE CITY.

NEW YORK GIVES TILDEN AND ELY AN IMMENSE MAJORITY.

THE WHOLE CITY TICKET ELECTED.

UNBOUNDED ENTHUSIASM AT TAMMANY HALL AND OTHER HEADQUARTERS.

AN UNUSUALLY QUIET ELECTION DAY, WITH HARDLY A DIFFICULTY REPORTED.

THE NEW YORK "WORLD" OF NOVEMBER 8, 1876, ANNOUNCING MR. TILDEN'S ELECTION

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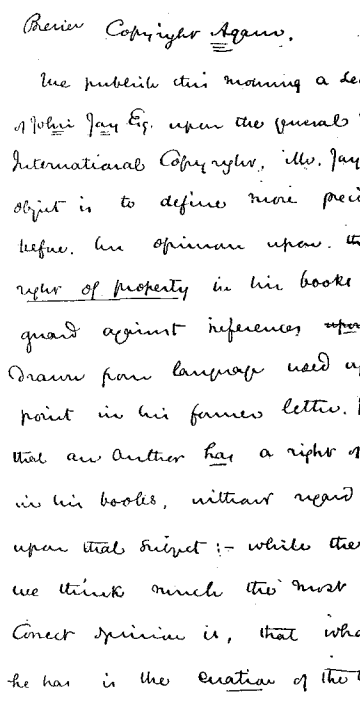
II.

The political attitude of the great newspapers immediately after the War is suggested by Parton. He wrote that in '65 and '66 all the papers had some party bias. The *World* excluded everything tending to show the South dissatisfied and disloyal. The *Tribune* diligently sought testimony of that nature. The *Times* was committed to a policy of reconstruction. A citizen, therefore, who



Facsimile of a Page of Mr. Raymond's Editorial Copy

wanted to know the truth had to keep an eye on four or five papers. "This," said Parton, "is pitiful. This is utterly beneath the journalism of 1866." Parton's ideal of journalism was high, and there is no doubt that the War had the effect temporarily of increasing the "organ" aspect of newspapers. But it was of short duration, and journalism steadily advanced in the direction of independence and impersonality.

Indeed, the effect of the War on journalism in this direction was naturally great. The newspapers strained every effort to obtain tidings so vitally demanded by the people. Under the tension, enormous journalistic enterprise was developed. The great newspapers became accustomed to doing things on a great scale, the standard of news gathering was enormously heightened. The really tremendous newspaper feats in the United States have taken place for the most part since 1860. The people became accustomed, during a time when something superlatively important was likely to be reported in every morning's newspaper, to look upon a great sensation as an integral part of a newspaper. If no battle took place the editor felt himself rather defrauded, and hunted around for something extravagant in order to keep up the generally exciting level.

Not only did the War develop the technical resources in the gathering of news and accustom newspapers to undergo greater expenditures and put forth greater efforts, but it also resulted in the greater impersonality, and, at the same time, in the greater sensationalism, of journalism, having thus a good and an evil side. The events of the War, the mere news aspect, were so important that editorial opinions and editorial abuse naturally tended to take a subordinate place. In that way the newspaper became more and more a great institution rather than the expression of one individuality. We have had great editors since the War, but, on the whole, the tendency has been away from that state of affairs when people spoke of "Bennett's paper" or of "Greeley's paper." Few people know who is the active manager of the *Herald,* or of the *Sun,* or of the *Post* to-day.

One of the minor effects on journalism of the War was to increase the price, on account of the increased expenditure, of the newspapers, and to bring into existence the Sunday newspaper. People had to have the news of the great struggle even on Sunday. Clergymen protested, not realising, in the words of Mr. Jones of the *Times,* "that the paper people read on Sunday was made on Saturday, and the paper read on Monday was made on Sunday, so that the ministers ought to have made, in the name of logic, their attack on the Monday rather than the Sunday newspaper."

Soon after the War the careers of the three great editors—Bennett, Greeley and Raymond—came to an end. Raymond, a politician throughout the War, made his greatest mistake when he supported

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President Johnson in his reconstruction policy. That cost the *Times,* it is said, a third of its subscribers. Raymond himself admitted that if he had not attended the Philadelphia Convention, for which he wrote the declaration of principles supporting Johnson, it would have been worth $100,000. Mr. Raymond died in 1869, a short time before the *Times* entered the most important period of its important career—the fight against the Tweed Ring—which was destined to add immensely to its reputation and success.

The last years of Greeley were also marked by political errors. In his impulsive, passionate way he was extremely anxious to give the South good terms after the war, and made a trip to see Jefferson Davis, to shake hands with him and to sign his bail-bond. Greeley's greatest error of all, however, was to become, partly in consequence of his friendly *post-bellum* attitude toward the South, candidate for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket in 1872. It was partly due to his overwhelming defeat, it is said, that his mind gave way and his sad death occurred. Some of Greeley's last acts, however, as a journalist were marked by the high-minded fearlessness characteristic of him. At a comparatively early stage of Tammany Hall's developed corruption—in the State campaign of 1868—the system of ballot-box stuffing and of the issue of fraudulent certificates of naturalization were carried to a high degree of finish. In a famous letter to Mr. Tilden, Horace Greeley said: "Right well do you comprehend the means whereby the vote of 1868 was thus swollen out of all proportions. There are not 12,000 legal voters living in those wards to-day, though they gave Hoffman 17,443 majority. Had the day been of average length, it would doubtless have been swelled to at least 20,000. There was nothing but time needed to make it a hundred thousand, if so many had been wanted and paid for." Previous to the fraud exposure by the *Times,* Mr. Greeley strenuously opposed the charter of 1870, by which the Ring tightened its corrupt grasp upon the city by committing the entire government into the hands of the Mayor, the Controller, the Commissioner of Public Works (Tweed) and the President of the Park Board. This is a fitting place to leave the great editor.

MR. RAYMOND'S SANCTUM IN THE OLD "TIMES" OFFICE.

James Gordon Bennett continued for several years after the War his entirely simple journalistic course; and the pure news tradition—news unmixed with politics—he gave as a legacy to his son, who took active control of the newspaper in the late sixties and carried it on in the spirit of his father.* During the Prusso-

*Mr. Thomas B. Connery, who for many years was the managing editor of the New

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Austrian War, the *Herald* published a cable account of the whole of the King of Prussia's speech after the battle of Sadowa, a bit of enterprise that cost $7000 in gold. H. M. Stanley, the famous explorer, was special correspondent for the *Herald* in the Anglo-Abyssinian expedition of 1868, and the *Herald* had another great "beat." In 1870 Bennett the younger organised, at his own cost, an expedition to search for Dr. Livingstone, the African traveler, and in 1872 the *Herald* announced the discovery of Livingstone at Ujiji. Under the active management of Whitelaw Reid the *Tribune* distanced, in the early seventies, the *Herald* in pure news success. Indeed, during the Franco-German War the *Tribune* led all the New York newspapers in journalistic activity, giving most remarkable cabled accounts of the great battles between the French and the Germans, the siege of Paris and the conclusion of peace.

The *Times*, slightly depressed by the political errors of Mr. Raymond's later days, came to the front again when it exposed the Tweed Ring. The leader of the *Times* in that period was George Jones, who as business manager was the original associate of Mr. Raymond. Mr. Jones was a man of incorruptible honesty and great independence, a spirit which has always been, on the whole, characteristic of the *Times*. Another factor in the fight was Louis J. Jennings, who became chief editor of the paper in 1870 and held that position until 1876. The details of how Tweed and his associates gradually tightened their grasp upon New York until their corrupt rule cost the city about $100,000,000 are too elaborate for description here. Briefly, however, the "Ring" entered into complete control in

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York *Herald*, has been contributing recently a series of papers on "College Recollections" to the *Fordham Monthly*, a periodical edited by the students of St. John's College, from which Mr. Connery was graduated in the class of 1853. One of Mr. Connery's fellow-students at that institution was Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the younger, and from that time dated their acquaintance and friendship. In a forthcoming paper, of which Mr. Connery has very kindly shown us the proofs, there is a great deal said about Mr. Bennett and the journalism of twenty-five or thirty years ago. Here in part is an estimate of Mr. Bennett:

Early in his public career, as the master of America's greatest newspaper property, it was the vogue to refer to Mr. Bennett as fickle-minded, suspicious, unstable of opinion, whimsical, and dangerous as a cloud-burst from variations of temper. The gibes came mostly from jealous rivals. Of course there was a certain basis in each case for such criticisms. In the first years of responsibilities—thrust upon him suddenly by his father's death—it is true that he was a prey to suspiciousness, but perhaps not more so than would have been the case with most other men under similar circumstances. He was young and not quite prepared for the tremendous task before him. There were plenty of transparent flatterers and sycophants about him—creatures who naturally breed suspicion and distrust—but creatures not to be shaken off in a hurry, for reasons not easily explainable. He did not tolerate them any longer than was prudent and necessary. Gradually, as he was mastering the details of administration, he relieved himself of these sycophants, flatterers and *fainéants*, and then, sure of his strength, enforced his own ideas in no uncertain way. He made it manifest that his will was to rule thenceforth, and that he would not brook mere churlish opposition or pretensions to immunity based upon alleged privileges enjoyed during the old *régime*. At the same time he made it understood that he would welcome suggestions made in good faith.

Mistakes? Of course he made some, perhaps many. Was there ever a man living who did not? But if he made mistakes, no one was ever more ready to rectify them, whether they concerned persons or policies. And this readiness to make amends is really the explanation for most of what have been called the *Herald's* ridiculous changes of editorial policy, and of the periodical "shake-up" among its employees. The latter process, which used to furnish so much material for the wit and spite of paragraphers, was simply a method of getting rid of the drones and parasites, who, in one way or another, became fastened on the paper during some of its owner's long absences from America—a purely business process, therefore, and by no means the result of mere whim or reckless indifference to the rights of deserving employees. If I am correctly informed, it is a process not seldom employed in these days on other metropolitan journals, and for less excusable reasons than those which influenced Mr. Bennett.

Here is Mr. Connery's story of an episode which took place on a French railway train:

Mr. Bennett is one of the kind who hardly ever lay aside business cares. When travelling he takes with him one of his private secretaries, so that whether in train or yacht he may be able to dictate letters and telegrams to his agents in every part of the world. When he has to rush away by train he secures generally one of the coupé railroad compartments for his special use. On this particular occasion he was unable to negotiate the customary exclusiveness. He found there was only one carriage in which he could secure even a single seat, and in this the parcels racks were already crammed with the luggage of a passenger who

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January, 1869, and remained in power until September, 1871. The political despotism exerted by Tweed's creatures over all the avenues of justice and administration was attacked by the *Times* in 1870 and 1871, even before there was anything more than well-grounded suspicion of the gigantic character of the frauds. The *Times* was practically alone in the fight. Its only ally was *Harper's Weekly,* in which were appearing the terrible cartoons of Nast. Many of the other newspapers were bought up by the Ring. To fight single-handed a body of politicians who controlled the machinery of justice was a bold thing to do, but the *Times* was bold. The Ring made many efforts to silence the *Times,* and when it became plain to them that that newspaper must possess incriminating evidence, Controller Connolly sought an interview with Mr. Jones and offered him a large sum of money to be silent. The sum is said to have been as large as $5,000,000, and Mr. Jones replied that he didn't think even the devil would bid higher, and continued the fight in the *Times* with more vigour than ever. Finally, on July 29, 1871, the newspaper delivered the knock-out blow. It published in English and German the figures taken from the Controller's books, by which the people of New York could see in detail to what an enormous extent they had been robbed. The most sluggish citizens were aroused by published, incontrovertible facts, such as that $5,663,646 had been paid out during 1869 and 1870 ostensibly "for repairs and furniture" for the new Court House. The issue of the *Times* sold by hundreds of thousands, and to Tweed's cynical question "What are you going to do about it?" the people replied by measures which finally resulted in the

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had been beforehand with him. The passenger, however, was away at the moment, and Mr. Bennett took advantage of the situation to pull all the luggage from the two racks, place his own in one of them, and climb into the other himself, stretching his long body at full length. He then calmly lighted a cigarette and smoked, while the secretary stood guard at the door outside. That this feat is quite practicable to a man of agility will be understood when I state that the racks in French and English trains run transversely the entire length of each car.

Presently the missing passenger—an English gentleman—walked up briskly to where the secretary was standing, glanced into the car, and started back immediately, very much perplexed.

"'Gad, I thought it was my carriage," he ejaculated, "and so it is, by Jove! This belongs to me, sir. What in thunder do you mean, sir?" looking up wrathfully at the smoker in the rack, who paid no heed to the interrogatory.

"Hush! take care, sir. Don't excite him," said the secretary, raising a hand warningly. "He's dangerous."

"What! Dangerous! Well, I'll be——. Who's the chap smoking there?" demanded the Englishman, angrily.

The secretary, taking the excited passenger's arm, drew him a little away from the door, and whispered in his ear, "He's a lunatic, sir, and at this moment a little dangerous. Please talk low, and don't excite him. Let me explain."

In a few words the secretary, with an air of suppressed excitement, told the passenger that though the lunatic seemed quiet and harmless, any interference with him might provoke a paroxysm likely to be attended with dangerous consequences. "I fear I would not be able to restrain him, sir, and I beg you will make no fuss, though I admit you have ample cause. Of course, sir, you must not suffer, and if you will allow compensation——"

"Compensation, sir!" screamed the Englishman. "Good Lord! Comp——!"

He broke off suddenly, for, having rushed to the door of the car and looked in, he encountered the savage glare of the supposed lunatic smoking in the rack. The lunatic also varied the performance by grinning horribly, and seemed ready to precipitate himself from the unusual couch.

"I see it is really a case of necessity, sir," said the Englishman to the secretary. "Your friend seems to need careful watching, and I will not embarrass you. But what in thunder am I to do? Ah, well, if you will kindly drop my luggage down here while I hunt up a guard, I'll try to shift to some other carriage."

While conceding the great progress made by modern journalism, Mr. Connery sees signs of a certain deterioration.

Careless editing, recklessness in statement, disregard of private rights, bogus "extras" and worthless illustration. The managing editor is no longer a conscientious supervisor of news; he has become a mere promoter of sensation, of exaggeration and of misrepresentation, when these are necessary to produce spicy reading. In the last story written by poor Stephen Crane he hit off the craze for sensation very strikingly. Having served as special correspondent during our late war with Spain, he was let into the secrets of the trade, and frankly observes, "If the news arrived at Key West as a mouse, it was often enough cabled north as an elephant." What the editors exacted was not the simple truth, but "a whirlwind of blood, death, victory or defeat." He was amazed that "men of sense could go aslant at the bidding of other men of sense, and combine to contribute to a general mess of exaggeration and bombast."

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breaking up of the Ring and to the committal of Tweed to the penitentiary.

III.

A few years previous to this period—in 1868—there took place a very important event in the history of journalism. The New York *Sun* changed hands, and Charles A. Dana became its editor and creator, for the *Sun* under him was to all intents and purposes a new paper, although it still retained that local character given it by the weight laid upon police news and stories about town which characterised it at the very beginning.

Mr. Dana was probably the most generally cultivated of all the great editors. He had been a member of the famous Brook-Farm Community, and included among his friends and associates Nathaniel Hawthorne, Ralph Waldo Emerson, William F. Channing and George Ripley. Dana wrote for the *Chimotype* in Boston, and, about 1846, he and Ripley went to New York and joined the *Tribune*, Dana as head of the foreign department at a salary of $12 a week, and Ripley as literary editor at a salary of $5 a week. At the same time they edited the New American Cyclopædia; but Dana was a journalist by nature, and he eventually became managing editor of the *Tribune* under Greeley, with whom he finally quarrelled, and consequently left the *Tribune* in 1862, and was appointed Assistant Secretary of War and co-operated with General Grant in the West, where his conduct was marked by the energy and brilliancy which characterised his whole career. After the War he became editor of the Chicago *Republican*, but on the failure of that paper returned to New York, where one branch of the Republican party wanted to establish a newspaper run in its interests. Dana was selected as the editor, the old *Sun* was bought in order to secure the Associated Press rights, and the new *Sun* came into existence, and was published in the building which was the old home of Tammany Hall.

Mr. Dana, long before he became editor of the *Sun*, had published in the *Tribune* as early as 1850 an article on "The Newspaper Press," which expresses in an interesting way his ideas in regard to newspaper style—and no great editor before Dana had ever laid great weight upon the necessity of a distinctive style consistently maintained in every department of the newspaper. Mr. Dana wrote:

> American journalism, like the American national character, is less conventional, more versatile, various and flexible than European. A German, French, or English journalist cannot put his paper to press without one or more regular long editorials, wrought out with due attention to all the rules of rhetoric, in a style smacking often quite as much of the scholar's study as of the crowded and rapid world in which a real editor has his being. The American is more a *journalist*—that is, a writer who seizes upon the events of the day and holds them up, now in this aspect, now in that, flinging on them the most condensed and lively light . . . from necessity he had rather be brief and pointed than elegant and classical. . . . It is remarkable that the only paragraph writers are Americans. . . .

Whether or not this is true of American journalism in general, it is certainly true of the spirit of the New York *Sun* under Dana. Editorially, he knew how, probably better than any other American editor, "to seize upon the events of the day and hold them up, now in this aspect, now in that, flinging on them the most condensed and lively light." He handled the editorial paragraph to perfection, making it sharp, pointed, witty and forcible. He has been credited with uncommon learning, because of the technical editorials which appeared on every subject in the *Sun's* columns. Some of the old newspaper men, however, think that this is a popular delusion. Dana, they say, knew how to make the specialists, with whom he had become acquainted through his editing of the Cyclopædia, do an enormous amount of scholarly work for the *Sun*, and, though he did not claim it, Dana got the credit for it. But this was great editing.

Dana's talent lay in the sharp, bright paragraph. It is even said that he very rarely wrote a long editorial, and that those he did write fell short of the standard of excellence characteristic of his paragraphs.

This dominating principle of unity and point Dana impressed upon every department of the paper. He read, it is said, every line of the *Sun*, and edited it with

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great care. Even the technical editorials sent to him he treated with great freedom, cutting them up or sending them back to be rewritten. He made the *Sun* the product of Dana's brain and spirit and style. He stood between his contributors and reporters on the one hand and the public on the other, and Danaized news and opinions for the benefit of his readers. He was less personal in one sense, certainly less scurrilous, than the early journalists, of Greeley's type, but the *Sun* was nevertheless a one-man paper. It did not become an "organ" in the old sense, of a medium for one man's political opinions. The way Dana individualised the *Sun* was rather in manner, in style, than in matter. His political opinions were vacillating and whimsical, and important merely for the skill with which they were expressed. What he really did for the *Sun* was to develop on the one hand the "human nature" element which always existed in that paper —the stories about town, etc.—and on the other hand, the witty, succinct and pointed form in which the "human nature" stories were served up. To extend this spirit to the whole paper Dana surrounded himself with bright young college men, who looked up to their editor and imitated faithfully his style—a style which became so deeply impressed upon the paper that the traces of it remained after Mr. Dana died, and remain to-day.

The political attitude of the *Sun* during Mr. Dana's time was marked by the belligerent character noticeable in its columns to-day. Many old newspaper men will say that one of Mr. Dana's weaknesses was vindictiveness. He supported Mr. Tilden, who, partly on account of the valuable service he rendered against the Tweed Ring, became the Democratic candidate for President. When Mr. Hayes was declared elected in the famous struggle of 1876, the *Sun* was outspoken in its condemnation, and day after day published a picture of Hayes with the word "Fraud" written across his forehead. This was the same newspaper, however, which supported Tweed until the exposures were actually made. Mr. Dana was also a bitter opponent of General Grant, and followed him up in the unwearied manner of the *Sun*. Another example was, in more recent years, the way the *Sun* followed up Mr. Godkin when the latter had his unfortunate interview with the policeman. A remarkable quality of Mr. Dana's abuse was that there was always something left over for the next day. Spirit and style, rather than passion and principle, sum up Charles A. Dana. Less abusive than Greeley, he was colder and far more biting.

The next great event in the history of journalism was in 1883, when Mr. Pulitzer came to New York and took hold of the *World*. Some of the most distinctive features of the newspapers of to-day were introduced by him. Strictly speaking, James Gordon Bennett was the founder of "yellow," as well as other journalism. "Yellowness," however, is generally connective with the reorganisation of the New York *World* under Pulitzer.

The *World* was, previous to Mr. Pulitzer's arrival in New York, a paper of a rather distinctively literary character, but not very successful. It is an old joke that "Mr. Pulitzer found the *World* the best written and the least read of any New York newspaper, and made it the worst written and the most read." But this is not all that Mr. Pulitzer did with the *World*. He made of it a great business enterprise, a great institution, in which the editorial "we" has very little importance. With Mr. Pulitzer the counting-room began to play a more important part in journalism than ever before. With him, too, a step was made toward greater independence in politics. The paper was free at once of an editor who imposed his ideas on the paper and of narrow political limitations. It was run by a business man pure and simple. In getting free of one kind of dependence the tendency was, however, to fall into another and a worse kind of slavery—slavery to sensationalism, to the need of satisfying some of the lowest cravings of human nature. The *World* represented the tendency to become the slave of the mob, rather than of a small set of politicians and financiers.

The new *World* was almost immediately enormously successful. Several things helped it at the beginning. Mr. Pulitzer had to borrow $250,000, it is said, from Jay Gould, in order to buy a controlling interest in the paper. Realising that Mr. Gould's name would, if connected with the new enterprise, be a bar

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to the success of the newspaper, Mr. Pulitzer no sooner got control than he began in the columns of the *World* a bitter crusade against Mr. Gould in order to show people his independence of that distrusted man. It is said that this attack gave the *World* its start, that in a year Mr. Pulitzer had made $400,000 and was, when the notes fell due, able to pay Mr. Gould. The "crusade," thus commercially tested, became a feature of the "new" journalism, and at the present time "crusades" are apt to be confused in the popular mind with "yellowness."

When the new *World* was started the two most popular papers were the *Sun* and the *Herald,* which felt keenly the rivalry of the new journal. The *Herald* reduced its price to two cents, and Pulitzer shrewdly obtained the support of the newsdealers, who refused to handle the *Herald* at the small margin of profit. The *World* was also helped against its other rival, the *Sun,* by the latter's unpopular support of Butler for the Presidency in 1884.

In Mr. Pulitzer's keen sense for what would interest the people and consequently sell the paper lay his genius. He used to tell the reporters that they must make the basis of their stories a pretty woman, a large sum of money, or an important speculation. Mr. Dana, it is said, was in the habit of telling his *Sun* reporters to lay bare in the paper the physiological details of events as they came out in the courts. Mr. Pulitzer, however, carried it a step farther. He charged Mr. Dana's method with being shocking; but the *World* told the story in a far more reprehensible way. It suppressed the physiological, scientific accuracy in the reporting of the case, and only gave the emotional, sensational part, the sentimental appeal made to the mob. As a newspaper editor of the present day put it, the *World* gave to scandalous things a literary, though a very low literary, character.

With the New York *World,* however, whatever its defects, came into relatively full existence the newspaper as an institution rather than as a personal or political organ. About that time newspapers were enormously increased in size and in the number of their departments. When a newspaper has every day to "cover" sports, finance, shipping and marine news, suburban news, foreign news, Washington news, general news of the country, local city news, including the courts, the police, society, music, drama, marriages and deaths, it is next to impossible that it should be an "organ" in the old sense of the word. The great personal power of Dana is shown by the fact that he was able, at a comparatively late stage of journalism, to make of the *Sun* a "one-man" paper.

Hutchins Hapgood
and Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

JANE AUSTEN AND HER COUNTRY*

Nothing could have more astonished the modest writer of *Pride and Prejudice,* "the most unlearned and uninformed female," she is pleased to say of herself, "who ever dared to be an authoress," than to see a book like this, proclaiming alike by pen and pencil with what affectionate interest every record and vestige of her quiet existence has come to be regarded. "The very inn windows," says Carlyle of Burns, "where he chanced to scribble in idle hours with his versifying and often satirical diamond, have been unglassed, and the scribbled panes sold into distant quarters." Jane Austen's diamond pointed her pen, but the same feeling which unglazed the Scotch inn windows has produced this charming literary and artistic memorial. Miss Ellen Hill, the presiding genius of the illustrative department, has gone to work in the firm and well-founded conviction that whatever Jane Austen might have seen will be an acceptable sight to us. This is not only an admirable principle for the task professedly undertaken, but it serves an important collateral purpose by depicting and aiding to perpetuate the picturesque features of an England receding into the past. The stair rails, the lamps, the cups and balls, the head-dresses and styles of hair which she

*Jane Austen: Her Homes and Her Friends. By Constance Hill.

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CHAWTON VILLAGE.

CHAWTON COTTAGE, THE LAST HOME OF JANE AUSTEN.

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CHAWTON HOUSE.

delights to delineate with a neatness and accuracy not inferior to the sketches of Miss Austen in another field, contribute even more to bring the past before us than the more ambitious views of the parsonages, cottages, theatres and ballrooms which Jane Austen actually trod. It is gratifying to find that such opportunities of actual contact with our favourite are more numerous than might have been expected. More of Jane Austen's haunts remains than we should have ventured to expect, or admits of restoration from contemporary prints or drawings. Her

ANOTHER VIEW OF CHAWTON HOUSE.

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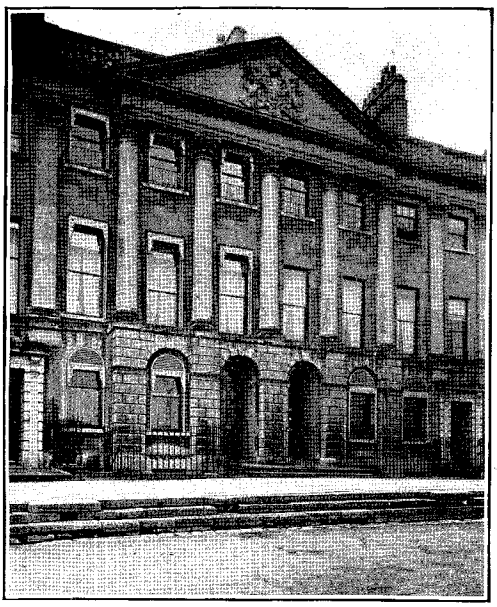
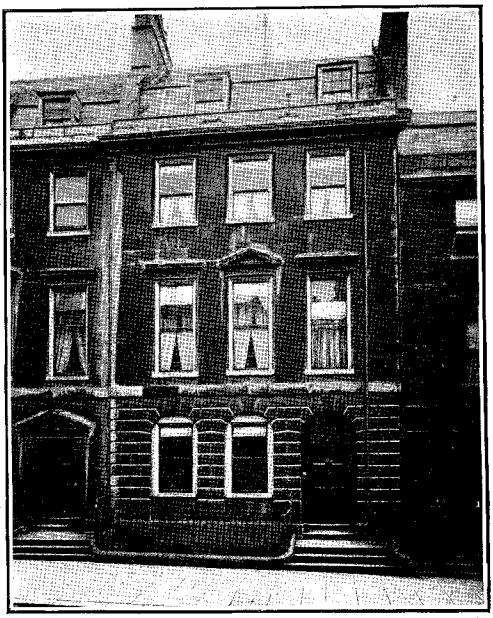
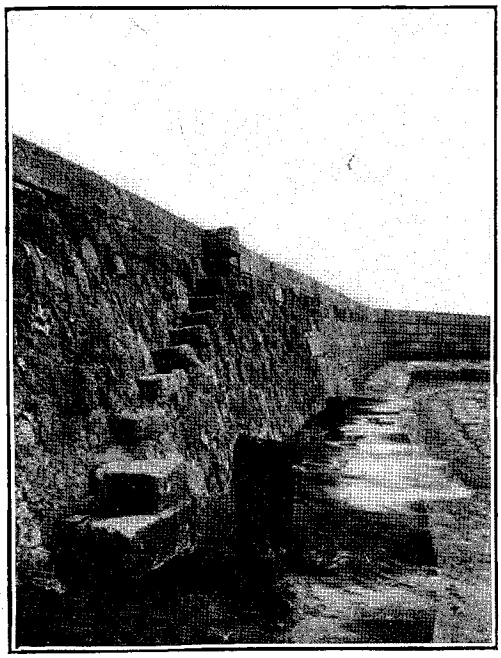


No. 16 Camden Place, Bath.



NO. 4 SYDNEY PLACE, BATH, ONE OF THE HOMES OF JANE AUSTEN.



THE COBB, LYME REGIS ("PERSUASION.")

CAPTAIN HARVILLE'S HOUSE (BAY COTTAGE) LYME REGIS ("PERSUASION.")

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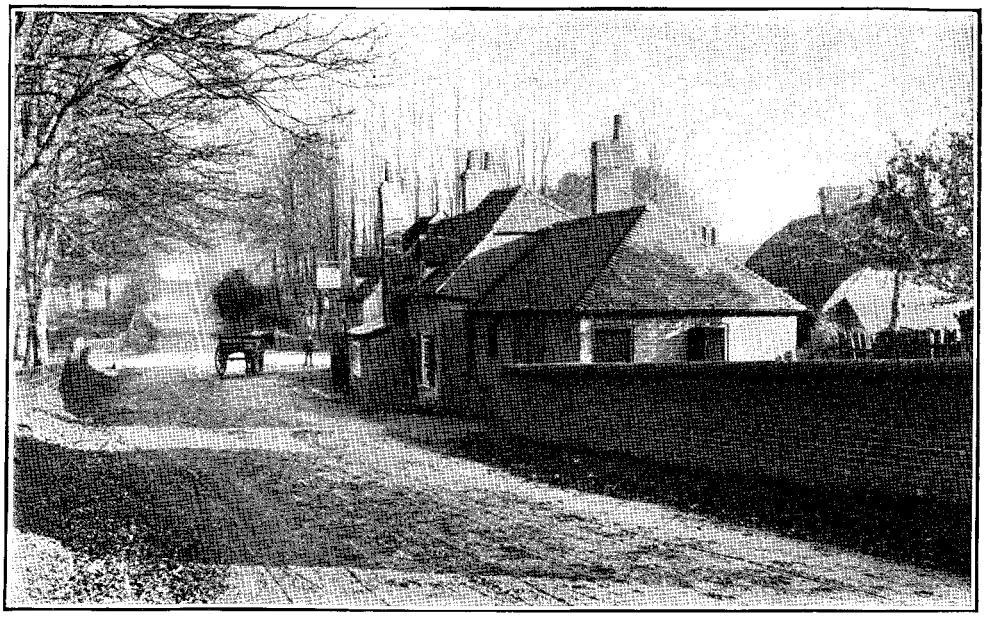
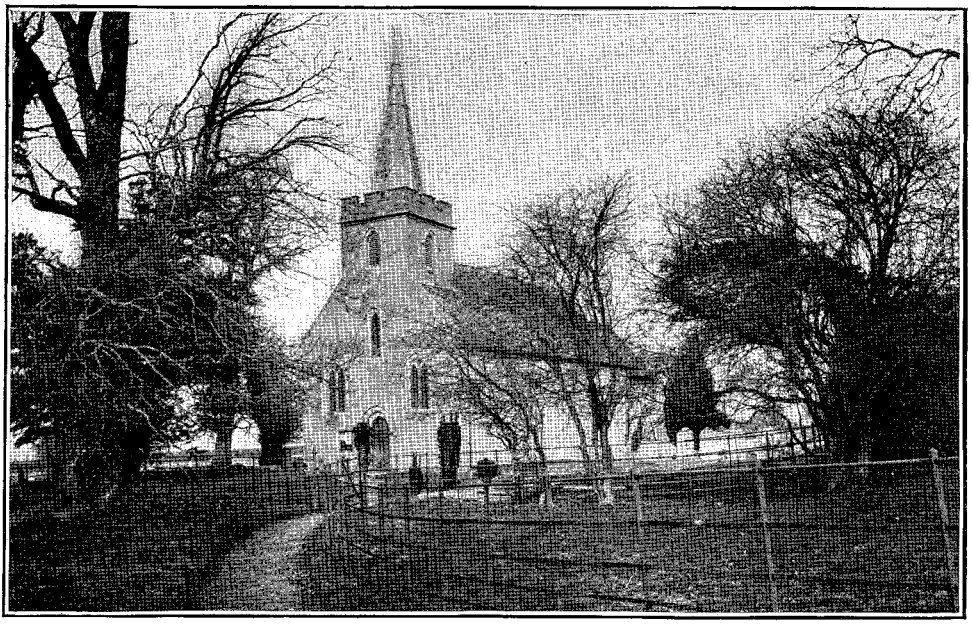


THE DEANE GATE.

lodgings at Lyme, for instance, those in which she placed the Harvilles, and the Cobb steps, off which Louisa Musgrove took her unlucky leap, all remain as she saw them, and form the subjects of delightful illustrations. Miss Hill, moreover, is no mere copyist, but can combine details into pictures of such merit as the restoration from a mere hint of *A Young Girl of Spirit,* of Miss Austen's



STEVENTON CHURCH.

The church itself—
A little spireless fane
Just seen above the woody lane.

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period, or the charming glimpse of the Reading interior with the five young people enjoying their "holiday feast."

What Miss Ellen Hill is in the artistic, Miss Constance Hill is in the literary department of the subject. She professedly does nothing but glean and piece together; there is scarcely a detail in her book which is not strictly accurate and matter-of-fact; and yet the result is a more vivid portrait of Jane Austen than we have hitherto seen. Probably this is the only way in which so shy and retiring a character can be exhibited. With such

JANE AUSTEN.

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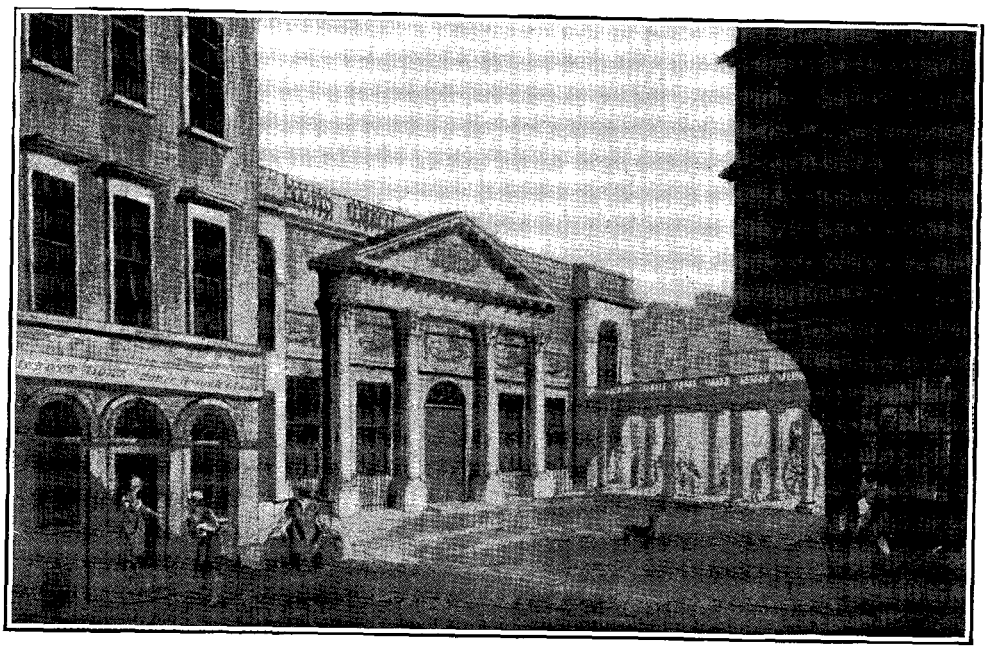
MANYDOWN PARK.

subjects, conscious attempts at portraiture become exaggeration; the only way is to let them speak for themselves, and though Miss Austen has not told us much about herself, the little she does say is deeply significant. To us the peculiar charm of her character seems to reside in the alliance of an exquisite gift of sarcasm with genial good-nature and the constant activity of both. We cannot conceive of her as liable for a moment to any of the failings that tend to ill-nature; and yet, though the woman is indulgent, the pen is merciless. She had the clearest



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE PUMP ROOM, BATH, AS IT WAS IN JANE AUSTEN'S TIME.

Jane Austen often accompanied her uncle, Mr. Leigh Perrot, to the Pump Room, where he had to take "his second glass of water."

"Every creature in Bath was to be seen in the room at different periods of the fashionable hours; crowds of people were every moment passing in and out, up the steps and down; people whom nobody cared about, and nobody wanted to see."—*Northanger Abbey.*

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vision of the ridiculous in human character, and she could not depict it otherwise than as she saw it. The alternative would have been not to depict it at all, an alternative which she adopted with regard to many departments of human life which she must have beheld as clearly, but with which she did not choose to concern herself. This reserve has limited the range of her genius without impairing its supremacy. Its most essential characteristic could not be better expressed than by her own description when she speaks of herself as occupied in producing miniatures upon ivory, yet a too strict interpretation of this definition would do her much injustice. When we think of a miniature we almost inevitably think of a single figure, expressive it may be, but evincing nothing of the gift of pictorial drama or narrative which the artist may nevertheless possess. Miss Austen's figures are individually minute, but they are combined into pictures of no inconsiderable compass, and displaying the most essential qualities of great art. A juster comparison would be with Terburg, in one sense a painter upon a miniature scale, but who could and did represent within one small frame a score of diplomatists deciding the fate of Europe.

Perhaps the most important point with a bearing on literary history in which Miss Austen's novels can be regarded is as a phase in the evolution by which the novel took the place of the drama in English literature. After Sheridan, its last great master, English comedy had degenerated into five-act farce. Miss Austen filled the void with a comedy which could be enjoyed apart from the theatre. She was not, of course, the originator of this literary form. Miss Burney and others had preceded her, but she far outstripped them, carrying, in fact, the essential spirit of comedy, as far as it can well go, save in the exuberance of *vis comica* incompatible with the delicacy of her methods, and that alliance of ideal poetry with the delineation of manners which is only possible to the most exalted genius. Neither Shakespeare nor Molière has surpassed Miss Austen in the branches of the comic art which she cultivates in common with them; it is her deficiency in width of range on the one hand, in animal spirits on the other, that assigns her a lower place. It is noteworthy that one of her juvenile attempts in authorship was an unfinished comedy of merit, *The Mystery*.

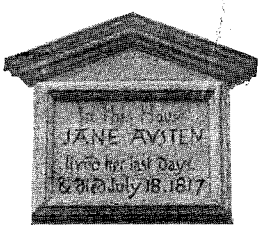
A few slight particulars may be noted against the inevitable second edition of this delightful book. Miss Austen's brief residence in Winchester might be illustrated by a passage in a letter from Keats to Reynolds, written two years afterward, September 22, 1819. Lydia's elopement in *Pride and Prejudice* curiously resembles the actual elopement of Sir Philip Francis's daughter as described in his recently published correspondence, which took place after the composition of the novel, but before its publication. The phrase "sense and sensibility" occurs without any ironic suggestion in a letter of Lady Sarah Lennox, dated July 20, 1798, eight months after Miss Austen had begun to write her novel, *Your Sense and Sensibility, My Dear Lady Susan*. The identification of the Mr. Blackall who is supposed to have been in love with Jane Austen is not very difficult. If "his brother was a medical man in Devonshire," he must have been a brother of Dr. John Blackall, an eminent physician at Exeter (1771-1860), and a great-grandson of Offspring Blackall, Bishop of Exeter from 1707 to 1716.

Miss Hill gives a charade by Miss Austen's father, which to the date of her publication had remained without a solution:

Without me, divided, fair ladies, I ween,
At a ball or a concert you'll never be seen;
You must do me together, or safely, I'd swear,
Whatever your carriage, you'll never get there.

We venture to interpret, *flambeau*.

Richard Garnett.



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A NATIONAL LIBRARY FOR THE UNITED STATES

In a comparison of libraries serving different communities or different areas or different classes of readers, the points of difference between them in scope and function may prove more significant than the points of identity. The functions of any library, in the popular estimation and in fact, are to accumulate, to preserve, and to make useful certain material. But what the material is to be (save that in form it is printed book or manuscript, map, music, or print) involves in itself a consideration of the service to be performed by the particular library in question; and the relative emphasis laid upon the several duties of the institution in accumulating or preserving this material or in making it useful—will in itself differentiate it from other libraries whose general titles might indicate absolute identity in character. The national library of Great Britain is situated in a city which is not merely the metropolis of Great Britain, but the literary metropolis of the Anglo-Saxon race. It has to serve an area of less than one hundred thousand square

HERBERT PUTNAM.

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miles, no point of which is distant from it more than five hundred miles. Within this area are other great collections, quasi-public, which, equally with the British Museum, have had the benefits of the copyright law, and like it have been the recipients of gifts of material of importance to scholarship. At Oxford, at Cambridge, at Edinburgh, at Dublin, there are such collections. In the aggregate they cover well the needs of the investigator at each local centre of important research in Great Britain, save as he may need occasionally to supplement them by the easy recourse to London.

The British Government maintains a public record office with admirable equipment, where the public archives are safely housed, scrupulously administered, and, as far as public policy permits, made accessible to accredited investigators. This office is at London, within easy reach of the national library.

The British Museum is nominally one hundred and fifty years old: but in effect (through its acquisition of the Royal Library) more than two hundred years old. From its foundation it has been the recipient of priceless gifts in material, which have in themselves helped to determine its character. It is a library universal in scope. Its dominant purpose is accumulation and preservation. It aids accredited research upon its own premises. But it issues no books beyond them. It does not undertake co-operative work nor, I believe, recognise any administrative duty to the other libraries of Great Britain as such.

Now, the United States is subdivided politically at least twice, and each subdivision maintains libraries accessible to its constituents. There is the State library, there is the municipal library, and in certain sections there is also the county library. The county library, where it exists, is little more than a collection of the more elementary books for the pupils in the county schools, or general light literature for the more popular use of the farm districts. The "rate-supported" municipal libraries, stimulated by the gifts of buildings by Mr. Carnegie and many others, are now dotting the entire country. In the course of a few years no communities of any size or spirit will lack them. They are public, and free. But so far as rate supported their function is to supplement the work of the school, to serve the general reader, and to respond to such inquiries of a serious nature as may be dealt with by the more general books of reference. Beyond this they may aid the investigator chiefly by putting him in possession of a list of the existing authorities upon his particular topic and by putting him into communication with institutions that may supply the books themselves.

The State libraries were originally established for the convenience of the State legislatures and of the State judiciary. In many States they remain simply law libraries, containing little more than statutes and the common law reports. In certain States (as New York) they have come to include also a large mass of miscellaneous literature: in particular history, and political and social science. They are all free for reference. But for the most part their use is limited to the area of the State capital. In the seventeen States which have established Library Commissions, and particularly in such of these as have established "travelling libraries," the State authorities have undertaken to stimulate interest in the formation of local libraries and to aid it by the loan of books and by direct grant. The service rendered by these is, however, akin in nature to that rendered by the competent municipal library to its immediate constituents: the service to the general reader, rather than the aid of advanced research.

In each political subdivision of the United States there is thus, or is likely to be, organised effort for the supply of ordinary books for the ordinary use. Such effort appropriately belongs with the authorities which supply elementary instruction in the more ordinary secondary instruction in the free schools and the free State universities. It is healthily with them. And to supplant it by interposition of the national authorities would be as little consonant with our institutions as to supplant by federal schools the common schools maintained in each locality in its own behalf.

But there is in the United States an immense activity in advanced research. It is important, it touches every department of knowledge to which books are contributory, and it requires books which cannot adequately be supplied by any of

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the local authorities above mentioned. Every university is a centre of such research; in a less systematic degree every community; for in this country the zest for investigation is not merely academic.

Now there are centres where the needs of advanced research are met by university libraries, which from their age or from gifts or from extraordinary exertion in expenditure have become unusually well equipped: the libraries, for instance, at Harvard, at Yale, at Columbia, at Princeton, at Cornell. At one or another of these the student may find all that he needs in philology, in history, or oriental literature, or social science, or theology, or the literature of Dante and Tasso. Some of them possess collections of an interest not limited to academic use —as the John Carter Brown Collection of early Americana—now (by recent happy acquisition) at Brown University. There is at least one community (Boston) whose municipal library has, from considerable expenditure and some gifts, amassed a collection capable of aiding advanced research in nearly every field of knowledge. In New York there is the consolidated library system, which is to make available to the investigator the resources of collections which are accumulating from great endowments and extraordinary gifts. There is scarcely a department of literature in which these collections are not eminent; there are many in which they are likely to be for the United States pre-eminent. And in Chicago there are two libraries (the Newberry and the John Crerar), established and maintained by endowment, whose deliberate purpose is the aid of research rather than popular use.

A library which is to be maintained at the national expense must take account of all of the foregoing conditions: the great activity everywhere in the formation of local libraries; thousands of these libraries already incessant in the service of the general reader; and certain collections of extraordinary richness available for the special investigator.

Yet these resources in the aggregate fall short of the need and the opportunity:

1. The area directly served by the special libraries is but a small fraction of the total area in the United States occupied with research.

2. While the collections in the several great universities and metropolitan libraries would, in the aggregate, form a library comprehensive in scope, no one of them individually is such; nor within its means can hope to become such; nor if it could become such would have a constitutional obligation to serve the country at large. No local library has the duty of accumulating and preserving *every* publication which represents a product of the press in the United States; nor the particular duty of acquiring and administering that literature which, either written or printed, records the origins and progress of our national life, or directly aids in the administration of our national affairs.

3. The activity among American libraries to-day is not merely in the formation and administration of individual libraries. It is, to a degree not equalled in any other country, an activity in organised effort among libraries for the general multiplication of library facilities, for improvement in methods, for co-operation in bibliographic undertakings, for reduction in cost of administrative processes. All this effort requires the encouragement and direction of some central authority which shall express the interest and responsibility of the country as a whole.

A national library for the United States might, among its other functions, centralise this effort and both aid and direct it; it might endeavour the accumulation of a collection as nearly as possible universal in scope; and it might administer this collection with reference to the needs, not of a section of the country, but of the country as a whole.

Our Federal Government is incessant in investigation. Every session of Congress witnesses the establishment of one or more commissions, which are to acquire information and to report it to Congress as the basis of possible legislation. Every executive department is obliged constantly to make special investigations in aid of particular executive action. And there are maintained at Washington scientific bureaus whose main purpose is investigation and the publication of results. The aggregate expenditure in the maintenance of these is estimated to be over five millions of dollars yearly—a sum far in excess of that expended by

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any other country or two countries in the world.

There are department and bureau libraries at Washington. Certain of them (the library of the Surgeon-General's Office, that of the Geological Survey, that of the Bureau of Education) are exceedingly rich in special material. But they cover in the aggregate only a portion of the various departments of knowledge; they logically require a central collection general in scope; they are embarrassed to provide adequately for themselves in space and administration, and they are not as yet in organic relation with one another nor in a relation of co-operation which might increase their efficiency in the aggregate and eliminate unnecessary duplication in material and in processes. Irrespective, therefore, of the needs of scholarship at large, there seems logically to be required at Washington a thoroughly equipped general library to serve the uses of the Government itself.

There are thus various duties which would appropriately belong to a national library in this country. They are not rendered superfluous by the existence and activities of the thousands of other libraries, local and national, but are in some respects the necessary consequences of these.

The Library of Congress has been selected to undertake these duties. In what measure is it likely to be able to fulfil them?

There has been provided for it a building which is the largest occupied by any library in the world. It covers three and a half acres of ground and includes eight acres of floor space. It has present accommodation for over two million volumes, and possible accommodation for over twice as many more. It is being adequately equipped for the preservation of material and for a varied service in the utilisation of it.

It has already a collection which (excluding duplicates) now numbers 800,000 books and pamphlets and over 400,000 other items (maps, manuscripts, music, and prints); the largest single collection on the Western Hemisphere, and in certain respects already the most important. It has for increase (1) without cost: (a) two copies of every book and other article entered for copyright in the United States; (b) Government publications secured in exchange or through diplomatic sources; (c) miscellaneous gifts and exchanges; (d) the scientific serials acquired by the Smithsonian Institution; and (2) by purchase: such material as it can secure with annual appropriations for increase, which this year amount to $70,000. With these resources, with the authority of the Government behind it, and with the prestige of its location and building, the Library of Congress is in a fair way to develop a collection as nearly comprehensive in scope as is possible for an American library beginning its deliberate accumulations at the end of the nineteenth century. In certain directions it cannot hope ever to match the great national and university libraries abroad: the material is no longer procurable. In certain other directions it cannot, without gifts from individuals, match even the great metropolitan and university libraries of this country (though its building and present facilities should offer a strong invitation to the owners of private collections who desire to place them where they will be safe, prominent, and active in the widest service).

It may never be rich in "original sources," except those relating to the origins of the United States. Except as it secures gifts it will be less picturesque than many special collections in the books merely curious. It will not make deliberate outlay upon the books merely recreative. But in the vast field of miscellaneous material, which is the quarry of the serious student, the investigator, in whatever department of knowledge, the Library of Congress is certain to be active in acquisition. With respect to this it will be apt to recognise little in the way of limitation except as the contents and activities of all other federal libraries at Washington seem to constitute one by rendering effort on its part unnecessary. During the past year its accessions numbered 76,000 printed books and pamphlets and over 30,000 other items.

The Library has already in part, and is rapidly developing, an organisation suited to large activities. It includes now over 200 employees (exclusive of the force in the Copyright Office and that caring for the building and grounds). It includes nearly a dozen different divisions having functions in connection with particular material or special processes or

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special forms of service. It includes individuals of particular learning in certain departments of knowledge, and great skill and experience in handling the literature of these. Besides the force occupied with general administration and the routine service of the reading-room, it has special divisions dealing with documents, manuscripts, maps, music, and prints; it has sixty-seven persons engaged in classification and cataloguing; and others devoted to special research and the compilation of bibliographic aids. It has a fully equipped bindery with forty-eight employees, and a printing office with nineteen.

This organisation has been busy and for several years must to a great degree be busy in getting the existing collections into order; in applying to them modern systems of classification, in giving specific location and notation to each book and other item, in compiling the shelf records, and the catalogues and other apparatus essential to use: the only catalogue of the existing collection being a manuscript catalogue, under authors only, on large slips, in one copy not accessible to the public. There is also a considerable present use to be dealt with on the premises: a use by general and special readers, by Congress, and the departments and bureaus, and by investigators coming to Washington for the express purpose.

But the Library has already begun a service which extends beyond its walls.

(1) It answers inquiries by mail; becoming in an increasing degree a bureau of information on matters bibliographic for the entire United States.

(2) It compiles and publishes lists of authorities on certain topics of current concern. These are distributed freely. They add to the efficiency of every library which they reach.

(3) It has initiated a co-operation among the federal libraries of the District by compiling, editing and publishing a Union List of the eleven thousand serials currently taken by those libraries.

(4) It is printing its catalogue cards. In doing so it strikes off extra sets, to be placed with a public library in each of some score of the centres of research in the United States. It will in this way place at each such centre a statement of what it contains. It is seeking to secure in return information on cards or otherwise as to the distinctive material in the great collections, both in and outside of Washington. The cards printed by the New York Public Library, the Boston Public Library, the Harvard University Library, the John Crerar Library, are already coming to it. They will strengthen its bibliographic work and its opportunity as a bureau of information: for for they will enable it to inform an inquirer, not merely what books exist on a given topic, but where the particular book which he needs may most conveniently be found.

(5) It is in particular to supply to each department library in Washington a copy of every card representing a book in its collection of possible interest to the activities of that department. It will endeavour to secure in return a catalogue of what the department library contains. It will very probably secure this by enabling that library also to print its cards at the Library Printing Office. The mutual information thus secured, combined with reciprocal service in the actual use of the books themselves, may eventually result in the organisation of the federal libraries into a library *system* properly organic.

(6) It is now supplying extra copies of these catalogue cards to other libraries subscribing their cost. In so far as the titles represent books added to the subscribing libraries, the cards will save to these libraries the expense of the cataloguing itself, and of the work of the compositor (if they print their cards) or of the transcriber (if they have been accustomed to multiply copies by transcription). At present the various libraries acquiring thousands of the same books are cataloguing them independently—each library putting out the entire expense. The centralisation of such work in some bureau whose results would be generally available, has been an ambition of librarians for generations. It is possible only in connection with a library which already has a great collection of books, and is including in its current accessions most of the books currently added to other libraries. This is the case with the Library of Congress.

It becomes practicable only when that library adopts and promotes the use of standards in size of card and form of entry. These standards the Library of Congress has adopted. It can be fully successful only when the results pro-

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duced can be accepted as authoritative. The present and developing organisation of the library seems likely to ensure such results.

(7) The national libraries abroad and most of the scholarly collections in this country are as far as the general public is concerned, libraries of reference merely. The Library of Congress has thus far been such. Washington is already a centre for research, especially in American history, political and social science, administration, anthropology, and the natural and physical sciences, for which the governmental collections form laboratories. The Washington Memorial Institution—that new organisation for the supervision of post-graduate research in connection with the facilities offered by these collections and by the scientific experts in charge of them and the Carnegie Institution—will bring to the capital an increasing number of men engaged in serious original investigation. But Washington is not, and is not likely to become, the literary metropolis of the United States in the sense in which London is the literary metropolis of Great Britain. The United States (without including possessions not yet active in research) covers an area of three million square miles. An American investigator engaged in research may be three thousand miles from the national capital. Where he needs a book which it is not the duty of his local library to supply, a book which is in the Library of Congress and not immediately needed for use in Washington, a book which can safely be transported, and the local library applies to the Library of Congress for the loan of it for his use, it may in many cases be lent.

There are conditions and limitations upon any such loans which must be remembered. The National Library is a library of record. It has a duty to preserve for posterity. It must not indifferently imperil a book which cannot be replaced.

As a library for research also its greatest service will be as a library of reference. An investigator coming to Washington must be reasonably certain of finding on the shelves the volume which he needs. The efficiency of the library for research would be seriously impaired by loans which would to any large degree impair the integrity of the collection at any particular moment.

To justify the issue beyond the limits of Washington of a rare book, or a book important for reference use and not a duplicate, there must be a need somewhat extraordinary. It must be on the part, not of an ordinary reader, not of a student whose purpose is merely self-improvement, but of an *investigator,* whose use of the book will tend to advance the *general knowledge.*

But such cases will occur; and under suitable conditions will doubtless be recognised by the library.

On the whole, then, the opportunities of the Library of Congress for rendering the service properly to be expected of the National Library of the United States appear ample, and conditioned only upon adequate development of the resources already at its disposal.

Herbert Putnam.

THE COMING COMEDY OF AMERICAN MANNERS

Very likely, when we have succeeded conclusively in underselling and overbidding the rest of the world, we shall have—since to him that hath shall be given—the real comedy of American manners, in novels and on the stage. "Economic supremacy" may do for us in literary matters what supremacy in force has done for England, what supremacy in æsthetics has done for France. Overwhelming success of any sort gives self-confidence, and in time that tradition of pride which the other great Powers of the world possess. When we have once fully attained that serene national complacency, "the depth, and not the tumult of the soul," we may turn to self-analysis in a new spirit.

But for this we must have a stratified self-esteem, layer upon layer—the deep, solid, fertile subconsciousness of national superiority. It takes time to acquire this, and a good deal of strenuous endeavour. Englishmen did not always have it, nor even the French or Spanish. No doubt we shall get ours as the English got theirs, by a mixture of fighting and commercial invasion, the latter, however,

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coming first, as befits the age. How else shall we ever have the "national spirit," so justly insisted upon in literature? How else have a novelist who will write as single-heartedly for us as Cervantes wrote for Spaniards, Fielding for Englishmen, Daudet and Balzac for the French? To write great novels a man must feel that, individually despicable though his countrymen may be, collectively they form the society best worth studying and the audience best worth pleasing. He need not, to be sure, admire them, even collectively; he may have "a poet's quarrel" with them. But he must think them interesting enough to know most deeply. The ease, freedom and intimacy of the domestic atmosphere are not more necessary to a good quarrel than they are to a good novel.

Naturally, American literature of fiction—of the play and the novel—has been characteristically a literature for the stranger. Such studies of manners as we have had have mainly been done in a broad and shallow manner, pointed as for the foreigner's eye. The effort has been to exploit the "undiscovered country," to seek out the remote and local note which by a little exaggeration becomes the picturesque, and in short to make the American feel a stranger in his own country. The true novelist, it need hardly be pointed out, will, on the contrary, try to make him feel at home, to deepen his understanding of his neighbour's affairs, and make his own seem more interesting. When we "come to our own," and really possess our own country, the distinguished novelist will not care about taking his Americans abroad, either, and contrasting them with English or European aristocrats, any more than he will insist on presenting them in the guise of wild Westerners or feudal Southerners. He will take them as he finds them, and be content to follow their destinies on American soil, and without the least necessity for italics in their dialogue.

Then we shall have the comedy of American manners—comedy in the broad sense, the "human comedy," but doubtless more in the manner of Fielding than of Balzac. In this direction, at least, our national gift of humour would seem to incline us. This humour would prevent a representative novelist from leaning to the style of Balzac; though the latter's encyclopædic range may possibly find some emulator among us. A group of novels containing some thousands of really typical American characters, and illustrating American life in country, village, town and city—does it not stir the imagination to think of it? Certainly by the time our novelist with the "ferocious industry" of Balzac and the illuminating humour of Fielding has completed his task, he will have an audience of something under a hundred millions of Americans, more interested in him than in his Russian or French or English contemporaries, and more interested in themselves than in any foreign and (on the whole) inferior nation.

Nay, more than this. When we are the dominant power of the world, when England has become "a pleasure-ground for American millionaires," when France, oblivious of the warnings of her philosophers, which even now are being printed in Paris newspapers, has succumbed to the portentous fascination of American money-getting-and-spending methods—when these things, so confidently predicted, have come to pass, is it not probable that the domestic historians of so wonderful a people will command the attention of the civilised world? Apart from the literary art of our future novelists, their subjects will then have the intrinsic interest for the foreigner that studies of French or English manners now have for us. In like proportion plays of American life will hold the stage. Decadent continental peoples will be forced to study our development, for we shall dazzle their imaginations. And England, in the days when her power declines before ours, will take her fashions in novel and drama from us.

Then, far in the future may arrive the day of American supremacy in the comedy of social life, the satire of wit and elegance. But if "fine society is a fruit that ripens slowly," such comedy is the seed of that fruit; and good satire, for the rest, is always a sign of "that further stage of ripeness less esteemed in the market."

This consummation we need have no keen desire to hasten. Rather let us look forward to the middle period of American fiction, its golden prime, when the geniality of success and leisure shall have mellowed the crude energy of the springing sap. *Neith Boyce.*

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WIDOWED

Your lonely room is still a sacred place,
The air you breathed is warm in my embrace,
  The perfume of your presence lingers still
About the pillow where I lay my face.

I touch your garments lightly, half afraid,
So ghostly are they in the teeming shade!
  The candle flickers like a frightened soul
Upon the little altar where you prayed.

Elsa Barker.

BOOKS OF SOME IMPORTANCE

I.

"Letters of John Richard Green."*

The autobiography of a man who has done notable work under such peculiarly trying circumstances as to make the achievement heroic, and who has passed through deep intellectual and spiritual experiences, must command attention. All designed autobiography is, to a large degree, a self-conscious posing; the truest autobiography is that found in letters written, with no purpose of publication, to a chosen circle of sympathising friends. Such an autobiography of a remarkable man we have in these charming and thoughtful Letters, the record of a life full of inspiration. Nothing has been disclosed in Green's family history to give promise of his career or to account for his personality. He accomplished what he did, and became what he was, by virtue of a conscious culture of intellect and heart, wrought by the severe training of the hardships and disappointments of his life of many trials, yet a life made by him bright instead of sombre.

The circumstances of his childhood were not fortunate. His father, who was the son of a tailor, and who himself was "a registrar and maker of silk gowns for Fellows" at Oxford, died in 1852, when Green was fifteen years of age, leaving but little money, which was by his direction to be spent in the education of his three children. In 1854, Green unexpectedly won a scholarship at Jesus College, and matriculated. Upon graduation he decided to enter the Church, but was too young for ordination, and the intervening time he devoted to planning a history of the Church of England and to the study of geology. In 1860, he was ordained deacon, and priest in 1861, and he then accepted a curacy under Reverend Henry Ward, incumbent of St. Barnabas, King's Square, Goswell Road.

In the spring of 1863, Green took charge of a derelict parish in Hoxton. In the latter part of the year his health gave way, but he was unable to afford a year's rest which was ordered, and in a few months he took a curacy under the Reverend Philip Gell at Nottinghill. In the spring of 1864, he accepted a curacy at St. Peter's, Stepney, and in November, 1865, was appointed to the perpetual curacy of St. Philip's, Stepney, which latter charge he resigned at Easter, 1869, when he was appointed to the librarianship of Lambeth, a purely honorary position, and he ceased from that time to discharge any active clerical duties. During the eight years covered by his clerical work, Green did what would have been an enormous amount of work for even a strong man. He sacrificed himself without stint. In 1866, there was an outbreak of cholera in St. Philip's, and Mr. Gell says:

> Within an hour from the first seizure in his parish Green himself met the dying patients in the London hospital, and thenceforward, while the plague lasted, Green, like other clergy in the parishes attacked, worked day and night amidst the panic-stricken people as officer of health, inspector of nuisances, ambulance-superintendent, as well as spiritual consoler and burier of the dead. In this work Green

*Letters of John Richard Green. Edited by Leslie Stephen. The Macmillan Company. 1901. Net, $4.00.

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was helped by the lowest women of the town." As Mr. Stephen says, "It was no uncommon thing to see him going to an infected house between two such outcasts, who had volunteered to help him in an errand of mercy."

He was an eloquent and impassioned preacher. On this subject his friend, Mr. Bryce says: "I shall never forget the impression made upon me by the impassioned sentences that rang through the church from the fiery little figure in the pulpit, with its thin face and bright black eyes." The time spent in the obscurity of parish work was the important period in Green's life—that of his spiritual and intellectual conflict and development. By nature he was deeply religious, after the type of the mystics, a believer in the "religion of the heart"; one who was not disturbed by loss of faith in obsolete dogmas that have been historically associated with religion. Green himself says: "In the union of Mysticism with freedom of thought and inquiry will, I am persuaded, be found the faith of the future." In the struggle between current theological ideas and scientific ideas, with him the theological must ever give way to the scientific. His great fear was lest his inborn affection for the Church or the temptation of material interests might lead him into insincerity and to continue the profession of dogmas in which he had lost belief, and he resolved that if he should be unable at any time to use the words of the Litany, "Christ have mercy upon us," with perfect sincerity he would resign his clerical position. He was keenly alive to the struggle between the old and new ideas in his own mind, and when he found that such a change had taken place that it was no longer possible for him with sincerity to profess the dogmas he once held, he acted upon his resolution and gave up his clerical work.

During these years of unobtrusive labour, by diligent effort he acquired his remarkably fine and characteristic literary style, which he playfully contrasts with that of his friend, Freeman, in the following language: "I was thinking about style the other day, and it seemed to me that David's notion of a procession expressed my notion of style: 'the singers go before, the minstrels follow after; in the midst are the damsels playing on the timbrels.' Now, you give us the singers; capital 'anthems' they sing, but there is a certain want of the plain prose of the minstrels, and I haven't caught a note of the timbrels. No doubt you will say that I give the world quite enough of the damsels myself!"

His labours in the East End had marked effect also upon the character of his historical work. Mr. Stephen says: "The history might have been written in a very different tone had the writer passed his days in academical seclusion. His interest in the welfare of the masses, and his conviction that due importance should be given to their social condition, determined a very important peculiarity of the work."

Thus ripened in mind and heart, Green set himself to the work he had so long been planning; the writing of his "Little Book," as he called it, entitled, *A Short History of the English People*, which he accomplished in the years between 1869 and 1874. He had always condemned what he described as the "drum and trumpet history," and determined to write something very different. He wished to give in a condensed, intelligible and interesting form the complete history of the growth of the English nation. He had a very clear historical philosophy which gave an important place to the physical environment of a nation. In his view "a State is accidental; it can be made or unmade; but a nation is something real, which can neither be made nor destroyed;" and he says, writing to Freeman:

> For whatever you may make of England, it is absolute madness to try and dissociate the "social and æsthetic" from the political here. And I must own, the more I have worked and thought over our own story *as a whole*—and I shall always thank Little Book for making me do this—the more its political history has seemed to spring out of and be moulded into form by the "social and religious" history you like to chaff me about. You see, I shall die in my sins.

The *Short History* was an epoch-making book, and was a success almost without parallel. "The book," says Mr. Bryce, "was philosophical enough for scholars and popular enough for schoolboys." It was written under great physical difficulties. In the year that he began it the discovery was made that he had a serious

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lung trouble, and that his life could be prolonged only as the result of a constant battle with disease. Much of the history was written abroad, without the opportunity to consult libraries, and the performance is the more remarkable on that account. The success of the book greatly improved his financial condition, which theretofore had been a source of serious anxiety; but the state of his health, and his marriage in 1877 made it necessary that he should have a more certain source of income than he could be assured of from it. He therefore wrote the *History of the English People,* which appeared in four volumes, and for which he had gathered a large part of the material in the preparation for writing the *Short History.* This he completed in 1880, and it was received with the same favour as its predecessor. Throughout the time he was writing it he had to struggle constantly with his disease, and he wrote while sojourning here and there in quest of health. His *Letters,* written during this period, show a complete consecration of his entire strength to the accomplishment of the work set for him to do, tempered by a spirit of resignation if, because of the failure of his health, he should not be able to complete it. He thus writes to a friend at this time:

> To work well we must look to the end; not death, but the good of mankind; not self-improvement in itself, but simply as a means to the improvement of the race. Don't think this too big an end to look to—one must look greatly forward to the great. In the light of it, one sees how the very patience of a thwarted day may be one's "work" to the end.

Green wrote the *Short History* because his ill-health made it uncertain whether he would complete his larger work. He resolved to write a book which, if he lived, would serve as an introduction to a larger work, and ensure that if he should die his labours would not be entirely wasted. Having completed both, he might have taken some rest, but new plans had been formed and he immediately set about writing more fully the early history of England. He began *The Making of England,* but his health was so seriously affected that for many weeks he was unable to sit up or to take solid food. The heroic struggle against death and for time to finish the two volumes, *The Making of England* and *The Conquest of England,* has been told by his wife in the preface to the latter volume, and is told again by Mr. Stephen and in these *Letters.* No greater instance of heroism in the accomplishment of a literary task is recorded. At such times as he could sit up and write he would labour at his work. When he was unable to do this, at intervals, he would dictate to his wife or go through references with her help. After the completion of *The Making of England,* for weeks he was unable to leave the house and was only able to see friends one at a time. As soon as he recovered he set to work on the next volume, *The Conquest of England.* His wife acted as his amanuensis. She was disabled by "writer's cramp" in both hands, but, as Green could dictate to no one else, she at last succeeded in doing a little with her left hand. He observed her one day throwing away a sheet upon which she had written some notes for his work with her left hand; he took the sheet and preserved it, saying to her: "Whenever I think I can do no more I look at that and go on." He finished the book in less than a year, and it was in print when he decided to make a change in it. In January, 1883, he undertook this task. His work was slow, owing to the fact that his wife could only use her left hand. A table was placed near his sofa, and he was able to write a few sheets of the new first chapter. He then said: "Now, I am weary and can work no more." He lingered for a few weeks thereafter, and died on March 7, 1883.

Mrs. Humphry Ward recalls visiting him in his latter years, and his wonderful powers of conversation and his striking personality. She says: "Mr. Lecky came—Sir Henry Maine, Mr. Freeman, Mr. Bryce, Bishop Stubbs sometimes, Mr. Stopford Brooke and many more. It was the talk of equals, ranging from the widest horizons, started and sustained by the energy, the undauntedness of a dying man. There in the corner of the sofa sat the thin, wasted form, life flashing from the eyes, breathing from the merry or eloquent lips, beneath the very shadow and seal of death—the eternal protesting life of the intelligence. His talk *gave* perpetually. Much of the previous talk of the world has not been a giving but a gathering and plundering talk. . . .

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But Mr. Green's was talk of the right kind, abundant, witty, disinterested; and his poet's instinct for the lives and thoughts of others, his quick imagination, his humorous and human curiosity about all sorts and sides of things, made pose and pedantry impossible to him."

Green was intensely fond of music. In one of his Letters, he writes: "Freeman gave us a fine preachment over the Abbey and its ruins, and I earwigged the organist at the Cathedral and got him to play me a lot of Mendelssohn's organ music after everybody was gone (the great Cathedral seemed so grand when one was all alone there with the music rolling away down the nave), so I didn't do badly."

He had a keen sense of humour and an appreciation of quiet sarcasm. Knowing the feeling existing between his friend, Freeman, and Kingsley and Froude, he writes to Freeman: "Comfort yourself concerning Charles Kingsley. Like Nebuchadnezzar he has gone to grass—has abandoned history and taken to botany and the sciences." In another Letter he asks him if he has seen Stubbs's "Hymn on Froude and Kingsley," which he then copies into his Letter, and which runs:

> Froude informs the Scottish youth
> That parsons do not care for truth—
> The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries:
> That history is a pack of lies.
>
> What cause for judgments so malign?
> A brief reflection solves the mystery:
> Froude believes Kingsley a divine,
> And Kingsley goes to Froude for history!

On the other hand, he chides Freeman for his repeated references to one of Kingsley's historical blunders:

> Have you ever counted up the number of your references to that said blunder? And ought there not to be some proportion between sin and punishment? "Blunders" was very good; but there are blunders of taste as well as blunders of fact, you know!

After reading Freeman's *Norman Conquest,* he advises him:

> When Edition II. comes, run your pen through two-thirds of the "nows" and three-quarters of the "thens." The first always make me think you have just awoke from a five minutes' nap and set to work again; the second is what I call "the showman's demonstrative."

Few collections of Letters possess the charm of these. There is a ripeness and quality in them that bring Lamb's *Letters* to our mind. Thus he says:

> What seems to grow fairer to me as life goes by is the love and peace and tenderness of it; not its wit and cleverness and grandeur of knowledge, grand as knowledge is, but just the laughter of little children and the friendship of friends and the cosy talk by the fireside and the sight of flowers and the sound of music. . . .

The secret of Green's remarkable life and character is to be found in his self-discipline and unusual self-control. In his early diary he records some remarks made by him to a friend oppressed by painful reflections: "Drill your thoughts—shut out the gloomy and call in the bright. There is more wisdom in 'shutting one's eyes' than your copy-book philosophers will allow." He acted upon the principle, and got an extraordinary amount of gaiety from playing at being gay.

The book is a mine of interesting observations by a peculiarly keen, well-balanced and thoughtful mind on a wide range of subjects, and contains no word of bitterness or jealous criticism of others; but above all, it is the record of an heroic and inspiring character and of a truly noble life.

Edward M. Colie.

II.

Mr. Brownell's Studies in Criticism.*

Lowell, in his nobly suggestive paper on Don Quixote, expresses the belief that "in all really great imaginative work we are aware, as in nature, of something far more deeply interfused with our consciousness, underlying the obvious and familiar, as the living spirit of them, and accessible only to a heightened sense and a more passionate sympathy." When this sense is absent, this sympathy lacking, the fullest interpretation of literature becomes impossible. We must give in order to receive; we must ourselves be deeply touched and highly stimulated if we would touch and stimulate others. Wanting that sympathy which Lowell so

*Victorian Prose Masters. By W. C. Brownell. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York: 1901.

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truly possessed, the keenest critic remains, at best, the intellectually quickening analyst, the scientific demonstration arousing admiration, it may be, but never enthusiasm.

And so, we fear, it is with Mr. Brownell. No other recent volume of criticism dealing with the writings of the Victorian prose masters can be compared with the present work, as far as careful study of intellectual processes is concerned. Such essays as those in George Eliot and George Meredith expose not alone the mental mechanism of the authors, but show up also the complementary attitude of mind necessary to their admirers. But how insufficient is the very keenest analysis becomes apparent when Mr. Brownell tells us that he is tempted to call the specifically intellectual interest the only interest that the characters of Eliot possess. The prominence of this interest has naturally escaped no student of the author of *Middlemarch* and of *Romola,* but prominence and entire predominance are far apart, and the critic who finds this the all-engrossing phase of the narratives that run their course in the English town and the Italian city has never really sympathised with Will and Dorothea or throbbed with shame at the degradation of weak human nature embodied and epitomised in *Tito Melema.* George Eliot was more than a moralist and a philosopher; she was, it seems to us, so much a woman. Somehow Mr. Brownell has missed this; has failed to feel the tender sympathy, the "fine sense of wider relations" giving significance to many lesser characters, workings of lesser minds, incidents of lesser excitement. Mr. Brownell *sees* much of this in Eliot; but he does not *feel* it, he does not make *us feel* it; he arouses in us no desire to read Eliot, or Carlyle, or Thackeray, unless it be an intellectual desire, the wish to find out for ourselves whether the critic's conclusions are, in every case, just. Who has read Lowell's essay on Dante, or Arnold's essay on Homer, without being stirred with the longing of reading the poets themselves; and this because Lowell and Arnold felt "the living spirit" of the great men whose works they were interpreting. The perfect critic must not alone state a fact; he must lodge a conviction. It is not sufficient for Mr. Brownell to quote Eliot's words concerning "the poetry and the pathos, the tragedy and the comedy, lying in the experience of the human soul that looks out through dull grey eyes and that speaks in a voice of quite ordinary tones"; not sufficient even to call *that* her truest note if the general effect of the essay is to diminish one's belief in the intensely human note in Eliot's writings. Somewhere there is an error: for, indeed, if Eliot may be justly charged with "an inordinate aggrandisement of the purely intellectual element in human character," implying "an imperfect sense of the completeness of human nature and the comprehensiveness of human life" how is one to reconcile with this the intelligent sympathy with unintellectual human nature and the poetic intuition that led Eliot to understand the suggestiveness of all human life? Mr. Brownell, it seems to us, has been led astray by Eliot's psychological method into over-emphasis on her limitations, because he has not been in sufficient sympathy with the novelist. There is a danger in being too much the critic. One may be impartial without being impersonal; have burning emotions for or against, that shall but give added strength to the honest judgment: as with the Roman general who condemned his son to death. A little more love, a little more enthusiasm would have made the essay on Eliot, so excellent in other respects, safe from the very charges of excessive intellectual interest and imperfect human sympathy which the critic lays at the door of the author.

There is a danger, also, in being too little the critic—a danger of far more moment for American letters than that arising from the over-professional attitude; and as Mr. Brownell holds so deservedly a prominent position among our critics, it is distinctly worth while examining where he falls short. First of all, there is the fact to remember that whereas English criticism, French criticism, German criticism suggest something definite to the cultured mind, American criticism means nothing more than a sum of individual opinions, related, if at all, only through the spirit of kindly tolerance of anything not unclean that animates, almost invariably, our reviews. There is no

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widely accepted standard of taste, and little thorough conception on the part of the public of the significance of literature. With the disappearance of the study of the classics from the required courses in the college curricula, the danger that the public will lightly accept the delusive fallacy inherent in the principle *De gustibus non est disputandum* is becoming more and more imminent. Author and bookmaker alike are manufacturing volumes at so swift a rate that neither the average buyer nor reviewer takes time to gauge such productions according to the standards of literary art. If American criticism is to mean anything, the man or the men must arise who shall insist on the vital elements in great poetry and great prose; reach, through the inductive method which is based on past accomplishment and established opinion, a positive point of view; emphasise the unity of art derived as it is from the unity of human life and the universality of certain human emotions and human traits; and, necessarily therefore, condemn all flagrant transgressions against the laws of taste. Such a man or men must have the clarity of thought, the depth of conviction and the charm of style commanding the attention of large numbers if such culture is to spread rapidly. Granting that this is so, the most important question that a critic should ask himself in considering such a work as *Victorian Prose Masters* is, "Has the author added something definite to American criticism? Has he raised its plane? Has he become a standard-bearer?" And in Mr. Brownell's case the answer is that he has added the lustre accompanying a thoughtful work, but that he has not permanently affected American criticism, inasmuch as he has failed to instil any positive convictions regarding the manner in which great prose should be judged. With qualifications that any critic the world over might envy him, Mr. Brownell seems just to miss the mark; as one who fears to risk the heights, though aware of the commanding position which the final effort would ensure. In the essay on Arnold Mr. Brownell well states that the rôle of criticism "is not confined to exposition, to interpretation. It is a synthesis of its naturally more or less heterogeneous subject. . . . It contributes as well as co-ordinates and exhibits." Yet knowing the functions and the possibilities of criticism, Mr. Brownell does not attempt any comprehensive synthesis; nor, in spite of suggestive contributions that raise his essays to the realm of creative literature, does he attempt any co-ordination emphatically illustrative of general truths. When we consider what opportunities the essay on Ruskin afforded for a concise exposition of the principles governing ethics in art, we cannot be satisfied with the reflection that Mr. Brownell himself understands these principles. The majority of his readers have not a clear conception of the relative value of ethics for art, and the critic should have made clear this value. So, too, in the article on George Meredith, it is not enough that Mr. Brownell comprehends Mr. Meredith's technical lack of art in making Diana betray the confidence of her lover; he should make his readers comprehend the artistic enormity of Mr. Meredith's self-indulgence. Great laws of literature considered in its relation to human life, considered in its function of idealizing human character and action, could be expounded in connection with Diana's inexcusable act of dishonour; but all this Mr. Brownell has been willing to pass by.

It is equally true that this same essay is an excellent piece of work, full of good appreciation of the nature of comedy, of irony and of satire. Indeed, every one of Mr. Brownell's essays is a good piece of work, and for that very reason we have laid stress on the sins of omission, among which the absence of the name of Dickens from the table of contents is the more readily to be understood than condoned. Mr. Brownell's style is not beautiful, not rich or warm, but scholarly and expressive; at times, perhaps, a little involved, necessitating attention without compelling it. For the style of others Mr. Brownell has keen appreciation, and for many readers, we doubt not, his opinions concerning the manner of writing characteristic of the Victorian prose masters will prove the most interesting portions of a volume which, having accomplished much, leaves even more to be desired.

George S. Hellman.

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III.

Mr. Burroughs's "Songs of Nature."

With his Introduction, Preface, or Foreword, the anthologist of necessity forges for himself as ingenious a shield as he can put together 'gainst the onslaught of the waiting reviewer. Mr. Burroughs, in his *Songs of Nature,* has proven himself an apt pupil of Vulcan, having constructed a breastplate so formidable that the most nimble jouster will find difficulty in penetrating into any vital part.

For must not the pen point glance harmlessly from an editor who frankly confesses:

> I have gathered such poems as I myself prefer. . . . This is according to the wishes of the publishers who desired that the collection should be mine in a real sense, and thus carry with it such savour of originality as one man's preferences may give to such a work.

Very well, Mr. Burroughs, very well indeed. Had you stopped right there you had fairly had your reviewer unhorsed. It was most ingenious to admit that

> it all comes back after all to one's likes or dislikes.

But further on you are evidently off your guard:

> "This collection," you say, "represents on the whole my judgment of the best Nature poems at my disposal in the language."

You have unbuckled your shield—and now we are upon you.

"The best Nature poems in the language"—the reviewer has but to cast a glance over the table of contents, take a long breath, and—

But let us pause first to pay tribute to the delightful inspiration of the collection. Let us testify as a mere humble reader for the nonce (instead of a proud reviewer) to its really long-felt want. On the whole, we must confess to a dislike of what we might call "personally conducted tours" through the realm of poetry. It is so much pleasanter to have the complete works of the poets on one's shelves—to be able to wander here and there as the mood calls. Under the exigencies of the summer vacation, however, the anthologist becomes a public benefactor. Who has not suffered the trial of parting from his books? Who has not made the difficult choice of the few volumes to be put into the trunk, only to discover later that the needed ones were precisely those that have remained behind wrapped in their summer shrouds? This anthology of Mr. Burroughs is pre-eminently a book for the summer vacation—above all, it is an out-of-door book, although we might here venture to express our disappointment that it is not a volume to be readily slipped into the pocket, as can the "Golden Treasury" series, or Mr. Lucas's companionable little volume for Nature lovers, *The Open Road.* It would seem as if a limp cover, smaller margins and a slightly thinner paper would have rendered *Songs of Nature* a thoroughly delightful book to be read in the canoe or along the trail where the full charm and beauty of many of the poems could best be appreciated.

However, it is possible that in making a more substantial volume for the bookshelf, Mr. Burroughs had in his mind the charm of contrast rather than concord—the disposition which would lead one to read of "the spring's largess" and "the green things growing" with feet toasting before a crackling fire, with the comfortable consciousness of a fierce winter storm raging without.

Next, one might be permitted to wonder why the arrangement of the contents is by authors, instead of by themes. It is not to be expected that the reader will sit down to this volume as he would to the anthologies of Mr. Stedman or Mr. Archer, in order to gain a critical conception of the work of a certain poet; but rather (if any serious purpose inspire him at all, which I doubt), to discover how certain phases of Nature have been celebrated in verse. Most likely his desire will be merely to dip into its pages, seeking sweetness here and there as the bee wandering from flower to flower. It seems to me that the arrangement by themes, as in *The Open Road,* is, therefore, a far more satisfactory one. That the editor is not entirely indifferent to this need is evidenced by a separate index of titles grouped together under the headings, "Bird Poems," "Flower Poems," and so on.

And now to it! Let us see what in the

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eyes of Mr. Burroughs are "the best Nature poems in the language."

Of the poets that are represented, in many cases the selections made cannot fail to surprise. We think there will be charged both the sins of omission and commission. Among the most conspicuous omissions will be noted Emerson's "Rhodora," its English cousin, Tennyson's "Flower in the Crannied Wall," and Shelley's "Skylark" and "Ode to the West Wind." We are unaware of any possible reason for depriving the lover of Nature poetry of those four poems of royal degree.

Of the poets that have celebrated Nature and are entirely unrepresented, the following will be missed by many of us: Mrs. James T. Fields, John Vance Cheney, Louise M. Guiney, Katherine Tynan Hinkson, Leigh Hunt, Edmund Gosse, Walter Savage Landor, Philip Bourke Marston, George Meredith, Alice Meynell, S. Weir Mitchell, James Herbert Morse, Gilbert Parker, Coventry Patmore, Edgar Allan Poe, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Philip Henry Savage, J. C. Shairp, Robert Louis Stevenson, John Addington Symonds, Theodore Watts-Dunton, Augusta Webster and N. P. Willis; while it is difficult indeed to find rhyme or reason in the omission of Gray, when we might have had his "Ode to the Spring," of Collins, when we might have had his "Ode to Evening," and of Thomas Hood with his "Ode to the Moon." Lord Houghton's "To the River Traun" was most certainly worthy, and Walter Scott's "The Sun Upon Weirdlaw Hill;" and surely one is surprised at the neglect of Coleridge. His splendid "Hymn Before Sunrise on the Chamouni" should have been included, and his tender "Lines on Observing a Blossom on the First of February," as well as his sonnet, "To the River Otter," which—without in the least desiring to perpetrate a pun—we are certain does not come within Mr. Burroughs's ban of "sonnets that do not *flow!*"

Then there is Austin Dobson, whose "To Daffodils,"

> O yellow flowers that Herrick sung.
> O yellow flowers that danced and swung
> In Wordsworth's verse . . .

might well have found entrance. We are less ready to advance the claims of his "Ballad of the Thrush," as possibly Mr. Dobson was guilty of making his bird hop on the wrong branch; and has not Mr. Burroughs warned us that any poem that "*diverged from his observations of Nature*" was to be banished far more rigorously than one which diverged from the rules of metrical form?

Among the poems on the seasons, it seems a pity not to find the beautiful "October" of Mrs. Jackson, who is suffered to go entirely unrepresented, while Elizabeth Akers Allen is given three examples. We quote from this poem one lovely stanza:

> The month of carnival of all the year,
> When Nature lets the wild earth go its way,
> And spends whole seasons on a single day.
> The springtime holds her white and purple dear;
> October, lavish, flaunts them far and near;
> The summer charily her reds doth lay
> Like jewels on her costliest array;
> October, scornful, burns them on a bier.

The complete omission of Emily Dickinson, we can understand only on the ground of copyright, although if the editor's desire was very strong to include "some of our minor poets who are absent for the same reason," the mention of a few names might have been illuminating. Certainly upon the poems of Miss Dickinson, one is not "compelled to expend any force upon the poet's form." While we should have liked to see at least three or four of Miss Dickinson's poems included, perhaps beyond them all we miss her wonderful

> There's a certain slant of light,
> On winter afternoons . . .

It is also exceedingly difficult to account for the absence of both Christina Rossetti and her brother Dante Gabriel, and of Clinton Scollard, three or four of whose poems might very well have replaced those of Mrs. Oberholtzer, William Gallagher, or any of the two dozen practically unknown poets whom Mr. Burroughs's enthusiasm has lifted into temporary prominence. And how did Robert Bridges come to be overlooked, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, whose "Sea-Side Walk" might very well have displaced the examples of one or two of her less celebrated sisters? And how was

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it with Richard Hovey, the author of that charming little lyric which Mr. Archer has just termed "conspicuously admirable both in spirit and rhythm," beginning:

> I am fevered with the sunset,
> I am fretful with the bay,
> For the wander-thirst is on me
> And my soul is in Cathay.

We should have said that his "Faun" was conspicuously worthy of any Nature Anthology, and since Mr. Burroughs has no prejudice against extracts, at least a portion of his splendid "Spring Song," with so much of the fervent passion of Jefferies and the elemental breadth of Whitman.

And Archibald Lampman? Can it be, indeed, that he belongs to that school Mr. Burroughs "cannot stand at all," with its "painted, padded and perfumed Nature"? And how did so ardent a Whitmanite come to omit Joaquin Miller? His "Longing for Home" would have fit in admirably, it seems to us, and at least a portion of his marvellous "From Sea to Sea."

We cannot resist a couple of extracts:

> Shake hands! kiss hands in haste to the Sea,
> Where the sun comes in, and mount with me
> The matchless steed of the strong New World,
> That champs and chafes with a strength untold,—
> And away to the West, where the waves are curl'd,
> As they kiss white palms to the capes of gold.
> * * * * *
> Oh heart of the world's heart! West! my West!
> * * * * *
> . . . What a wild delight
> Of space! of room! What a sense of seas,
> Where seas are not! What a salt-like breeze!
> What dust and taste of quick alkali!
> . . . Then hills, green, brown, then black like night,
> All fierce and defiant against the sky!

Two more omissions, and we have done. These we cannot forgive, one, of our American poet, Edward Rowland Sill (when will he receive his due?), the other, that admirable English poet, William Watson. We should like to ask Mr. Burroughs, did he ever read "Among the Redwoods" of Sill, or "Peace," or "Solitude"? We should like to know did he deliberately reject them, where he included so many poems of inferior merit, or would he reply with Dr. Johnson, "Madame, it was ignorance, sheer ignorance"? And of William Watson, how he could have read the "Song of Three Singers," the "Hymn to the Sea," the "First Skylark of Spring" and "Autumn," and passed them over, we know not.

These lines from his "Autumn" plead their own cause far more eloquently than can any admirer:

> Thou retrospect in Time's reverted eyes,
> Thou metaphor of everything that dies,
> * * * * *
> * * * * *
> Thou most unbodied thing,
> Whose very being is thy going hence,
> And passage and departure all thy theme;
> Whose life doth still a splendid dying seem.
> * * * * *
> O Past and Future in sad bridal met,
> O voice of everything that perishes,
> And soul of all regret.

And here is his little "Song:"

> April, April,
> Laugh thy girlish laughter;
> Then, the moment after,
> Weep thy girlish tears.
> April that mine ears
> Like a lover greetest,
> If I tell thee, sweetest,
> All my hopes and fears,
> April, April,
> Laugh thy golden laughter,
> But the moment after,
> Weep thy golden tears.

Possibly the omission of Sidney Lanier is explained by the editor's strictures on "one of our young Southern poets," and in that case one might sympathise with his judgment. Yet possibly we might have excepted his "From the Flats" from the criticism of "involved and difficult form."

So much for the "sins of omission." The "sins of commission" will consist in certain selections being made instead of others, of such poets as are represented at all. First, when only a portion of a long poem is taken, why is it not so stated? Less than one-third of Whittier's "Snow-Bound" is given presumably as the whole. Less than one-sixth of "Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern

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Abbey" is called simply "Tintern Abbey," and to add insult to injury the quotation quite inexcusably alike begins and ends in the middle of a sentence! In the cases where this mistake does not occur, it would have been better to decide upon one fixed form, as there is a certain awkwardness in finding on one page ("From Thyrsis") or ("From Childe Harold") and on another merely the rather crude form, "Part of Il Penseroso" or "Part of L'Allegro."

Bryant is generously represented, but many will look for his pretty little fancy, "The Wind and the Stream," and his "To a Fringed Gentian" (but very likely Mr. Burroughs does not like his gentians with the fringe on!) We miss Emerson's popular "Each and All" and Matthew Arnold's exquisite "Self-Dependence" (the selection "Poor Matthias" we fail to find included in either of our editions of his poems), and Campbell's "Lines on Revisiting a Scottish River" might well have been substituted for the rather trite and hackneyed "Beech Tree's Petition." Lowell is represented by two pieces only, and it seems too bad not to have included "In the Twilight" with those magical lines,

> O my life, have we not had seasons
> That only said Live and Rejoice?
> * * * * *

We are sorry that instead of the sonnet of Shakespeare chosen (in which, by the way, there occurs a careless typographical error) it was not the lovely one beginning:

> That time of year thou mayst in me behold
> When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
> Upon those ruin'd boughs which shake against the cold,
> Bare, ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet bird sang.

Mr. Burroughs has been a close and appreciative student of Whitman, and we have several characteristic selections, but all are mere extracts from his longer poems. There are two at least of the shorter poems that could have appeared complete and that would have been, perhaps, on the whole, more satisfactory, "Spirit that Formed This Scene," and "With Husky, Haughty Lips, O Sea!" And we think Longfellow's "A Day of Sunshine" might happily have replaced the somewhat melodramatic "The Bridge."

With so great a poet as Keats, it seems a pity not to have included "On the Sea," "Stanzas," "What the Thrush Said," and, above all, the fine sonnet,

> To one who has been long in city pent,
> 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
> And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
> Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
> Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
> Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
> Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
> And gentle tale of love and languishment?
> Returning home at evening, with an ear
> Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye
> Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
> He mourns that day so soon has glided by:
> E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
> That falls through the clear ether silently.

Perhaps the most important test of any Anthology is the treatment given to Tennyson and Wordsworth. In the selections from "In Memoriam" Mr. Burroughs has taken it upon himself to give titles to the quotations—a liberty also taken with Byron. For instance, the stanzas beginning

> Calm is the morn without a sound,

appear under the title "Autumn," and "Now fades the last long streak of snow," appears as "Spring." We remember Mr. Matthew Arnold in his edition of Wordsworth has given explanatory titles to some of the sonnets, but we know no authority for taking a portion of another's poem and christening it oneself.

As beautiful as are all of the selections from Tennyson, one must regret the absence of

> A spirit haunts the year's last hours,

and of the superb sonnet,

> Mine be the strength of spirit, full and free.

We wonder if Mr. Burroughs considered at all the claims of the little known Charles Tennyson-Turner, whose exquisite "The Ocean at the Bidding of the Moon" would have materially enriched the collection? And many of us would have given preference to Frederick

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Tennyson's "The Glory of Nature" over his "Skylark."

On the whole (if we can forget our grievance in the case of "Tintern Abbey") Wordsworth is worthily represented with fifteen examples. And yet probably all of his admirers would have been glad to see his two great sonnets, "Composed Upon the Beach Near Calais," and "Most Sweet it is with Unuplifted Eyes" replace the somewhat trite "Up, Up, My Friend, and Quit Your Books."

In the case of John Tabb, Hamlin Garland, Edith Thomas, Helen Gray Cone, Richard Watson Gilder and Bliss Carman, we confess we should have made somewhat different selections. However, we are perfectly aware that we were not asked by any publisher to express our personal likings in a volume to be brought out by them, and, after all, Mr. Burroughs *was!*

Annie Nathan Meyer.

IV.

Professor Monroe's "Source-Book of Educational History."*

Into this convenient volume of some five hundred pages Professor Monroe has gathered a number of translated "selections from literary sources . . . presented as an aid to the exposition of education in its historic aspect." In other words, he has given to the student a manual in which Greek educational theory and practice and Roman educational theory and practice are described, defended or explained by the men of whose life and experience they formed a part. The selections are grouped by periods, and are prefaced by a series of introductions and quasi-commentaries, wherein Professor Monroe sketches for the student the general educational character of each period, with such other information as is at once germane and necessary.

Of the book, it may be said that the part which relates to the history of Greek education is much better done than that which describes the Roman training. One reason for this is found in the obvious fact that Greek education represents a logical and philosophical development wholly in accordance with the Hellenic character and temperament. If any of its elements were exotic these were so few and so gradually assimilated as not to divert the stream of tendency, nor to involve an intellectual incongruity. Again, the Greek authors quoted by Professor Monroe are those of whom we possess the most extensive remains, who are numbered among the very greatest of writers, and from whom, therefore, it is easy to cite passages which in themselves are really monographs upon education. Finally, these Greek writers have been adequately and idiomatically rendered into English, while many of the Latin authors have not. Professor Monroe has not made his own translations in any case, nor has he even procured the best that are available. In Greek the best is often very good. So far as concerns the reading of Plato and Aristotle and Thucydides for an understanding of them, the English version by Jowett is just as good as the original Greek, and so of Goodwin's Plutarch; and since Plato, Aristotle, Thucydides and Plutarch are the most important of all the sources for the Greek, the fact that they are presented in an adequate English rendering is almost sufficient to make the Hellenic portion of Professor Monroe's book not only the more attractive to the reader but also the more lucid and instructive.

The selections drawn from Latin literature are in themselves necessarily less susceptible of such a presentation as would make at once an intelligible and unified impression on the reader. They are, first of all, seldom drawn from philosophical writers, and they represent a great many sources—sources, too, of widely different character as regards date, authorship, authority, and quality of presentation. Thus, all the Greek passages, with one exception, are from serious prose; of the Latin selections, we find represented comedy, satire, invective (Juvenal), and epigram, biography and didactic verse, as well as philosophical discussion. This variety is by no means to be deplored, for it gives more interest to the subject-matter and throws many curious side-lights on the concrete elements of Roman education; but it does make the student's task more difficult, because he is obliged to corre-

*Source Book of the History of Education (Greek and Roman Period). By Paul Monroe, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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late and harmonise a number of distinctly different impressions in order to get a definite conception of what they mean in their entirety.

This difficulty is much enhanced by the wretchedness of the renderings from the Latin, most of which are the queer old *grotesqueries* of the Bohn Library, which strain the resources of the English language in order to disguise or caricature the actual utterances of the Roman authors. It is not that the style is execrable. That could be pardoned in a work of this sort, if only the meaning were made clear, instead of being so obscured as oftentimes to be unintelligible. Take, for instance, this as an equivalent of Juvenal's famous line about the *crambe repetita:* "It is the reproduction of the cabbage that wears out the master's life!" Who on earth would ever guess the meaning? Professor Monroe has furnished the line with an explanatory foot-note, but it would have been far better to translate the original intelligently in the first place and let the foot-note go. In fact, any translation that requires foot-notes to make its meaning clear is no translation at all; yet these two pages (416, 417) have seventeen foot-notes—more than can be found in any dozen pages rendered from the Greek. We fail to see why Professor Monroe should have resorted to the Bohn Library at all in the case of some of the more famous authors, when he could have taken Lonsdale and Lee's version for Horace, Lewis's for Juvenal, and Lewis's again for the younger Pliny; while had he chosen to include Persius (as he might well have done) there was Conington's inimitable and spirited rendering.

Professor Monroe's own prefaces and explanations will be of great service to the student, and would alone make this book a valuable companion to his studies. The information given is most judicially selected and expressed. It is compact without being dry and lucid without being superfine. Here and there we note a small slip, but nothing that is especially important. His mention of "the acquisition of national hymns" by the Roman children under the Republic (p. 359) shows that he clings to Niebuhr's attractive but quite fanciful hypothesis which was vehemently supported by Macaulay but which never had any real foundation save a vague allusion in Cicero and a single line of Horace, both of them much overworked by commentators and wholly unconvincing. Professor Monroe mentions also (p. 347) a statement of Plutarch (*Quaest. Rom.* 59) to the effect that Spurius Carvilius (231 B. C.) was the first person to open a school and take fixed fees; but this statement can scarcely refer to an elementary school, since Livy speaks of elementary schools as existing not only in Rome but also in smaller places, such as Tusculum and Falerii, as early as the fourth century B. C., and Plutarch himself elsewhere confirms the statement. Hence the school of Carvilius must have been a grammar-school.

Harry Thurston Peck.

V.

Mary E. Wilkins's "The Portion of Labour."*

To present economic questions under the guise of a novel is not nearly so easy a task as some writers seem to think it is. To be sure, it has been frequently done, but with what success? How many have succeeded in combining feeling with philosophy, have been able to describe throbbing human beings under stress of hard conditions and have yet steered clear of sentimentalism? Most of the so-called "economic novels" are bad novels and still worse economics. Especially is this likely to be the case when the "labour problem" is the one dealt with. It is when he comes to the world-old question as to the why of inequality, of riches, and poverty and labour, that the wary man feels his way. It is a ground where even angels may well fear to tread. In view, then, of these many difficulties, only heightened by her lack of philosophic training, we must admit that Miss Wilkins showed a valiant spirit when she undertook to write of *The Portion of Labour.* The subject is one she has never touched upon before, but must have thought of considerably, for she treats it with a degree of power that can hold our attention even during a long serial publication. This is practically saying

*The Portion of Labour. By Mary E. Wilkins. New York: Harper and Brothers, $1.50.

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that, whatever its serious and inevitable faults, the story is a strong one.

Viewed simply as a story, however, *The Portion of Labour* is not up to the standard of Miss Wilkins's best work. Its faults are more glaring, while its good points are no stronger than those of her short stories—*The New England Nun* and others. They were, as we would nearly all admit, whether they pleased or bored us, perfect after their kind. *The Portion of Labour* is not. It is too long, and its canvas is overcrowded with figures. The plot structure is loose. We forget these faults sometimes when we come to single passages of exquisite beauty; but, on the whole, the general picturesqueness of expression, which, with only an occasional flagrant breach of style, is well maintained, cannot hide the fact that the book fails on the side of workmanship. Miss Wilkins will continue to be to most of us pre-eminently a writer of short stories. Her ideas of construction are crude.

The interest of the book, however, lies on its personal side, and here it is strong. Miss Wilkins betrays the fact that she herself is very close to the tired heart of labour, and she shows us conditions in a typical New England manufacturing town as seen by her own eyes. She makes us appreciate the depths of love and pity that lie beneath the coarse and common. She makes our spirits strive with those of the discontented ranks of labour against the barriers of their lot. In her heroine she is particularly happy; for Ellen Brewster is, after all, a thorough child of toil. Like a delicate flower sprung from a rough soil, she is raised by her beauty and unusual delicacy of organisation above others of her blood; but they are true bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. Her first happy consciousness of life is marred by a vague sense of unjust suffering. "I ate the knowledge of it along with my first daily bread," she says herself. What wonder, then, that the same warm imagination which gives her love inevitably to Robert Lloyd instead of to Granville Joy made her as inevitably his judge? There is undoubtedly a strain of fanaticism in Ellen, born equally, perhaps, of her strong, unreasoning prejudices and her warm heart. As a character she is too highly accentuated for a young girl, but even while we criticise we fall beneath her spell. Miss Wilkins draws her most sympathetically. The girl stands to her mind as typical of many other brave spirits struggling upward against a scheme of things which she concedes to be immutable. And she never gets beyond the conviction that inequality is inevitable; that between capital and labour there is fixed a gulf, not deep, but wide, which, though love may sometimes bridge it, must still be there eternally. If the conclusion is less revolutionary than by certain of the more radical chapters we are led to expect, it is nevertheless sincere. Miss Wilkins lays no claim to being constructive. She may ask old questions in new and appealing language, but she has given us no new answers. What she has done is to give us a human and thoroughly enjoyable book.

Miriam Rees Edmondson.

VI.

Miss Johnston's "Audrey."*

A reviewer of books becomes at last extremely difficult to please. He reads so many fairly good ones that fairly good ones finally to him are identical with fairly bad ones. They are all in the end a welter of words and a turmoil of type, and he wishes that they had never been written. Then he ought to go away somewhere out of doors and let literature alone for a little while till he acquires again an appetite for reading. In a jaded state of over-reviewing he cannot be fair to a mediocre book. Still, he may have his uses even then. If his condemnation ceases to be authoritative, at least his praise is better worth the having, for only something very good indeed can wring it from his pen. When, at the very end of the rush of "holiday books," he comes upon one that can rivet his attention and get firm hold of his feeling, and compel him to put aside important and importunate demands until he has read it through, then it is safe to say that the book in question must at any rate have something in it that is quite unusual.

De nobis fabula narratur. We are the jaded reviewer and Miss Johnston's *Audrey* is the book that took possession

*Audrey. By Mary Johnston. Illustrated. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. $1.50.

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of us. We mention this rather personal fact as testimony to the exceptional quality of the novel; and, perhaps, we may be thus relieved from the necessity of explaining in too much detail just why the book appears to be so very good. It is, we may say, however, a distinct advance upon *To Have and to Hold* in every essential particular—in construction, in execution, and in style. Those who read the other novel found it just a very entertaining story. It carried them along and kept them wide awake and interested them, even though they knew all the while that Captain Ralph Percy was never in any real danger, and therefore that he was a quite impossible hero; for a possible hero in the same situation would have been pinked and scalped and drowned a dozen times over if he had had the necessary number of lives.

But *Audrey* is not that sort of a book at all. It is just as absorbing, and even more so, but it has a subjective as well as an objective interest, and there are character and characterisation in it as well as stirring scenes of love and strife. The central theme is *au fond* a psychological study of the man who is still young and at heart unspoiled, but who is superficially *blasé* and bored, because he has done everything and seen everything and experienced everything except the profound emotion that comes to one who for the first time loves greatly after having heretofore loved lightly. The man of the world, polished, invulnerable, sufficient to himself in everything—how and from whom shall the supreme stroke come to rend his heart, dissolve his pride, and sweep away all self-control in an overwhelming storm of passion? Who shall be the one woman of his life? Shall it be she whom all would instantly select as his natural mate, some dainty, well-born girl, with the *cachet* of gentility plainly evident in her every word and gesture, no stranger to the great world of fashion, perhaps a little bit *rusée*, but pure and proud and noble and high-bred? Or shall it be the one who has learned little of life, whose simplicity is that of nature itself, and whose fascination is the fascination which owes nothing whatever to experience or art? This is the problem which is back of all the pure romance of Audrey, and it makes the book a study in temperamental psychology.

Miss Johnston, alone among the very popular novelists of the day, possesses the gift of style. Some of her pages are wonderfully well written. She has somehow infused into her story the shimmer of Southern sunshine and it tints her scenes with a beauty that often rises to pure loveliness. Listen to these opening sentences:

> The valley lay like a ribbon thrown into the midst of the encompassing hills. The grass which grew there was soft and fine and abundant; the trees which sprang from its dark, rich mould were tall and great of girth. A bright stream flashed through it, and the sunshine fell warm upon the grass and changed the tassels of the maize into golden plumes. Above the valley, east and north and south, rose the hills, clad in living green, mantled with the purpling grape, wreathed morn and eve with trailing mist. To the westward were the mountains, and they dwelt apart in a blue haze. Only in the morning, if the mist were not there, the sunrise struck upon their long summits, and in the evening they stood out, high and black and fearful, against the splendid sky. The child who played beside the cabin door often watched them as the valley filled with shadows, and thought of them as a great wall between her and some land of the fairies which must needs lie beyond that barrier, beneath the splendour and the evening star. The Indians called them the Endless Mountains, and the child never doubted that they ran across the world and touched the floor of heaven.

And so, all through the book, there is a most delicious *plein air* effect, an inspiration of health, of strength, of beauty, that never fades away.

Not that *Audrey* is devoid of faults. Miss Johnston here, as in her other books, forgets that even in romance *non omnia possumus omnes*. Romance, indeed, has its limitations and restrictions as well defined as those inherent in the most rigid realism, and they are in fact essentially the same. In realistic fiction everything must be true to life; in romantic fiction everything must for the moment seem so. You may introduce what improbabilities you will, but you are bound in doing so to maintain the illusion. If you do not, then you drop at once from the heights of art to the depths of dulness, and this is true whether you are building a romantic novel or whether

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you are telling a mere nursery tale. Now, in the body of her book Miss Johnston holds you well in hand. For the moment, you accept her courtly, cavalier Virginia as the Virginia of historic fact. You do not disbelieve even when Audrey, untaught, ignorant, and primitive, pours forth her indignant eloquence in language which no *grande dame* of the period could have had at her command. But at the last the thing goes wrong. Audrey's sudden loss of love, her implacable resentment, her tenacity of purpose against the man whom she adored and who was all that she had ever had or ever dreamed of having—and this because when in a half-delirium of fever he had made her seem what she was not—this strains credulity to the breaking-point. And that old, old transformation of an untrained girl into a great actress—surely Miss Johnston might have left that to the twentieth century and not have asked us to believe it of the young eighteenth. It became a mere *cliché* full fifty years ago.

Therefore, let the reader go on through the splendid duel scene in Chapter XXIV., and then let him take our word for it, and close the volume there. It will require self-restraint to do so, but not to do so will only lead to disappointment. For the rest of *Audrey* is a serious mistake. *H. T. P.*

THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTION

The Carnegie Institution was duly organised in the city of Washington on the twenty-ninth of January. The particulars respecting the meeting of the trustees have already been widely promulgated in the public press. But as these official and unofficial announcements have been made at irregular intervals, it may be helpful to sum up in a few phrases the purposes of the foundation and the methods by which its objects are to be reached.

In the first place, it should be distinctly borne in mind that Mr. Carnegie has not founded a university. In the ordinary use of that word, a university makes provision for the systematic instruction of students by a resident faculty, by appointed courses, and by the incitement of examinations and degrees. All this is lacking in the new foundation.

In the second place, a principal object of the Carnegie Institution is to encourage investigation and research wherever the proper persons can be found and the proper laboratories and instruments can be provided. Whatever may happen in the future, at present there will be no large central building in Washington. Suitable offices have been secured in a dwelling-house near the heart of the city, and the executive officers will, for a time, direct their correspondence from that place.

Third. It is not supposed that the President of the institution nor the Executive Committee will undertake, without assistance, to determine either the direction in which inquiries should be made, or the most competent persons to conduct these inquiries. They will be aided from the outset by the most experienced and wisest men to be found in the country. In astronomy, physics, chemistry, geology, biology, archæology, economics, and other departments of human knowledge, counsellors will be designated and they will scrutinise all such suggestions as are made to them, and they will still further be expected to make their own suggestions for the guidance of the Executive Committee and through them for the support of the Board of Trustees.

Fourth. As the income of the fund is not yet available, no immediate appropriations will be made. The force of the authorities will be at once directed to the ascertainment of what is now going forward in every department of science in any part of the country. Similar investigation will be made abroad, and when this information is formulated and reduced to a report, the trustees will decide upon further plans of action.

It is an interesting fact that every one of the persons invited by Mr. Carnegie to accept an invitation on the Board of Trustees accepted, with a single exception. Most of them are able and willing to render great service to the institution. The high positions which they have held

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and their personal character are a guarantee that the work will be carried forward with deliberation, consideration, and a determination to carry out, in the highest possible manner, the noble purposes of the founder. Among all his generous gifts, there is not one so far-reaching, so hopeful, so unique as this. There is nothing on the face of the globe to which it exactly corresponds. Especially noteworthy is it that he leaves the trustees free to carry out the plans which he has indicated without any harmful restrictions or needless conditions. Mr. Carnegie has shown himself to be a great man in many relations of life. He has now surpassed himself.

Daniel Coit Gilman.

BALZAC AND MADAME HANSKA*

From the original documents in M. de Lovenjoul's possession. Translated from the French of the Vicomte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul by Bradford Colt de Wolf.

XVII.

Neuchâtel, as may be imagined, was not similar in 1833 to the Neuchâtel of to-day. Since then, as in other parts of Switzerland, the natural beauties which gave such a picturesque aspect to the town, have in many instances been sacrificed to the necessities of modern progress. Nevertheless, the general aspect of that part of the beautiful town where our two lovers met has not, until now, been entirely altered.

The Maison Andrié, rented by M. de Hanski for his family, is situated in front of the Hotel du Faubourg or Hotel Fauche, which has since been turned into a private house. This hotel was then surrounded by a large garden, which has now been cut up into building lots.

Behind the Maison Andrié there was and still exists a public promenade leading to a hill which, at that time, formed a promontory in the lake. According to a local tradition, the first meeting between "l'Etrangère" and the novelist took place on this spot, and in all likelihood tradition is correct in the matter. Le Crêt is the name of the little promontory which ended the Promenade du Faubourg, as it was called, and which formed, to the right and to the left, two lovely bays. At present Le Crêt is no longer a promontory, the two bays having been filled up with the earth from an adjoining hill. Five streets have been laid out on this newly made land, greatly to the detriment of the picturesqueness of this corner of the town. From Le Crêt an excellent view could be had of the Maison Andrié and of the Hotel du Faubourg. Besides the charm of its situation Le Crêt could, therefore, serve as an excellent point of observation for Balzac. This explains why our hero, who had first taken up his abode at the Hotel du Faucon, in the centre of the town, soon moved to the Hotel du Faubourg, so it is stated.

However this may be, the first meeting between Balzac and Madame Hanska has been related in many different ways. But no one knows exactly what occurred on that occasion, and all the accounts of the matter seem rather to have been borrowed from some chapter of a novel than from reality.

According to one of these versions Balzac arrived in Neuchâtel with no more precise indications from Madame Hanska than that of the place and the hour of meeting. He was thus obliged to recognise "l'Etrangère" from among the persons seated on the Promenade du Faubourg.

Madame Hanska, a volume of Balzac's works in hand, is said to have recognised him from afar without difficulty, owing to his resemblance to his portraits, which had already been widely circulated throughout Europe. Overcome with emotion, so the story runs, she dropped her book. He then rushed toward her and with the cry of "Eva!" "Honore!" they fell into each other's arms.

If we are to believe another version of the story, the heroine, on the contrary, was greatly disenchanted at the sight

*An article describing the Balzac collection of the Vicomte de Lovenjoul will appear in a later number of THE BOOKMAN.

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of the short, stout and inelegant man. Balzac in any case soon made the beautiful "l'Etrangère" forget her first feeling of disappointment.

Fortunately, we have in our* possession a unique document, which is of exceptional value concerning this first interview between Madame Hanska and the author of *Eugénie Grandet*. This document is precise, and contains the account, from his own hand, of Balzac's first impressions of Madame Hanska, and of the five days he spent with her at Neuchâtel. This document is an autograph letter, almost entirely unpublished, addressed to his sister, Madame Surville; this letter is certainly the most important which has yet seen the light on the beginnings of this celebrated romance. This letter, which we publish here, contains many other unknown details of the highest interest to confirm what we have already said on the subject of the part which woman played in the master's life.

A few fragments of this letter which, by mistake, bear the date of June instead of October, 1833, have been printed in Balzac's *Correspondence*. But some of these passages could not have been written in June, 1833, among them the one in which the author speaks of going, after his work has been finished, "to seek a reward at Geneva." Moreover, there can be no possible doubt in what month this letter, dated Saturday, 12th, was written, for in 1833 the twelfth of the month only fell on a Saturday in January and October. Following is the entire text of this letter, which was certainly written in great haste, for more than one word is omitted, and several sentences lack clearness. In order to make the meaning of the letter more precise we have, according to our custom in such cases, added in brackets the words missing in the original manuscript.†

XVIII.

[Paris], Saturday, 12th [October, 1833].

My Dear Sister: You will readily understand that I could not tell you anything before Eugénie [Sanitas]. But I had all my journey to relate to you.

I found there everything which can flatter the thousand vanities of that animal called man, of which the poet is certainly the most conceited specimen. But what do I say? Vanity! No, that has nothing to do with the case. I am happy, very happy, in thought. Alas! a confounded husband did not leave us for a second during five days! He remained tied to his wife's apron strings, or to my waistcoat! And Neuchâtel is a small town where a woman, a well-known foreigner, cannot take a step without being noticed! I felt much like a caged bird! Constraint does not suit me!

But the essential point is that she is twenty-seven years old, beautiful beyond description, with the most lovely black hair in the world, and the soft, refined skin of a brunette, a sweet little hand, and a simple heart of twenty-seven summers; [in short, she is] a real Madame de Lignolles,* and impulsive enough to throw herself at my neck before every one.

I do not speak of her enormous wealth. For what is that compared to this masterpiece of beauty, which I can only compare to the Princess de Bellejoyeuse, though infinitely more beautiful? [She possesses] a drooping eye which, when it opens, is filled with voluptuous splendour. I was intoxicated with love.

I do not know to whom to relate all this, and certainly it is not possible to do so either to *her*, the great lady, the terrible Marquise, who, suspecting my journey, throws her pride to the winds and orders me to meet her at the Duke of F [itz-James]; nor is it possible to relate it to *her*, the poor, simple and delicious little *bourgeoise* who is like Blanche d'Azay!† I am a father—that is another secret which I had to tell you—and the master of a lovely creature, the most *naïve* person to be imagined, fallen like a flower from Heaven, who comes to see me in secret, and asks neither for letters or attention, and who says: "Love me a year and I will love you all my life!" Nor is it to *her*, the most beloved, who is more jealous of me than a mother of her first-born! She does not love "l'Etrangère," precisely because "l'Etrangère" seems to be my Fate. Still less is it to *her*, who is neither gracious nor womanly.

It was, therefore, to you, my good sister, the former companion of my days of sorrow and of poverty that I wished to relate the story of my present happiness, the secret of which I

*M. de Lovenjoul's.

†This letter, together with several others from Balzac to his relatives, are now in the Vicomte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul's possession.—Translator.

*One of the heroines of *Les Amours du Chevalier de Faublas* by Louvet de Couvray.

†Allusion is here made to "The Venial Sin," in *Droll Stories*.

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know I can trust you with. Alas! I cannot boast of my conquests to any one, excepting concerning Madame de Castries, who does not fear notoriety! I do not wish to be the cause of any unhappiness, however slight, by my indiscretions. Therefore, burn this letter.

As it will be a long time before we can hope to meet, since I expect to go to Normandy, to Angoulême and to Geneva, where I hope to *see her,* I had to write you a few lines to tell you that I am happy at last. I am as [joyful as] a child over it.

Heavens! how beautiful that valley of the Travers is, how lovely the Lake of Bienne! . . . It is there, as you may imagine, that we sent the husband to attend to the lunch, and then, under the shadow of a great oak, we exchanged our first kiss of love. Then, as her husband is close upon sixty, I gave her my word to wait, and *she* to keep her hand and heart for me!

Is it not nice of her to have dragged an unwilling husband from the Ukraine and to journey six hundred leagues to meet a lover who has only travelled some one hundred and fiftv, the wretch?

I am jesting; but considering all my business occupations here, my one hundred and fifty leagues are certainly equal to the six hundred of my *fiancée.* She is really lovely! She intends to fall seriously ill in Geneva, which will necessitate the care of M. Dupuytren, so as to work upon the Russian ambassador's feelings and obtain a permit to visit that Paris which she so strongly wishes to become acquainted with, and which, for a woman, is a promised land of liberty. Nevertheless, the husband was enchanted with me, and next year I shall try to take a three-months' holiday. I will see the Ukraine, and we have arranged for a magnificent and splendid trip in the Crimea, which, as you know, is a primitive country, little visited by tourists, and is, I am told, a thousand times more beautiful than Switzerland and Italy. It is the Italy of Asia.

But how much I have to accomplish between now and then! Pay my debts and increase my renown!

Yesterday I went to see Gérard. Three German families—one from Prussia, another from Vienna and another from Frankfort—were introduced to me. They had been going regularly for the past month to Gérard's house to see me, and tell me that I am the man of the day in their country; that beyond the French frontier my name is covered with glory, and that I have only to persevere another year or two to be at the head of literary Europe, and replace Byron, Walter Scott, Goethe, Hoffmann!

Well, as they were worthy Germans, I allowed myself to believe all that. It gave me some courage, and I am going to fire a triple volley on the public and on my rivals. During the next fortnight I shall finish *Eugénie Grandet,* write *The Adventures of an Idea* and *The Catholic Priest,* one of my finest subjects. After that I shall seek a reward in Geneva, having paid a goodly portion of my debts.

I have, at last, resumed my winter existence. I am in bed at six o'clock, having already dined, and I sleep until half-past twelve. At one o'clock Augustus* brings me a cup of coffee, and I then work without interruption until one in the afternoon. At the end of twenty days I have accomplished a good deal in this manner!

Good-bye, my dearest sister. If your husband has arrived, tell him that *The Adventures of an Idea* are well in hand, and that he will, perhaps, be able to read them at Montglat, for I may send you the newspaper in which they are to be published, if you remain there until the end of the month.

I am progressing favourably with my work on *The Studies of Manners and Customs in the Nineteenth Century.* Thirty-three thousand francs for the copyright, that will settle my big debts. I will then only have to repay my mother, and then I can take life more easily. I hope to repay you the remaining thousand francs at the end of the month, but if my mother wanted all her interest I would be obliged to postpone payment until the first fortnight in November.

Well, good-bye, my dear sister. If you have any feeling you will answer me. Why on earth are you going to Montglat? However, you are free, and it is from mere curiosity that I ask you. Between brother and sister it is a thing to be forgiven. Much love to you all. You can no longer reproach me with not writing you.

By the way, my pain on the side still continues, but I have such a fear of leeches, of poultices, and of being prevented from finishing the work I have in hand that I am putting off the evil day. If it becomes worse I will see what Doctor Nacquart or magnetism can do for me.

Addio, addio! A thousand messages of love. Correct *The Country Doctor* thoroughly, or rather tell me what passages seem to you

*His servant.

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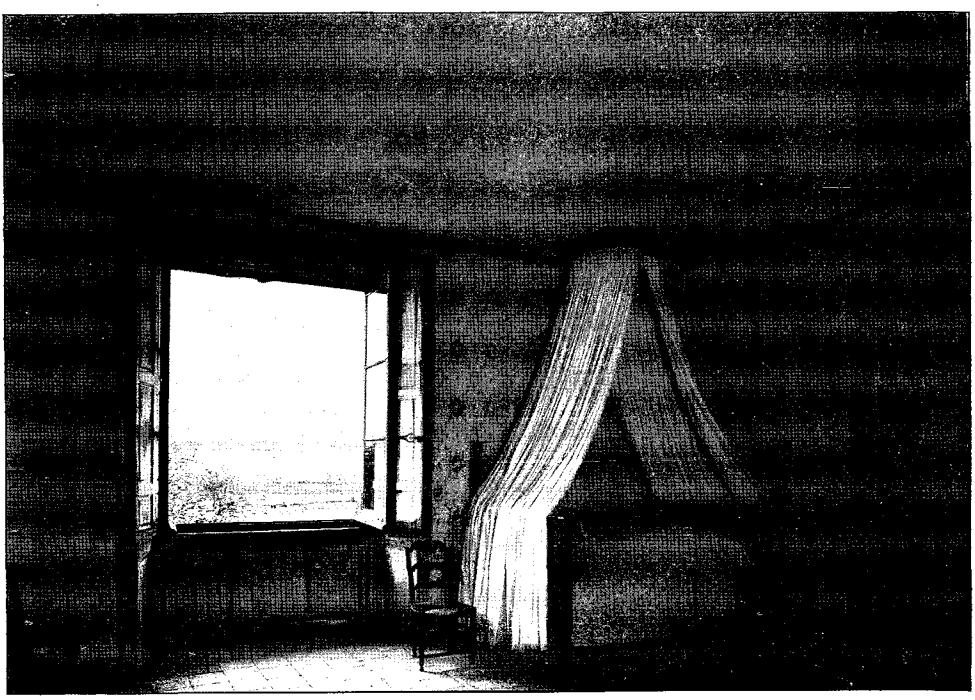
faulty, and if a sentence can be put into one line instead of two, please do it for me. Good-bye, sister.

[Honoré.]

XIX.

We do not know if Balzac had really "enchanted the husband," as he boasts of having done in his letter. But we will quote another letter, the one written to Balzac by M. de Hanski himself less than a year after their meeting in Neuchâtel.



LA CHEVRIÈRE. VIEW FROM BALZAC'S WINDOW.

This letter would seem to prove that, if there was a trifling sum of exaggeration in the great novelist's statement it was, nevertheless, not opposed to the truth.

Vienna, August 3, 1834.

I have just received, sir, the copy of *The Country Doctor,* the one among all your works which I prefer, and the real worth of which I should like to see recognised by the public. I took the liberty, some time since, to write you at length concerning the impression which this book made upon me; I will, therefore, not repeat myself. But pray accept my thanks for this token of your good friendship. My wife has undoubtedly told you how I was mystified by the *Moniteur.* But do explain who this namesake of yours is, this Legitimist deputy from Villefranche? We thought that for all France, as for us, there was but one M. de Balzac, and, with this conviction, I had written you a long letter of congratulations, in which I spoke of a certain cause,* of which, knowing your generous heart, I hoped you would become the champion. But at that very moment my wife brought me your letter, telling me that you were not a deputy. Deeply disappointed, I cursed the fatality which presides over this world; I consigned my beautiful letter to the fire, and the blue devils soon took possession of me.

But good-bye, sir; my wife is, doubtless, sending you a goodly amount of gossip. I will not, therefore, bore you any more, just now.

I conclude my letter with the renewed assurance of my friendship.

Venceslas de Hanski.

XX.

Balzac's letter to his sister contains another fact of great interest. We refer to

* The cause mentioned here is that of the Duchess de Berry.

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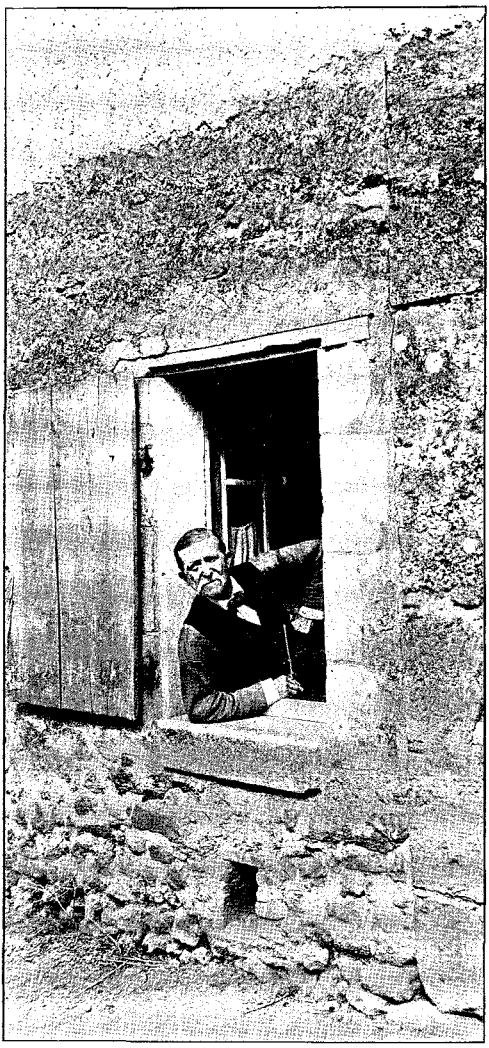
the allusion made of the child recently born to him.

What became of this child—a girl called Mary, if we are not greatly mistaken? There exists no reliable indication, so far as we know, to enable one to answer this question. It is certainly to this child's mother, to that lovely creature who said to the great author: "*Love me a year and I will love you all my life,*" that his most dramatic and certainly his most popular work is dedicated. It is sufficient to read the words which he dedicates to Marie at the beginning of that book to recognise in her the sweet and touching heroine of this short love poem; for everything makes one suppose that she did not even obtain in 1833, the year of love asked for, as the price of her eternal affection.



M. PION, BALZAC'S TAILOR.

Following is this dedication, which was added to the book for the first time in 1839:

To Marie.

May your name, you, whose portrait is the most beautiful ornament of this work, be like a branch of consecrated box, taken from one knows not what tree, but certainly sanctified by religion, and always replaced, when faded, by pious hands for the protection of the house.

De Balzac.

Without wishing to dwell upon so delicate a subject, we will remark here that the great Honoré, so it seems, left other heirs, if not of his name, at least of his blood. A son, who died long after him, and a daughter, recently deceased, were not unknown, it appears, to a small number of his friends. Finally he lost, in November, 1846, a little girl, prematurely born. The birth of this child was the cause of one of those hidden dramas, of which the celebrated novelist was the hero; and the rapid development of his heart disease was partly due to this tragic episode.

XXI.

To return to Madame Hanska, Balzac, as he had written to his sister, joined her at Geneva toward the end of December, 1833. It was then that the final understanding was reached between them, the crowning point of which was for the great writer the marriage which he had so long looked forward to, and which took place on April 15, 1850.

This time, when he left Geneva, on Saturday, the eighth of February, 1834, after six weeks of daily intercourse with the Hanski family, he felt that he was thoroughly well acquainted with "l'Etrangère," and he turned his steps toward Paris with the most joyous expectations for the future.

M. and Madame de Hanski, on leaving Geneva, first went to Italy and then returned to Russia after a prolonged sojourn at Vienna. It was there that the painter Daffinger made a miniature of the lovely "l'Etrangère," which Balzac speaks of constantly with enthusiasm in his letters to Madame Hanska.

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We have had the opportunity of seeing this portrait, the only existing real likeness of our heroine. All of her other portraits show Madame Hanska as a middle-aged woman, and not as she was when she fascinated Balzac, then in his thirty-fifth year. This likewise applies to a pastel of the artist Gigoux, exhibited at the Salon of 1852, and which gives a profile view of Madame de Balzac.

Daffinger, on the contrary, has painted Madame Hanska at the age of thirty or thereabouts. She is seated almost full-faced, *décolletée,* dressed in a gown of black velvet, with long sleeves of black crépe which, by partly concealing her beautiful arms, emphasise the beauty of her superb shoulders. She is holding in her hand a pair of eyeglasses attached to a gold chain around her neck, and her corsage is only ornamented with a simple knot of ribbons, held by a pearl pin. She appears to be of low stature; but, nevertheless, her *embonpoint,* which was just beginning to be apparent, was not yet sufficient to mar the general beauty of the figure; it simply shows that, even then, her physique was inclined to be somewhat massive.

Her features denote great energy and will-power, the eyes are black and piercing, with the vague, uncertain expression of short-sighted persons; the hair, black also, and arranged according to the fashion of the times, in short and thick curls, still further accentuates the determined expression of her face.

But her principal and most characteristic feature is her admirable forehead, of magnificent shape and proportions, an unceasing subject of admiration for Balzac, and one which he constantly makes mention of in his letters. This forehead is indicative of the high intelligence and extraordinary energy of which Madame Hanska gave numerous proofs, as well in her relations with Balzac as under other circumstances. She has left, with those who knew her, the impression of being one of the most remarkable personalities of her time.

XXII.

And now, if at the moment of their lives when we take leave of them, plunged in the intoxication of their happiness and their hopes, we look forward some sixteen years later, we are struck with the strange events which occurred in May, 1850, at the time of poor Balzac's return to Paris, married at last, it is true, but almost at death's door!

As is well known, he had, in view of his return with his bride, made extensive alterations in his house (since pulled down), in which were heaped up the numerous works of art he had patiently collected during his lifetime. His mother

STATUE OF BALZAC AT TOURS.

had undertaken, in his long absence, to watch over these treasures, and to decorate the house with flowers on the evening that the newly married couple were to arrive in Paris. At her son's request Madame de Balzac was then to return to her own home, and to wait there, on the following day, for the first visit from her daughter-in-law, whom she had not yet met.

It was late when Balzac and his wife arrived in their carriage at the novelist's house. Nevertheless, notwithstanding their repeated rings at the bell, nobody from within appeared to receive them. Yet the house seemed to be inhabited, for

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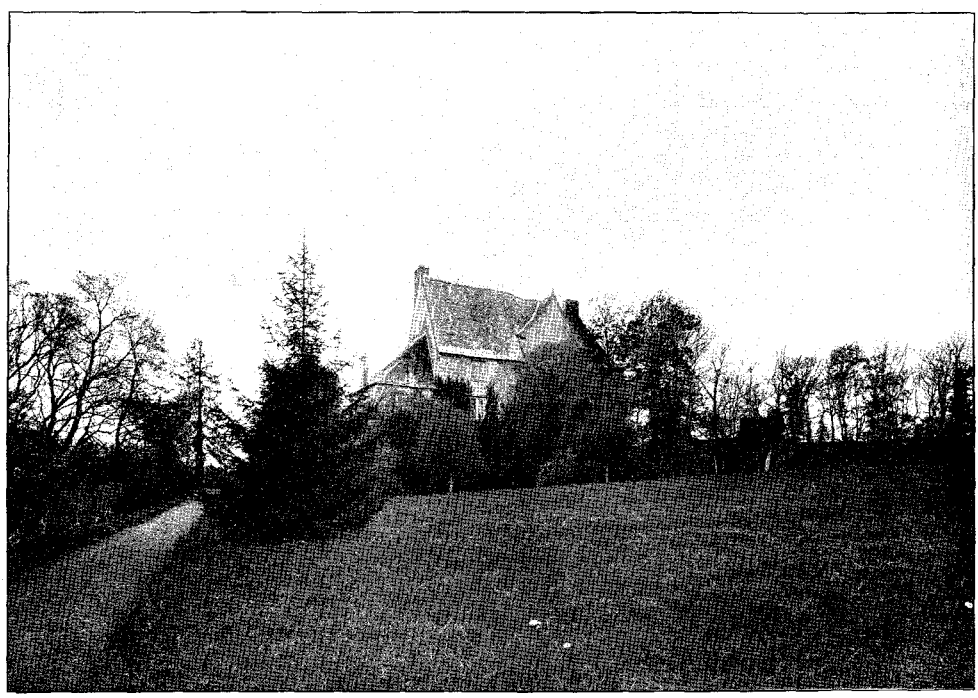
through the windows the rooms could be seen lighted up and decorated with flowers. In spite of the late hour and their fatigue the travellers were, therefore, obliged to find a locksmith, and when they were at last able to enter the house a strange sight awaited them. Between Madame de Balzac's departure and her son's arrival, the servant left in charge of the house had suddenly become insane. He was an Alsatian by the name of François Munch. We have a receipt



LA CHEVRIÈRE. FAÇADE (WEST).

from the director of the insane asylum (where Balzac had him shut up and cared for at his expense), in which the great Honoré is mentioned as follows: *Count de Balzac.* As will be seen later on, his name and titles varied considerably on his creditors' bills.

We also have in our possession, the receipted bill of the locksmith, without whom, as we have just stated, the author of *The Human Comedy,* ill and accompanied by his wife, could not have entered his house on the night of his arrival in Paris. This bill seems to us to be interesting enough to quote entirely, together with the locksmith's signature, the spelling of which we have retained. As Balzac breathed his last on August 17, 1850, at half-past eleven at night (although the official date of his death is stated to be August 18), this bill was settled, almost day for day, a month after his death.

Statement

of locksmith's work performed for M. Honoré de Balzac, No. 12 Rue Fortunée, Paris, by Grimault, locksmith, Rue du Faubourg-Saint Honoré, No. 175.

To wit:

May, 1850.—Opened the lock of the bolt of the *porte-cochère,* opened the said door by means of a crow-bar; closed up the door after the carriage had entered; for which assistance to the coachman was necessary. Considering the amount of time spent and the late hour of night, is worth.....francs 3.50

June.—Performed the same work to take out the above-mentioned carriage, and helped take it to a coach-house, Rue de Faubourg-Saint Honoré, No. 228 .....francs 2.50

Total.....francs 6.00

Received payment.

M. GRIMAULT.

Septembre (sic) 19, 1850.

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XXIII.

This arrival, under such strange circumstances, and this drama in his own house were, it must be recognised, ill omens for the beginning of his married life, so long looked forward to by the great novelist. Did he have a presentiment of this, and did this thought react upon his few remaining months of life? This we do not know. But if we are to believe various witnesses worthy of credence, he did not find, in the conclusion of his long romance, all the happiness he had expected.

Without speaking of Madame Surville's absolute silence in the matter in her book, we know from several of Balzac's contemporaries that harmony no longer reigned between the newly married couple at the time of the great novelist's death. Victor Hugo confirms this fact in his posthumous work, *Choses Vues*. The account of Balzac's death in this book is of the highest interest, and all the more important, coming as it does from an eye-witness.

The author of *Hernani*, deeply concerned at the rumours concerning Balzac's health, went in person to ask for news of the sick man. He was received by a servant, who answered in speaking of her master: "He is lost; Madame has returned to her apartments." Then Victor Hugo entered the dying man's room, where, says he, an old woman, the sick nurse, and a servant were standing at the bedside.

At this supreme moment, an old woman—the great man's mother—a sick nurse and a servant were, therefore, alone with him!

A last irony of Fate, and not the most improbable one, awaited the famous writer before he closed his eyes forever. As soon as he had breathed his last, a moulding was immediately taken of his hand, which was beautifully shaped. We possess one of these mouldings, together with the moulder's receipted bill. It will certainly interest our readers to know how this latter spelt the name of the author of a hundred masterpieces, of the writer whose renown had spread throughout Europe and whose name was known throughout the whole world. This countryman, probably, of his—not his neighbour, for the man in question lived in the Rue Montorgueil—but in any case a resident of Paris, entirely ignored the

M. MARMINIA'S MOULD OF BALZAC'S HAND.

very name of Balzac, and called him, not Count de Balzac, as did the director of the insane asylum, but *Monsieur Balsaque!*

We shall be less disrespectful toward this individual, whose name, it seems to us, should be retained, and will end our tale with this last piece of information: he was called Marminia!

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RECENT VOLUMES OF VERSE*

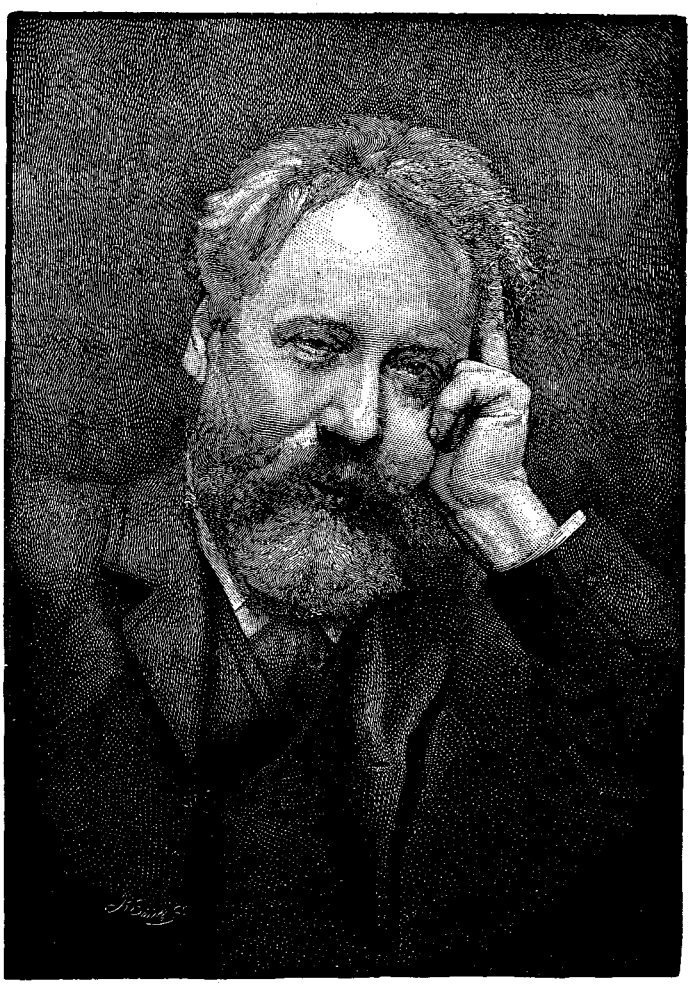
W. E. Henley, George Gissing, and George Bernard Shaw—somehow or other whenever we think of one of these men the thought of the other two comes instantly to mind. Personally, perhaps, they may be quite unlike each other; yet the impression which each makes upon us in his writings is very much the same. Each is strong and seldom gentle; each is sardonic and seldom really humorous; each looks upon the sorrows of life with grimness rather than with pity. This time it is Mr. Henley with whom we have to do; and in his latest poems there are displayed the same old qualities over and over again—sometimes strength, sometimes sardonic mirth and sometimes grimness. To be sure, Mr. Henley at times essays the light touch, and turns some not ungraceful lines about roses and sunlight and conventional love; but his true sphere is not in a garden, but facing a storm or tramping through miry streets or sniffing the chloroform of a hospital. In *Hawthorn and Lavender* neither the hawthorn nor the lavender is discernible to any great extent, but rather the bitter-sweet, and the rue that is for

*Hawthorn and Lavender. By W. E. Henley. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Poems. By Arthur Symons. Two volumes. New York: John Lane.

The Destiny and Other Poems. By Florence Brooks. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

Poems and Inscriptions. By Richard Watson Gilder. New York: Century Company.



W. E. HENLEY.

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remembrance. It is hardly necessary to say much more about this book; for the poems in it are clearly from the same source of inspiration as those which Mr. Henley has given us before. We may quote, however, two that have particularly struck us. The first is entitled "The Sandwich Man," and is a bit of somewhat brutal realism.

An ill March noon; the flagstones grey with dust;
An all-round east wind volleying straws and grit;
St. Martin's Steps, where every venomous gust
Lingers to buffet, or sneap, the passing cit;
And in the gutter, squelching a rotten boot,
Draped in a wrap that, modish ten year syne,
Partners, obscene with sweat and grease and soot,
A horrible hat, that once was just as fine;
The drunkard's mouth a-wash for something drinkable,
The drunkard's eye alert for casual toppers,
The drunkard's neck stooped to a lot scarce thinkable,
A living, crawling blazoning of Hot-Coppers,
He trails his mildews towards a Kingdom-Come
Compact of *sausage-and-mash* and *two-o'-rum!*

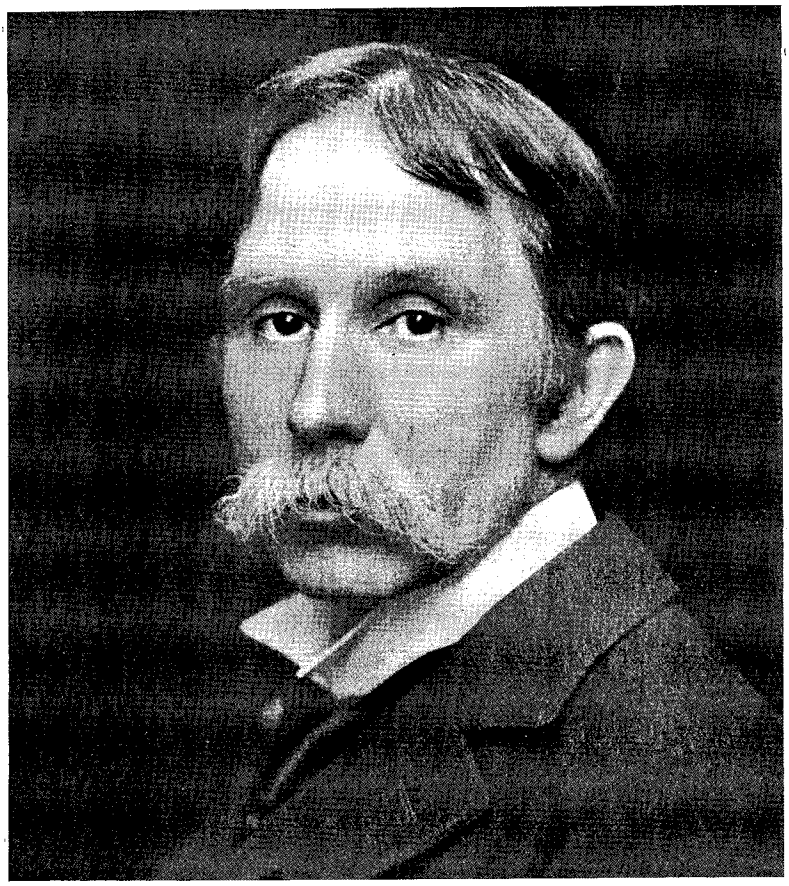
And here are some quatrains that will come home to many a man who has lived the life of the world:

IN A HANSOM.

I took a hansom on to-day
For a round I used to know—
That I used to take for a woman's sake
In a fever of to-and-fro.

There were the landmarks one and all—
What did they stand to show?
Street and square and river were there—
Where was the ancient woe?

Never a hint of a challenging hope
Nor a hope laid sick and low,
And a longing dead as its kindred sped
A thousand years ago!



RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

Mr. Arthur Symons, in his sphere, is

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FLORENCE BROOKS. PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWIN S. BENNETT.

one of the truest poets that modern England owns. He is the one Englishman who has brought from France whatever is good in the theory and practice of those Symbolists whom he has lately written of with so much sympathy and æsthetic appreciation He has the colour-sense and the love of the inevitable word, and his cadences and rhythms are often very beautiful. Yet he is not *décadent,* apart from his occasional choice of a subject which recalls Verlaine or Catulle Mendès. His lines are steeped in sensuousness which never sinks to sensuality, and the passion in them is strong and true. What could be finer, for example, than this poem, which he calls "Magnificat":

Praise God, who wrought for you and me
Your subtle body made for love;
God, who from all eternity
Willed our divided ways should move
Together, and our love should be.

I wandered all these years among
A world of women, seeking you.
Ah, when our fingers met and clung,
The pulses of our body knew
Each other: our hearts leapt and sung.

It was not any word of mine,
It was not any look of yours;
Only we knew, and knew for sign
Of Love that comes, Love that endures,
Our veins the chalice of his wine.

Because God willed for us and planned
One perfect love, excelling speech
To tell, or thought to understand,
He made our bodies each for each,
Then put your hand into my hand.

And here is an impression of nature which we quote chiefly because of the exquisite use of colour in its lines. It is entitled "After Sunset."

The sea lies quieted beneath
  The after-sunset flush
That leaves upon the heaped grey clouds
  The grape's faint purple blush.

Pale, from a little space in heaven
  Of delicate ivory,
The sickle moon and one gold star
  Look down upon the sea.

We are tempted to quote a dozen other poems, yet these two selections will give a quite sufficient clue to the qualities which Mr. Symons possesses in such perfection. We cannot think of any book of poems lately published that appeals to our individual taste so strongly as does this.

Oddly enough, Florence Brooks represents in her little volume the same *genre* as Mr. Symons. She has strength, originality, and fire, with an understanding of rhythm which one so often misses

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in the poetical work of women; for women, when they write verse, often sing it, as it were, to themselves, and eke out defective lines by such primitive devices as stressing particular syllables unduly and by holding the note in catalectic lines. We quote the following, not so much because it represents the author at her best as because of the rarity of Sapphic verse in English:

SAPPHICS.

Bold the heart that burns with the acrid essence
Out of hearts distraught from the simple loving
Felt in sad lone wilds by the simple-hearted
Folk of the fen-side.

Wouldst thou cherish love ever more forever,
Clinging, sighing, singing and crying mutely?
Feel the change, the tremour, the swerve, the triumph,
All for a rapture?

Wouldst thou bring to birth from the core of blooming?
Dead shall be the child of thy arid passion,
Cold the subtle bud shall await the embalming
Of thy forgetting!

Wouldst thou conquer aught of the strange, sweet future?
Thou shalt wake and wander alone in sorrow,
Know the olden joy and the olden wonder
Under the tempest!

Mr. Richard Watson Gilder's *Poems and Inscriptions* contains sundry verse which closely resembles the verse embodied in his former books. He has, however, in one poem called "The Night Pasture," undertaken the experiment of freeing himself from metrical fetters and writing a sort of rhythmically poetic prose. Here is a little of it:

Then I think, not of myself—but an image comes to me of one who has passed—
Of an old man bent with labour;
He, like his father before him, for many and many a year,
When the cows down the mountains have trudged in the summer evening, and after the evening milking.

Of these lines we have nothing in particular to say except to remark (with a certain amount of diffidence) that we should think the writing of them would be rather easy.

Harry Thurston Peck.

THE WRITER WHO DOES NOT CARE

There is no sign in Kipling's writings that he has ever learned anything from his critics or made any concessions to his public's demands. Take it or leave it, has been his attitude from the first. In his own good time, after people had despaired of him, he wrote *Kim*. We then told him distinctly that was the kind of thing we wanted of him, and asked him to do it again; whereupon he undertook the conduct of the British Government through the agency of bad verse. *The Islanders* may be true and statesmanlike, and rifle clubs may be founded on the strength of it, and cricketers may hang their heads for shame. Some say poetry is as poetry does; but not if it save the British Empire shall we ever admit the goodness of this poem or that it is a poem at all. It will be classed in the long run with Kipling's rhymed journalism, effective but transitory, a matter of a few fiery phrases, much overstraining and many flat lines. As mere literary pleasure-lovers, his readers have a right to complain. Bother his prophecies and devil take his reforms and all those ballads with a purpose, and letters on South Africa, and allegories on steam engines, and monodies on quartermaster's supplies. That is the way they feel about it, blaming not so much the subjects as Kipling's way with them. Critics who praise Kipling's faculty of throwing himself into a subject forget that one unfortunate result has been his total disappearance in it. He paints himself in with his local colour. It has happened again and again. A man among men, but also a piston-rod among piston-rods. Other writers have at one time or another paid some attention to criticism. There was

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George Meredith, for instance, whom no one would accuse of pliancy. He was swerved entirely from his early course by adverse criticism. And Thomas Hardy, the only other living novelist of Kipling's rank, was influenced by it to his own and our advantage. But from Kipling, as from a Tammany water main, we must take things as they come, knowing that protests are in vain.

He will not repent, or conform, or edit himself, or study how to please. But there is about him a sort of surly sincerity even at his worst. He at least is interested if you are not. He is pleased with each sudden new intimacy and exasperatingly glib in its jargon and would as lief lose readers as not. Bridge-building or whatever it may be—down he goes in it with a horrid splash of terminology and remains defiantly uninteresting for months at a time. It is not as if he tried to please and failed. It is his mood, not yours. He is merely muttering to himself the technicalities of his hobby, and criticism cannot shake it out of him. In the intervals of something like genius he is merely a pig-headed man. But the course has some advantages. He never does what is expected of him, but he sometimes does more. Whatever his sins are, they are not sins of subservience, and meanwhile he lives his own life. Not that his unliterary activities have any value in themselves. Beyond stirring up rows and coining some quotable phrases, what has he done for politics these last few years? But looked at as a form of diversion, politics have done something for him.

At all events, he has escaped some of the fatal consequences of a literary success. Success is usually the result of a sharpened sense of what is wanted. As a general rule, the successful writer, especially the successful American writer, is a man who is disciplined by demand. The vagaries of self-expression may do for a few privileged characters, but the steady, substantial incomes are for those who do what is expected of them. Taking it altogether, it is the line of least resistance, the happy level and the golden average, and the best rule for the greatest number, and the only safe course *à priori* if you have a family to support. Not that they say one thing when they particularly want to say another. There is no deliberate heterophemy about it. But people who get on in the world have developed a sort of market nerve and can feel it throbbing in the back of the brain. Of many thoughts it automatically thrusts forward the one that is most presentable, and by an instinctive arithmetic counts votes on every sentence before it is written down. This is the general law of successful literary composition, though not so stated in the books. The uniformity of American fiction, about which so many lose their temper, merely shows that our writers have never felt like risking much for self-expression, and there is no good reason why they should. *Sic vos non vobis* is the motto of all efficient public entertainers. If they had any big peculiar ideas, they would probably let us have a peep at them. Nothing very great is being hidden, we believe. Yet every little while a critic attacks them on the ground that they ought to do better, and that the best selling books are not literature. Aim higher and sell less, he says. It is the theory of concealed genius. Kipling's contemptuous non-conformity would carry most men straight to the poorhouse. Nor does it follow that posterity will like any better the things that the present rejects. The ferocious onslaughts on recent American novels are both illogical and unfair.

Still, people have their harmless little peculiarities, and it has often been noted by observers that American writers of fiction are not nearly so much alike as their books. Natural diversities linger though tucked out of sight by the pen. But it has happened often that once in the public favour they are never quite the same men again. Success, like a flat-iron, smoothes out the little irregularities that might just as well have been left in, and there are whimsicalities about the people that we are apt to miss in their books. Caution and self-repression to the extent of holding back certain matters that might with perfect safety be let go certainly do seem a little over-developed in our writers. What with wondering whether the editor will like it, and whether the public will take to it, and whether the critics will see through it, there is little chance for merely personal preferences of their own. And by the time the habit of pleasing everybody is

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formed, the soul has caught a colour that will not come out in the wash. The saddest thing about our young authors is the exchange of possibilities for dead certainties after they have struck their pace. With Kipling, politics serve the purpose of a rotation of crops. But here, if a writer is silent after his third romantic novel, we always know he is working like a beaver on his fourth. Something to do during the uninspired intervals is the great need of the calling. Even Shakespeare's nature felt the want of it—"subdued to what it works in," as he says. Kipling goes in for prophecy and empire-building as a horse goes to pasture, and comes back greatly refreshed. If it had not been for the intervening years of foolishness he might never have given us *Kim*. That is a cheering thought that ought to come to any one who reads *The Islanders* and wonders why such things need be.

Years ago he gave fair warning he would not work with an eye to his public, and he never has. Not caring at all how we liked it, he has blundered into many things—sometimes a tinker, sometimes a counsellor of nations, always certain beyond human certainty, and almost always wrong. But rested by his many irrelevances and exhilarated years of impudence, he comes back to his work finally, like Kim from his illicit wanderings, and does it better than before.

F. M. Colby.

DRAMA OF THE MONTH

For a long time nothing in the theatrical world has done so much good to New York as the visit of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Where would it be possible to find an influence more exactly what we need? Mrs. Campbell was in this city but three weeks. Her plays received almost the united censure of a press that thinks Björnson and Maeterlinck ridiculous, Sudermann dull, and *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* immoral—a press of which the major part looks upon *Zaza* and Mrs. Carter as the highest reach of dramatic art, and of which another fraction represents prosy inertia. Nevertheless, it took but a few days for the idea to spread, among people who care, that Mrs. Campbell was something which must not be missed, and then many were turned away from the theatre every night. There is a public in our largest city which is, in its immediate possibilities, and even in its present desires, far above the level of our theatres and our press. The same people went night after night to see Mrs. Campbell. Some of them liked Björnson best, some Maeterlinck, some Pinero, but all cared. They were in the presence of an art which could make a difference in their feelings and in their ideas. Speaking to them publicly after their enthusiastic reception of Björnson's intense spiritual drama, *Beyond Human Power*, on her last night, Mrs. Campbell said that most of the best things in the world were serious, and that she saw no reason why the drama should not also be selected for its beauty and truth, its possession of those qualities which give worth to other aspects of life.

There is a satisfying virtue in finished and sincere art that has no precise equivalent, even in the flights of genius. The last time I left Paris it was with but one regret—the departure from a theatre in which an evening could always be spent in a consummate artistic atmosphere. It is not for excitement that we go to the best theatres, not to be "carried off our feet" by sheer power; it is to have three hours in which the mind and taste are encouraged, pleased and corrected, to see a play acted in proportion and with thoroughness, after its own nature. It is in such a spirit that Mrs. Campbell gives up her rare intellect and her vivid temperament to the author whose ideas she is presenting. Some actors have higher flights than she has shown us; none, I believe, in any country, has an art more just, intelligent and sincere, none is more thoroughly transformed to the character she plays or set with less vanity into the drama; none cares more for the harmony of the whole and less for the saliency of her part. To be without vanity in one's work is rare upon the stage. It requires a degree of intellect and a justness of taste that do not come often to actors. It is necessary to the production of the art which satisfies and is without blemish rather than to that which startles

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or excites. It is what makes me able to see Mrs. Campbell more often than I could see the most brilliant histrionic genius in the world, if it lacked, as it so often does lack, this sense of proportion, this artistic fitness, representing, after the experiences of life, its most trustworthy values. In anything that is art there must be probity somewhere, truth in feeling or perception, but there need not be integrity throughout, and we often find, in acting as in literature, trickery alternating with inspiration. Mrs. Campbell does not make a gesture or use an expression until emotion and sympathy have made it hers, and she prefers omission to fabrication. Such simplification might lead to barrenness, but the more I see it in this actress the more it appears in the light of harmony and purity, for the methods which she does use are sufficient to paint widely different women with lasting solidity. Indeed, these characters can be classed together only in one way that expresses a limitation; they are all creatures who can be understood by the reason and the æsthetic sense, and most of them have more nerves than floods of passion, irrepressible plays of fancy, or flashes of imagination. America has not seen Mrs. Campbell try rôles in which much sheer power was needed, or unclouded joy; her most distinguished work has been deep, clear, pure and in the minor key. Yet the future may show others truths, for nothing in *Mariana, Magda, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,* or *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* could prepare one for the fairy innocence of Melisande or the profound devotion of the pastor's wife in *Beyond Human Power.* All the six characters which Mrs. Campbell has acted here have been played with the perfection of understanding, in detail and in conception, each a composition in perfect tone, and it is the beauty and thoroughness of her art on these high lines that make an admirer court the opportunity of seeing her in parts of elemental size, few in any language, to which there is no top and no bottom, in which the inspiration and the passions are of an intensity, elevation, and extent so vast that the greatest creators, from century to century, find incitement and inspiration in them, and the most gifted interpreters cannot exhaust them. Such parts would settle beyond doubt the question raised by the climaxes in *Mariana* and *Magda,* in which Mrs. Campbell varied from night to night in strength, but in which she never seemed to reach the last surrender of emotion, which differs infinitely from any mere mood or any mere meaning. This escape of the artist into the realms of absolute feeling, of which there is no better example than Bernhardt in the presence of love and joy and death, on her best nights, in the last act of *La Dame aux Camélias,* while it is the surest proof of genius, is not the most important quality in the theatre. It is not what distinguishes a high condition of the stage from a low one. It is not what makes the theatre in Germany belong to the national intellectual life, while here it is the vulgarest pastime. Whether, therefore, Mrs. Campbell may show herself next season in expansive parts, she has done already what is the most valuable, in proving herself the embodiment of what makes the theatre an institution worthy to form a regular interest in a serious life. This pure presentation of the author's thought is not the result of Mrs. Campbell's veracious acting alone; it needs her management also, which not only selects in the main actors who have the ability to represent character, but forces those whom she has, whether able or mediocre, to take the right attitude in their work, which is more important than gifts. It is in the approach to their task, rather than in their native talent, that the German actors at the Irving Place so far surpass most English companies.

Never, in my memory, have an actor and her plays been so much discussed in New York. For weeks everybody talked for or against the qualities of Mrs. Campbell, Pinero, Maeterlinck, and Björnson, and the vitality of the subjects was proved by the intelligence of the comment. That more thought has been provoked, both in thinking people and in those unaccustomed to cerebration, by this visit than by any other recent theatrical occurrence is in itself a blessing. My own opinions have been changed in several ways, and always in favour of the author, a characteristic result of Mrs. Campbell's thoroughness of interpretation. Mr. Pinero's reputation in America has certainly been raised by the visit of his most profound exponent. She em-

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phasises in the work of the humorous and adroit technician those qualities in which it is incomplete. Reading *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* or *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,* or seeing ordinary players in them, one finds clever stage-craft, delightful wit, but in style an absence of ease and purity, in serious characters a lack of the creative touch, of natural eloquence. Mrs. Campbell's art is exactly complementary to Mr. Pinero's. In her there is no mechanical brilliancy. She either cannot or will not make a purely technical effect. She is everything that is not theatrical. Instead of going out into the auditorium, as it were, to take possession of the spectators, she plays for herself, remotely, as if they did not exist, and if they are to feel her performance they must go to her. They must not be passive. They must contribute to the reality of the play. She either loses them, or draws them over the footlights, into the drama, where they care for it, not as if it were a series of feats in a show, but because it has become a living thing, with a reality that might vanish if Mrs. Campbell ever took an inch that did not belong to her, or ever exerted a dramatic effect that grew from no human quality or situation, which she never does. Agnes Ebbsmith in her embodiment becomes a woman so full of actual breath, so near, so living, so much herself, that I doubt my former judgment of Mr. Pinero, and am tempted to believe that much was in his words that my blindness missed. The lean witch is now one of the women whom I know most convincingly; her very intellectual perversions, which she takes for purity—perverse, because they are but the half of healthy truth—gain a sympathy; her struggles for a meaningless ideal attain a meaning. Formerly the woman who feared her sex's instincts instead of rightly using them, who saw emancipation as a raw crusade, who did not know that freedom and intelligence, beauty and purity, are to be found in a harmonious instinctive life, not in suppression—such a woman seemed a neurotic accident, the sickliness of whose nature gave to the drama a centre without importance. The perfect interpretation of the actress brought this picture into a more becoming light. It remained her own distortions as much as Cleeve's pettiness and the world's cruelty that she fought against, but there was nobility in the fight, and yearning for good, and courage, suffering, and patience. How quietly yet clearly the character unfolds before us. At first Mrs. Campbell is all drab, even her gorgeous beauty subdued to her meaning, her dress dingy, her face tense, suppressing all passions except for the one determined aim, her walk restrained and cold, her being darkly tuned to fanatic phrases. So thoroughly has the woman bent all the forces of her being to one ideal that the surface is all calm. A friend shrinks from her, as from a thing unclean, and on the face of the actress, faithfully reflecting the dramatist, there is nothing but cold acceptance. In every detail Mrs. Campbell's fidelity and intelligence illuminate the text. I never appreciated how fine was the first curtain speech, "It is so easy to mock," until I heard the impassive conviction with which she spoke it. It is with penetrating, sympathetic comprehension that she expresses the attitude of the woman toward animal passion—an attitude both ideal and perverted—meeting a kiss on the lips with a shrinking as if from disease. So just is Mrs. Campbell in such moments, so true to nature, that there seems to be no comment by the performer; the spectator knows not whether the actress feels the strength of Agnes's nature or its weakness. Some of the greatest actors in the world (more especially some of the greatest actresses) put a personal sympathy or bias into everything they do. Mrs. Campbell has a rich, harmonious voice, abundant beauty, an individual, rhythmical, measured enunciation, all traits which might tempt a less artistic nature to rely on so striking a personality at the expense of truth to the play; but Mrs. Campbell uses everything she possesses for the purpose of expressing character and expressing it always in the right key. There is no "view" expressed by her; there is only the portrait. It is like Dutch art in its sobriety and poise. The perfect justness continues through the weary yielding to what Agnes deems the lower side of humanity, the sad donning of a resplendent gown, the tired resignation to a cheaper destiny—then the violent clinging to what is left, the hour of love, so fleeting, and the brave and bitter relinquishment of even that happy moment.

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The famous Bible scene is among the most theatrical that Mr. Pinero ever wrote, and in this year's repertory it is not in dramatic climaxes that Mrs. Campbell's large and reasoning mind shows at its best; but in this situation she fills the deed with human feeling, and with an intensity that is satisfying, even though it is not, as it might be, overwhelming.

Paula Tanqueray is often classed in the popular mind with Agnes Ebbsmith, because both happen, in departing from the highway of normal life, to have fractured the seventh commandment. Neither has the beauty of health, and both might exercise the ingenuity of a nervous specialist. But individually they are an absolute contrast—and here another tribute seems to be wrung from me by the memory that before this engagement I never realised how different they were. One is strenuous, inelastic, half noble, worthy, even in her errors, of respect; the other has vulgarity in its worst sense, cheapness of soul, instability, surface passions, envy, caprice. Doubtless her life has despoiled her good qualities and increased her vices, but she must have been paltry from the beginning. Mr. Pinero has an eye for practical ironies, and he knows, as playwrights have shown before him, that such disintegrated natures, weak to begin with and burned to ashes, like Augier's Olympe and The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, are in stable society poisonous and incurable—the contradiction of "honour and faith and a sure intent"—and the death of the man who tries to reconcile them with domestic life. Not the breaking of commandments is the essential fault, as a multitude of happy and steady households may demonstrate; it is the instability, the sick frivolity, the moral unrest, the diseased nerves; and this must be remembered if we are to measure the gulf between Agnes and Paula, on one side of which Mrs. Campbell enacts the jaded trifler as unswervingly as on the other she portrays the distorted enthusiast. It is a complete portrait of laxity contrasted with a faultless picture of fanaticism.

Magda, too, has been put into the same group by the same inadequate measurement, but her relationship to the others is entirely superficial. When an artist in modern life wishes to show a woman breaking the ties of convention, whether through weakness or through strength, he naturally falls on one infraction, since her treatment of a law long ago made for her is significant of her attitude toward the world, as man's courage is a test of the soundness of his whole moral nature. Magda is neither on a side track, like Agnes, nor degraded, like Paula. She is strong and selfish, wise with experience, affectionate and yearning as a woman and an artist, full of self-love, as the people of the stage are almost forced to be. Sudermann has drawn the dramatic contrast with impartiality. The sister represents tenderly the beauties of the private life. The father represents these virtues harshly but with elevation. Magda is as just an embodiment as literature offers of the gifted woman as public performer—of the woman as artist, we might say, except that an entirely different set of laws apply to the artistic nature working for itself and to the same nature living in the glare and excitement of the public sight. Sudermann, building solidly, has presented the two modes of life, with the resulting characters, with such justice that eager arguments have again been waged over the respective merits of the stern colonel and his flamboyant daughter. Mrs. Campbell, apparently not as cordially sympathetic to Sudermann's spirit as she is to the four other authors, especially when it comes to exploiting the playwright's stage technique, yet gave to her Magda the dominating merit of individuality. Magda's ennui in the family circle and contempt for the Philistines was wholly unlike Paula's; but her emancipation had nothing in common with Mrs. Ebbsmith's. Of course it is the dramatists who have drawn different women, but the intellectual charm of Mrs. Campbell's work is that it can never be separated from the author's, although she is capable of furnishing distinction if the author be without it. *Mariana*, by Echegaray, is a mere melodrama, almost too inconceivably commonplace to be fathered by the author of *El Gran Galeoto;* but into the familiar lay figure of the Spanish woman before whom all men are ninepins Mrs. Campbell puts much that draws us to her with its truth. In the first scenes her acting of moods, of feminine caprice raised to a high power, shows how intimately her temperament can comprehend that al-

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most morbid nervous sensibility which in this play is supposed to be interesting; as, indeed, she can *understand* almost anything (perhaps anything—that remains to be seen)—in the range of drama. Understanding, however, is one thing, and emotional realisation is another. In both Mrs. Campbell is distinguished; but the climaxes of suffering in *Mariana* could be done with more power; and of this, as of all the parts that she has played here, it may be safely declared that none could be acted with more intellectual comprehension. In two gifts, then, she is unsurpassed; in the intelligence that sees the meaning of dramas and characters, and in the nervous organisation that grasps and sympathises with all the currents of feeling that play over the surface of nervously disorganised women. That is so much that it makes my interest in her poignant, and it is no diminution of it to keep in reserve until next season a judgment about the free imagination that transcends particulars, or uses them only to feed its flame. This gift, proverbially granted by the gods alone, is not one of intelligence only. It is, perhaps, as near of kin to character and temperament, for it is thought glorified by feeling.

. . . . thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be!
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.
* * * * * * *
Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud!
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light.

Coleridge thus helps me on to that drama in which Maeterlinck, in his own strange way, retells the ever-fascinating story of Francesca da Rimini. The path of thought leads hither, because in the Belgian mystic we have much beauty and intelligence, and also some conflict with immutable standards of greatness. Simple, sensuous and impassioned, there has been no better definition than Milton's of what poetry should be; and it is not a requirement that can be met by the weary or the decadent. Yet Maeterlinck's dramatic poem is beautiful, not with the simple and living beauty of the Italian love tale, rather with a beauty that is conscious and even artificial, and yet with so much charm and meaning that we might well name only the joy given by a drama that is sensitive and breathing throughout; for over the noble Southern romance the Belgian thinker has thrown his own feeling for life, and wrapped each of his incidents in the veiled, sad commentary of an imagination which is, perhaps, more reflective than creative. In three seeings I enjoyed it more each time, for with familiarity the background of poetry and commentary and ideal detaches itself more easily from the phantasms moving through the foreground. When every pool and cave and ring and strange occurrence has its kinship with our own existence, the drama gains a richness which, hastily seen, it could not have. Mrs. Campbell's Mélisande, unless it might have at times something more of happiness, is without a flaw, a charmed dream, remote, haunting, exquisite in its poetry of the unreal, like a faint picture in smoke, or a strange design in tapestry, or like one of those flat paintings into which Puvis de Chavannes put a new spirit. Her skill wins admiration when she depicts the tawdry details of pride and diseased nerves, but it gains love when innocence, beauty and love are what it reflects. Surely Maeterlinck and Björnson have brought out, rather than her other authors, the fairer depths of her fine, artistic soul. She lives exquisitely into the fairy land of *Pelléas and Mélisande,* and becomes entirely a poet, in this poetry of culture, with its pale, delicate background of complex life. She lives profoundly into the human devotion of Clara Sang, which is poetry also, with less of weary refinement, with a more unjaded spirit, with more of the simple and intense feeling which is the heart of genius. Mrs. Campbell lies in her bed through the whole of the long first half of the play, and in the second half she appears but for an instant at the close, blindly groping for the man she loves, dying for him then, uplifted, happy. This pure love of a man, this sincere and noble passion ruling every complication that crosses it, would be wholly new to one who had seen the five other plays. The love of Clara Sang is of no kin to the neurotic caprices of Paula, the melodramatic desperation of Mariana, the serious madness of Agnes, or the tender

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outlines in which we dimly see the soul of Mélisande. It is, perhaps, the noblest portrait of the six, for, not technically as difficult as the others, it is the most pure and simple. Who is there, besides Mrs. Campbell, who would produce this piece of true literature and insist on acting it in city after city against the protests of managers, teaching thousands of mere amusement-seekers to love it and to know the life-giving virtues of art from the dead machinery of an average play? Who else is there who would revive *Pelléas and Mélisande* again and again? She devotes herself to men of talent in the modern world, careless of the popular indifference, and forces us, thinkers and philistines alike, to see deeper into them, and to see with a more sympathetic eye. She is too large a person, too sincere an artist, to see her own glory apart from the understanding of the author. She distorts nothing, she leads her actors to play not as her subordinates but as equal interpreters of the whole, and, despising the sale of gaudy counterfeits to the world, she cares to spend her years in the service of the art which makes life more abundant. To the credit of our nation, therefore, will be whatever encouragement she takes away from America, in money, in affection or in fame.

Norman Hapgood.

FUEL OF FIRE

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

PROLOGUE.

First by the king and then by the state,
And thirdly by that which is thrice as great
As these, and a thousandfold stronger and higher,
Shall Baxendale Hall be made fuel of fire.

It fell upon a day (so the ancient chronicles tell us)—before men had discovered that Mershire was a land whose stones were of iron and her foundations of coal—that Guy, the eldest son of Sir Stephen de Baxendale, went out hunting in the merry greenwood which lay between Baxendale Hall and Silverhampton town. And because Guy was too young to take such heed to his own steps and the steps of his steed as an older and wiser huntsman would have done, the horse put his foot into a rabbit-hole, thereby bringing himself and his rider to the ground. In much fear and trembling the retainers picked up the unconscious form of their young master and bore him to Gorsty Hayes, a forester's lodge in the heart of the wood, which is still standing to this day. There he was nursed back to consciousness by Vivien of the Glade, the forester's fair daughter, much famed in those parts for her skill in discovering healing herbs and distilling soothing potions from the same.

It was many a long day before Guy of Baxendale was sufficiently recovered to be taken home to the Hall; for his leg was broken and his whole body badly bruised. And when at last he did go back, he left his heart behind him in the safe keeping of Vivien of the Glade: for even in those far-off times Love flew where he listed and no man ordered his goings, just as he does unto this day, and will do so long as this round world of ours shall run its course in the light of the sun.

Then there was war in the house of Baxendale. Guy had made up his mind to wed the fair daughter of the forester; while Sir Stephen and Dame Alice, his wife, had made up their minds with equal firmness that no son of their noble name should mate with a daughter of the people.

Long before William the Norman planted his indomitable foot upon English soil, the Baxendales had taken up their abode in the heart of the Mershire forests, and there had builded themselves a stronghold against their enemies. It was rumoured that one of them had fought on the side of Ethelfleda, Queen of Mercia, in the great battle between the Danes and the Saxons; and that the queen had delighted to honour him for his bravery on that day of blood. Be that as it may, the family had long ruled over their own fair lands in the centre of the Mershire forests, and had accounted themselves as being made of different flesh and blood from the common people, which men are sadly prone to do when they have handed down their lands from father to son for many generations; until

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God sees fit to teach them Himself that He is no respecter of persons.

Therefore, it was a bitter thing to Sir Stephen and Dame Alice, his wife, when their first-born son set his heart upon Vivien, the forester's daughter. But Guy clave to the woman and refused to let her go, for the which should all succeeding Baxendales honour him; as a man who is not ready to leave his father and mother in order to cleave to his wife is not of the clay out of which the best husbands and fathers are fashioned by the Hands of the great Potter.

While the battle was waging fierce and strong—Guy swearing that he should wed the girl whether or no, and his parents swearing that he should not—a rumour got wind in the neighbourhood (started, men said, in the first place by Dame Alice herself) that the healing skill of Vivien of the Glade had its origin in the sin of witchcraft. Then alas, and alas for Guy of Baxendale and his ill-fated love! The rumour grew apace, until women refused so much as to look at Vivien's fair face, and even brave men crossed themselves if they had to ride by Gorsty Hayes after nightfall. And at last it came to pass that the girl was seized by soldiers and carried to Baxendale Hall, where she was condemned by several worthy justices of the peace to be burned alive at Silverhampton market-place, as a punishment for her evil deeds, and a warning to any like-minded persons who might be tempted to follow in her unholy footsteps.

So in Silverhampton market-place she was burned alive, close to the strange old Druidical pillar whereof no man knows the history even unto this day. And just as the fagots were beginning to crackle she broke through the rope that bound her right arm, and pointed with her forefinger to the thickly-wooded hill on the other side of the valley, where Baxendale Hall nestled among the trees—the home of the great family who had done her to death for the sole crime of being lowly-born. And as she pointed to their house she raised her voice and cursed them as they had cursed her:

First by the king, and then by the state,
And thirdly by that which is thrice as great
As these, and a thousandfold stronger and higher,
Shall Baxendale Hall be made fuel of fire.

Then the tongues of flame leaped up and fawned upon her like dogs of war let loose by fiendish hands; higher and higher they leaped, until the voice of cursing faded into a shriek of agony, and then died away in the silence of the eternities. And the people stood round and gazed upon the awful sight, thanking God—in their blindness and ignorance—that they were not as this woman was; while the old church of St. Peter uplifted its ancient tower above their heads, an unheeded witness to Him Who would fain have gathered them all under His wings as a hen gathereth her chickens, but they would not; and Who would fain have taught them—in this His temple made with hands—the things that belonged to their peace, but which as yet were hid from their eyes.

Thus perished Vivien of the Glade, because she had succeeded in winning the love of Guy of Baxendale. But her curse lived on, and was fulfilled to the letter.

As for Guy, he forgot his sorrow in the fierce joy of fighting in the Wars of the Roses, the love of war being stronger in some men than even the love of woman. Then late in life, when he was alike too old to fight or to love any more, he took to wife a well-born damsel, some thirty years younger than himself, who bore him a large family of sons and daughters. In a ripe but cheerless old age he was gathered to his fathers, and Hugh, his son, reigned in his stead. But until the day of his death Guy of Baxendale never again entered Silverhampton town. He turned on his heel and shook the dust of the place off his feet on the day when the woman he loved was martyred underneath the old stone pillar, in the very shadow of the church which brought—to those who had ears to hear it—the message of peace upon earth and goodwill toward men. And he never set foot therein again.

But his children and his grandchildren married in their own class and lived happily ever after—at least, until they were removed to that strange world where rank and wealth count for less than nothing and love and duty for so much. If they found it impossible to live happily in a world where it was accounted better to be a saint than a Baxendale, no one knows; but it is somewhat difficult for even a chronicler to imagine.

Nevertheless, because human nature is stronger than pride of birth or social ambition—is stronger, in fact, than anything else on earth except the grace of God (and sometimes for a while apparently even stronger than that)—it came to pass, when Henry the Eighth was king, that again a Baxendale lost his heart to a daughter of the people. Once more, as of old, his parents interfered between him and the soul that God had given him, for the sake of the glory of their ancient

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house. And because Richard Baxendale—like his ancestor Guy—swore that he would marry the girl he loved, though she was only Agnes Tyler, daughter of a wool merchant in Silverhampton, Agnes was sent to the convent of Greyladies, there compelled by her father to take the veil: for how could a plain Mercia wool merchant defy the wishes of the great Sir Wilfred Baxendale?

So Agnes possessed her sweet soul in patience within the thick stone walls of Greyladies, and passed her time in praying for Richard Baxendale, that he might do honour to his knighthood on earth and finally obtain the heavenly crown which is promised to him that overcometh. There, year after year, she watched the daffodils cover the earth, and she thought upon those golden streets through which Richard and she should one day walk together: and she saw the wild hyacinths carpet the woodlands, and thought upon the pavement of sapphire before which Richard and she should one day kneel. She prayed also for his wife and his children; for her love was not of the earth earthy, and there was no thought of self to be found therein. As for the wool merchant, her father, he commended himself in that he had killed two birds with one stone, so to speak, in pleasing God and Sir Wilfred equally, by taking his daughter from the one in order to give her to the other: and he felt that he had thereby conferred an obligation upon both of these powers which neither of them could lightly discharge. It is always so satisfactory to a man when he can serve God and Mammon at the same time! There was no doubt that the wool merchant of Silverhampton was an excellent man of business; and there was also no doubt that two of the parties involved—namely, himself and Sir Wilfred—were completely satisfied with the arrangement. Whether the third power concerned in the transaction concurred in the approval manifested by the other two is a more doubtful matter, and one whereof the chronicler knows nothing: but Will Tyler himself knows all about it by this time, and probably realises at last the disadvantages of a divided service.

When Agnes was safely out of his reach, Richard took to wife the Lady Anne, daughter of the Earl of Mershire; and by her had three fine sons and four fair daughters. But his heart was always in the convent of Greyladies, some five miles from Baxendale Hall.

It was when Sir Richard's hair was thinning and his beard was turning grey that the Reformation altered the whole political aspect of England, and Henry the Eighth appropriated to himself the religious house of Greyladies, and all the properties appertaining thereto. The convent was sacked, and the nuns fled to Baxendale, taking with them as much treasure as they could carry; for Sir Richard, being but a simple English gentleman, could not understand how even kings should rise superior to the Eighth Commandment, and yet go unpunished.

The king's soldiers, in the king's name, commanded Sir Richard to give up the treasures of the convent, or else they would burn Baxendale Hall to the ground; but he laughed in their faces, and swore that the nuns who had fled to him for safety should find it there until his death.

Then the king's soldiers, in the king's name, set fire to the Hall. The Lady Anne and her children escaped; but Sir Richard stayed with the nuns whom he was defending, like the brave knight he was, and perished with them in the final crash.

Tradition says that just at the end—when all hope or chance of life was over, and death was waiting for them both—Sir Richard threw back the veil which for so long had divided him from Agnes, and kissed her once more full upon the lips, as he had been wont to kiss her long ago in the merry greenwood between Baxendale Hall and Silverhampton. If this were so, no one saw it save the God Who made them man and woman before they were knight and nun, and therefore would not go back upon His own handiwork: and their souls are in His keeping until this day.

Thus perished Sir Richard and the woman he had loved, and thus was fulfilled the first part of the curse of Vivien of the Glade.

A third time it came to pass—since history has a habit of repeating itself—that a Baxendale sought a low-born bride. The Hall had been rebuilt for close upon a century, when Walter Baxendale, one of the most loyal subjects of King Charles the Martyr, set his heart upon Charity Freemantle, a pretty Puritan maid. But now it was the lady's father who objected, not the swain's, for Walter had lost both his parents while he was yet a boy. Joshua Freemantle swore a great oath that none of his household should touch the accursed thing; whereby he meant that none of his pretty daughters should be joined in wedlock with a supporter of the Royalist cause.

Again, as of yore, there were sweet stolen meetings in the woodlands lying west of Silverhampton town—meetings which turned the mossy paths into veritable highways of Para-

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dise and the sun-dappled glades into fairy-land itself: when the shouting of the captains was drowned for a while in the hush and the hum of the summer, and the sound of war could no longer be heard because of the murmur of lovers' vows and lovers' kisses.

Then came the battle of Worcester, and the triumph of the Parliamentary army; when Charles fled for safety to Boscobel, and there was hid in an oak-tree from his would-be murderers. Cromwell's men suspected that the fugitive monarch was in hiding at Baxendale Hall; and they commanded the master thereof to deliver into their hands the king to whom he had sworn allegiance; a thing which Walter Baxendale would not have done if he could, since he was a loyal knight and true, and could not if he would, as the king was not at Baxendale at all, but had ridden on to Boscobel.

But in the midst of the search for King Charles, Joshua Freemantle—one of Cromwells' most fanatical followers—came upon his daughter, Charity, in Baxendale Wood, folded in the arms of her devoted cavalier, who had just come back to her alive and unhurt from the field of Worcester. In a moment of frenzy, Freemantle fired at the man he hated, as men never hate save in the throes of civil warfare; but Charity, seeing what was coming, flung herself between her father and her lover, and so was slain in her lover's stead.

Then Sir Walter and Freemantle engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle, the one being inspired by the love of woman and the other by the love of religion—two of the strongest forces that ever impelled men to shed blood like water.

For many minutes the deadly combat lasted, first the one seeming to get the upper hand, and then the other. But Baxendale's heart was broken, and it is hard work fighting with a broken heart; so it came to pass that the fanatic proved too strong for the knight and finally overthrew him, running him straight through the body with his sword. So Walter and his love lay dead together in the woodland where they had so often plighted their vows; and who shall dare to say that those vows were not fulfilled in that Paradise whereof the forest of Baxendale had been but a foretaste and a type?

Joshua Freemantle then rode on to the Hall, followed by a small company of Roundheads and filled with the passion of war and the frenzy of religious zeal. With the soldiers' help he burned the house to the ground, thinking (poor, misguided soul!) that he was thereby doing God service, just as he thought he had saved his daughter's soul alive by slaying her in Baxendale Woods rather than let her mate with a son of Belial (as he considered all who were not supporters of Cromwell). He, also, had much to learn when at last he went to his own place and found how terribly he had misrepresented the God Whom he had sincerely, though ignorantly, worshipped.

It was not until after Richard Cromwell's death, and the restoration to the throne of King Charles the Second, that the property was given back to Hubert Baxendale, Sir Walter's younger brother. In the meanwhile it lay—a desolate and neglected ruin—silent save for the cawing of the rooks by day and the screeching of the owls by night. But then Hubert claimed it as his brother's heir at law; and the king at once recognised his claims, and restored the large estate of Baxendale to its rightful owner.

For some years Hubert Baxendale saved up his revenues in order to rebuild the Hall, and by the time that James the Second was sitting upon his brother's throne, a fine red-brick house had grown up on the old site of Baxendale Hall—a house which was destined to be enlivened by the laughter of several generations of Baxendales before the third part of the ancient prophecy came true.

Thus perished Sir Walter Baxendale and the woman of his choice: and thus was fulfilled the second part of the curse of Vivien of the Glade.

CHAPTER I.

"A merry heart goes all the way,"
As Shakespeare once was pleased to say.

"It strikes me, Nancy," remarked Anthony Burton, looking critically at his cousin, "that Laurence Baxendale is inclined to be sweet upon you. I wonder at the fact, I confess; but my eagle eye cannot help perceiving it."

"I doubt if he has the sense," replied Nancy; "but it would do him all the good in the world."

Anthony tilted his straw hat still further over his eyes: "Your lack of humility, my dear child, is only equalled by your lack of justification to be anything else but humble. What there is in you to induce any man, not bound to you by the ties of relationship, to think about you twice, I fail to imagine; but the fact remains that our friend Baxendale does think about you twice; and facts have to be reckoned with."

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"Twice?—and the rest," said Nancy laconically.

"Now, if he thought twice about Nora I should find more excuse for him," continued Anthony, turning his attentions to his younger cousin; "Nora—though far from being all that I could wish—has certain claims to good looks."

"Thank you," responded Nora.

Nancy's good humour remained unruffled: "Yes, there is no doubt that Nora is much better looking than I am. I've discovered that it is a universal law of nature that of two sisters the second is always the better looking and the taller, from the days of Leah and Rachel downward. If there are any brains going about, the elder sister generally fixes upon them: but as there are no brains going about in our family this doesn't affect us."

"Speak for yourself, my dear," demurred Anthony; "Nora and I are simply bursting with brain-power. But we do not despise you for your inferiority in this respect: we merely pity."

But Nancy was not attending: "I'm very glad you've noticed that Mr. Baxendale is rather taken with me, for I'd got an idea that way myself; and it is a comfort to find it confirmed even by such an idiot as you, Tony."

"Allow me to tender you a hearty vote of thanks for the kind—the too kind—terms in which you are pleased to refer to my intellectual endowments," murmured Anthony.

"But he tries dreadfully hard not to admire me—that's the best of the joke. It entertains me most enormously to see him struggling to defend himself against my charms."

"I know exactly what you mean, Nan," cried Nora; "when you say anything funny he tries all he knows how not to laugh, but to be properly shocked."

"Yes; doesn't he? And that makes me try to be all the funnier. And it is a pity it takes him like that; for he really has got a very nice sense of humour if he'd give it its head and not curb it with proprieties."

"Still, I don't see why he shouldn't admire you if he wants to," Anthony continued. "As I remarked before, I should never want to admire you myself; but if I did feel any inclination in that extraordinary direction I should have no conscientious scruples against indulging it to the full."

"I once knew a man," said Nancy, "who divided the girls he made love to into those he made love to on Sundays and those he made love to on week-days: and he said nothing would induce him to make love to me on a Sunday—his mother wouldn't like it—though he'd devote the six other days entirely to the pursuit with pleasure."

"Then I shouldn't have let him," interrupted Nora; "I'd have been made love to by him on Sundays or not at all. I wouldn't let a man pick and choose his times and seasons in that rude way."

"I didn't; and the result was he didn't do it at all."

"I expect that is generally the result when you are concerned," sighed Tony.

Nancy laughed. "Is it? That's all you know about it."

"But why doesn't Baxendale want to admire you? That's what I can't see."

"I suppose he couldn't afford to marry," replied Nora wisely, "unless he married a much richer girl than one of us."

"Oh! I don't think it's that," argued Nancy; "Mr. Baxendale is just the sort of man to marry the most unsuitable woman he could find. You see, he is high-principled and honourable and conscientious; and honourable, conscientious people always have scruples against knowing the right men and marrying the right women."

"Then what is his objection to you?" persisted Tony. "If you aren't rich enough, aren't you poor enough?"

"I don't believe it is money at all: money would never enter into the counsels of such a man as Laurence Baxendale. He thinks I am common: that's where the shoe pinches."

"Confound his cheek! Where does the commonness come in, I should like to know?"

"Oh! he thinks it is awfully low not to have strolled into England with William the Conqueror and sat still here ever since. He is the sort of man who expects you to be always taking your ancestors about with you, and getting them to give you letters of introduction, don't you know. He never moves without taking a lot of ancestors about with him, just as some people never move without taking a lot of servants."

"I know the sort."

"I thought he'd have had a fit the other day when I said that somehow we'd mislaid our great-great-grandfather, and though we'd searched for him diligently in the rag-bag and the waste-paper basket, we couldn't lay our hands on him anywhere. He didn't in the least see that it was funny."

Nora shook her pretty head. "How tiresome of him! I can't bear people who don't see when things are funny."

"Well, he generally does see when things

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are funny—that is one of his principal charms in my eyes. But he regards family and birth and blood and all that sort of thing as far too sacred to be trifled with or lightly spoken of. I'm thankful that I belong to a new family that has no curse, but gas and water laid on."

"There is good reason for your *Te Deum*," agreed Anthony.

"You see, Mr. Baxendale has a curse and everything else that is correct and uncomfortable and aristocratic; and he thinks it dreadfully plebeian of us to be making iron. In fact, he is one of the people who thinks it is dreadfully vulgar to make anything but mistakes; and of those they make plenty."

"I've never quite grasped," said Anthony, "why he and his mother have suddenly come down to live under the shadow of their uninhabited ancestral home."

"Oh! I've it all out of Faith Fairfax," answered Nora. "You know the Baxendales are frightfully poor; and when old Mr. Baxendale died Lady Alicia went to live with her brother, Lord Portcullis. Laurence was tremendously clever, and went to Oxford with a sort of scholarship, which they called a Post Office Order of Merton, or something like that."

"I knew he was clever," said Nancy, "or else he wouldn't admire me."

"When he left Oxford he became tutor to Lord Drawbridge, Lord Portcullis's eldest son: and this went on till Drawbridge went to school and Lord Portcullis married again."

"Till both their Lordships went to school, in short," concluded Anthony.

"If they can't afford actually to live at Baxendale Hall they like to be near it, I suppose," Nora said.

"Not the rose, but near the rose: though what's the fun of living near the rose if you can't possess it, I don't know," said Tony.

"Neither do I," agreed Nora. "If I can't buy a thing for my own, I hate seeing it in the shop windows."

"I believe that Faith Fairfax is in love with Mr. Baxendale," Nancy said slowly.

The other two looked up with interest.

"What makes you think that?" asked Nora.

"Because she always knows where he is, and always pretends that she doesn't."

"Now Faith would be a suitable match for our friend," Tony remarked; "she'd have property enough to set Baxendale Hall on its legs again, and propriety enough not to knock Laurence off his."

Nancy nodded: "I know that; and that would be just the reason why he would never fall in love with her. Trust him for invariably going against his own interests when he has the chance."

"I think it would be rather dull to be in love with Mr. Baxendale," said Nora; "it would be like going to an oratorio every day of one's life, or lodging in a cathedral."

"What rubbish!" Nancy exclaimed: "besides, oratorios and cathedrals are very nice in their way."

"Of course they are, Nancy, dear: I only said it would be rather dull to be married to one."

"Well, I don't agree with you. Mr. Baxendale is an ideal sort of person, with high aims and sound principles, and everything else *en suite*. And though it would be horrid to have ideal people for one's relations, I think they are the most satisfactory sort to fall in love with."

Nora looked doubtful: "But why?"

"Well, you see," explained Nancy, "falling in love is an ideal sort of thing; and if you fall in love with a person and then found he was sordid and commonplace, it would be like seeing an angel and then finding the angelic robes were made of cheap calico. Now, Mr. Baxendale is tiresome and trying and absurdly fastidious: but he would always be more or less ideal. I don't mean he is ideal in the sense of being faultless—anything but; he is ideal in the sense of always seeing the right course and—as far as in him lies—of following it."

"Faith is ideal, too," said Nora softly.

"Faith is an angel," Nancy agreed emphatically.

"And not an angel in cheap calico, either," added her cousin.

"No; Faith is just perfect," Nancy continued; "but all the same, it would do Mr. Baxendale far more good to fall in love with me than with her."

"I should have thought ideal people ought to fall in love with ideal people," suggested Tony, "on the approved principle of 'a hair of the dog that bit you;' and in that case Baxendale and Miss Fairfax seem made to order for each other. It would be a match, not only striking on the box, but striking from every possible point of view."

Nancy shrugged her shoulders. "A hair of the dog that bit you is supposed to be curative, you silly; and love is the one disease that is the worse for being cured. I think that Laurence and Faith would cure each other of perfection by their own perfectness: and then where would they be, stupid?"

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"Goodness—or badness—only knows!"

"Now it is an education for any one to fall in love with one of us Burtons," Nancy went on. "I've noticed it often."

"So have I," her cousin agreed; "and that has led me to make the educational process as easy and pleasant as possible to such young ladies as appeared to me worthy of the training and likely to do it justice."

"You see, we are so healthy-minded that we cure any tendency to morbidness at once: and we are so natural that affectation cannot exist within our borders. Then we are funny; and as a rule the curse of love is seriousness. Love as a tragedy is a bore; but love as a comedy is a delight to the actors, and is worth ten-and-six a stall to the audience. Now, no one could regard a love affair with one of us in the light of a tragedy: could they?"

"They certainly could not," replied Anthony; "unless, of course, we accepted them."

"Still, I am not sure that this is altogether a virtue," Nora remarked sadly. "I believe people enjoy a love affair more if they can cry over it; and we never can."

"That's the worst of us," said Nancy, with a sigh; "we spoil half the fun of life by laughing at it. If we could only cry over things, and not see that they are funny, we should enjoy them a million times more. I'm sure we should. It spoils a love affair to see the funny side of it; and yet I always do."

"Mr. Baxendale wouldn't see the funny side of a love affair," said Nora.

"Oh! yes he would—that's just the sort of thing he would see the joke of. It's only solemn things—such as truth and honour and the Church and the Baxendales—that he takes so seriously. As a matter of fact, I believe he is too superior a person to fall in love at all: he would think it *infra dig.* for a Baxendale to love an ordinary woman; and that is why it would do him such a world of good to fall in love with me. It is extremely good for people to be obliged to do what they consider *infra dig.;* it knocks the nonsense out of them."

"It seems to me," remarked Anthony, "that there is a good deal of nonsense to be knocked out of Mr. Laurence Baxendale, and that our beloved Nancy would enjoy the job."

"I really believe I should," agreed Nancy.

"The worst of Mr. Baxendale is that he is so frightening," said Nora; "he says such sarcastic things."

"Oh! I'm not frightened of him," replied her sister airily. (But she was.)

"I always feel he is despising us and making fun of us," Nora went on; "he has such a dreadfully sneering way with him."

"I don't care whether he sneers or not," Nancy persisted.

"But I thought you were under the impression that he admired you," suggested her cousin.

"So he does; but he doesn't approve of me: that's all the difference, silly."

"I wonder if he ever laughs at his mother," remarked Nora. "She is so deliciously vague that it must indeed be a privation to be prevented by the Fifth Commandment from thoroughly enjoying her."

Nancy shook her head: "No, I feel sure he doesn't: Mr. Baxendale is the sort of man that the Commandments would have great weight with. And, by the way, here he comes in the flesh round the corner of the terrace, so I can begin the knocking-out process at once." And the three young Burtons hoisted themselves up out of the garden-chairs in which they were lounging, and went to meet a slight, fair, aristocratic-looking man who was being piloted by a footman across the lawn.

It was a summer's afternoon, and Anthony and his cousins were sitting in the garden of Wayside, the Burtons' house, about three miles from the manufacturing town of Silverhampton. Mr. Burton, the girls' father, was an iron-master, as his father had been before him; and he and Anthony drove every day to the works, which lay in the dark valley on the other side of the ridge which divides, as by a straight line, the great Black Country of the Midlands from the woods and hills and meadowlands of West Mershire.

Mr. Burton had married a Miss Farringdon—a distant cousin of the Farringdons of Sedgehill—and they were blessed with two sons and two daughters: Nancy, who had wit, and Nora, who had beauty, respectively aged twenty-two and eighteen; and two small boys, Arthur and Ambrose, who were enjoying life and neglecting their education at a preparatory school.

Anthony, the only child of Mr. Burton's late brother, had inherited his father's share in the works, and was now his uncle's sole partner. His mother died when he was born; and since the death of his father, when Anthony was only ten years old, the latter had made Wayside his home, and had been treated by Mr. and Mrs. Burton exactly as if he were a son of their own. To Nancy and Nora he had always been as the kindest of brothers; and although he teased them in brotherly fashion, he was—also in brotherly fashion—

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ready to fight their battles to the death, and to knock down any other man who should venture to tease them as he did.

The Burtons were a light-hearted race who had never known either great riches or uncomfortable poverty, and so were innocent alike of the responsibilities of the one and the anxieties of the other. They had never been rich enough to be economical, nor poor enough to be extravagant; so they took life easily, and extracted pleasure from the most unpromising sources; and—as is the custom in this too-sorrowful world—were popular in proportion to their cheerfulness. Mankind, as at present constituted, dearly loves the people who make it laugh.

Wayside, the local habitation of the Burtons, was a red-brick house on the highroad leading from Silverhampton to Salopshire, and thence to the western sea. It was approached from the road by a long, solemn drive bordered by specimen shrubs, which Nancy said had a depressing appearance, because evergreens always gave her the blues; but the house itself was cheerful and comfortable enough; and the garden at the back faded away into fields, which, in their turn, ended in some of the prettiest lanes in England. As a child Nancy thought that these lanes led straight into fairyland; as a woman she knew that they did; but this fuller knowledge only came after she had trodden those green and mysterious ways in company with the man of her choice and sundry others. There was nothing narrow or exclusive about Nancy: her power of making friends was only equalled by her capacity of turning these friends into lovers on the slightest provocation; and if the friends declined to be thus transformed, no bitterness was excited in Nancy's breast, as it might have been in the breast of a more sentimental and serious-minded young woman. Everything was fish that came to her net: and if it was not fish, it was fowl or good red herring, which did quite as well as far as she was concerned. If men fell in love with her she enjoyed their love: if they were only friends with her, she enjoyed their friendship: and she regarded either as the best joke in the world for the time being. Nora to a great extent moulded herself upon Nancy; for if Nora was the beauty, Nancy had the stronger personality.

Nora Burton really was extremely pretty, with dark brown hair, large blue eyes, and a bright pink colour: she was tall and slender, and carried herself like a queen. Nancy always described herself—and with much truth—as "a Colonial edition of Nora;" she was shorter and paler, with darker hair; and her eyes were smaller than her sister's, though quite as blue. The boys were more like Nora—a merry, good-looking little couple. All the Burtons were endowed with a very saving faith in themselves, and a very sincere admiration for each other; and—which is the secret of all true family (and conjugal) happiness—they appreciated and applauded one another's jokes to the full. Even the love which beareth and believeth all things staggers now and then when its attempts at wit are greeted with the stony stare of the unamused; but the Burtons knew better than to put their family affection to so severe a test.

As Nancy crossed the lawn to greet Laurence Baxendale she found time *en route* for an *aside* to the footman, bidding him fetch his mistress and tea; then she devoted herself to charming her guest to the utmost extent of her powers, as was her invariable habit whether the guest happened to be male or female.

"Come and sit down," she said; "I have told Frederick to bring out tea and mother at once, as I feel sure you must be dying for one or the other."

Baxendale bowed: "Thank you, Miss Burton. Naturally both will be welcome; but it would be invidious, wouldn't it, to point out which will be the more so?"

"We have just been talking about you," Nancy observed, as the four young people seated themselves.

Laurence winced: he was one of the few people who hate to be talked about. But this of course was inexplicable to Nancy, who would rather have been abused than not mentioned at all. "Indeed? What have you found to say about me?" he asked.

"We have agreed that you rather like a cathedral or an oratorio: and that we are decidedly frightened of you."

"I should not have thought that you would be frightened of me," replied Laurence, who was frightened out of his wits at Miss Burton, and the terrible doubt as to what she might say. "I am a most harmless creature."

"Oh yes, you're harmless enough: but you are so dreadfully truthful and upright; and that is what makes you so cathedrally."

"I never feel like a cathedral," Laurence protested.

"And you don't look like one. Elephants always look like walking cathedrals, don't you think?—when you see them strolling about at the Zoo; just as if they were built of grey

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stone which had been exposed to the elements for centuries."

"I can't say, Miss Burton: I don't know that I have ever seen a walking cathedral."

"But you've seen a circulating library: and that's something of the same sort. But, as I was saying, you don't look like a cathedral —you only shed a gentle and cathedrally sort of influence: and that is because you are so truthful and upright."

"It is generally supposed to be the best policy, isn't it? So, at least, I've always been told."

"Then you have been brought up on proverbs," said Nora, joining in the conversation; "and they are invariably misleading."

"Of course they are," added Nancy; "if you let yourself be guided by proverbs, you will believe that the better you behave the better-looking you will become: which—as Euclid wisely remarked—is absurd."

"Then aren't you truthful and upright," asked Laurence, endeavouring to divert the conversation from himself and his moral excellencies.

Nancy laughed: "Not we! We never tell the truth, unless we are convinced that it is funnier than fiction; and we always take what doesn't belong to us, if we happen to fancy it."

"From hearts down to postage stamps," added Anthony under his breath.

"But none of us has ever stolen on a large scale except mother," Nancy went on; "did you ever hear the tale of mother in the boot shop, Mr. Baxendale?"

"No; please tell it me."

"Well, one day at the seaside I went with mother to buy a new pair of boots. She tried on several pairs, in the orthodox fashion, and finally settled upon a pair that was faintly less uncomfortable than the others; whereupon we left the shop. All the way home we saw people looking at us and giggling: and though we feel we are worthy of all notice we see nothing in our appearance to excite mirth. Therefore we wondered."

"Naturally," said Laurence.

"At last, one woman—braver than the rest —stopped us and said to mother, between paroxysms of laughter, 'Are you aware, madam, that you have a bunch of baby's shoes hanging behind you?' It turned out—would you believe it?—that when mother sat down to be tried on, a bunch of children's shoes had caught on the fringe of her mantle; and she had walked with them dangling behind her all up the street. You know the sort; ankle-straps in every conceivable shade of leather. Of course we nearly died of laughing: and that is the only time any one of us has ever been actually convicted of shoplifting. But here is the thief herself."

Tea and Mrs. Burton arrived simultaneously; and the former was dispensed by Nancy with much enlivening conversation, wherein the others joined. Which Baxendale, in spite of his efforts to the contrary, enjoyed to the full. And when a man has to make an effort not to enjoy the conversation of one particular woman things are pretty bad with him.

At last he rose: "I wonder what o'clock it is. I seem to be staying an unconscionable time—like Charles the Second; but to me it has appeared short—as I daresay it did to him."

Nancy looked at her watch-bracelet: "I am not a very good guide as to time, because my watch is always either ten minutes too slow or three-quarters of an hour too fast, and you never can be quite sure which."

"There must be something wrong with its internal arrangements," said Mrs. Burton, with her pleasant laugh; "which perhaps accounts for your being late for everything, Nancy, dear."

"Maybe: anyway I must admit that punctuality is the one virtue which I don't happen to possess."

"Can I do anything toward the watch's recovery?" asked Laurence, holding out his hand for the pretty toy.

"No, thank you. When it is worse than usual I just give it a stir-up inside with a hairpin."

Laurence smiled: "That is a bit drastic, isn't it?"

"But it always does it good. For at least a week after the hairpin treatment it never loses more than five minutes in the day, or gains more than thirty: but after that it drops back into its old evil ways again, just as we all do the next week but one after a really stirring sermon."

"I am afraid sermons never stir me up at all—whatever hairpins might do," said Laurence.

"Oh! but they stir up Nancy," cried Nora: "sermons I mean, of course—not hairpins."

Nancy nodded: "I should just think they do. They give me thrills all down my spine—just as the National Anthem and falling in love do —and make me really an exquisite character for about four days. Once for a week, after Mr. Arbuthnot had preached about unselfish-

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ness, I went for a walk with Nora every day: and another time, after he'd preached against vanity and love of dress, I let Tony go for a whole afternoon with his tie wriggling up over the back of his collar, and never told him of it."

"And I was not behind you in virtuous behaviour," added Anthony: "that very same sermon led me to leave a smut, which had settled upon our dear Nancy's ineffective nose, unwept, unhonoured and unsung for at least four good hours by Shrewsbury clock. And it was on a day when she was particularly fancying herself, too."

Nancy tossed her head: "What a goose you are, Tony! All the same, I wonder how you could resist the pleasure of finding fault with me when there was any just ground for such fault finding."

"I admit it was difficult, my dear young cousin: a less self-denying man could not have withstood the temptation. There are some things which are absolutely necessary to a man's well-being and peace of mind; and one of them is pointing out the faults of his female relations."

"Another is pointing out, in a photograph of any place which he has visited, the hotel where he happened to stay," said Nancy: "no normal human being—either man or woman—can help doing that."

"And if we can put a cross opposite our own particular bedroom window, delight reaches the point of ecstasy," added Laurence.

Anthony gazed at Nancy in mock admiration: "My dear young friend, you are too clever by half: if you get much sharper you'll cut yourself."

"Well, I haven't yet, anyhow: though I've often been tempted to cut you."

"There you are, at it again," sighed Anthony: "when shall I persuade you to be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever? It would be such a pleasant change if you would! And, besides, you'll never get a husband if you go on scintillating like this; men don't want a blaze of fireworks on their own hearthstones."

"They'll want me right enough, whether I hearthstone or whether I firework," retorted Nancy, who never could resist squabbling with Tony when she had the chance.

"In that case," replied her cousin, "they'll soon find out their mistake—at least, the fortunate (or rather the unfortunate) one whom you select will. The beauteous firework so fiercely sought will become an intolerable nuisance by being confined to the domestic hearthstone. I'm sure I pity the poor fellow, whoever he may be. When I meet him I shall hug my single blessedness, feeling how far my high failure overleaps the bounds of his low success."

Mr. Baxendale turned to Nancy: "Do you know I think your cousin is rather wasting his sympathy?"

"No, I'm not," Anthony contradicted him: "you don't know her as well as I do."

"Which is my misfortune rather than my fault."

"That may be; but it is a most fortunate misfortune for you. She'll make a strict wife, won't she, Nora?"

"Not she," replied the younger Miss Burton: "of course she'll expect the man to do things her way instead of his own, but that will only be good for him."

"And though I shall expect the man to do things my way instead of his own, I shall never expect him to say, or even to think, that it is a better way than his own: that's where lots of women make such a mistake."

"Wise Nancy!" exclaimed Mrs. Burton.

"Well, all the same, I return to my point," said Anthony, "and that is that Nancy is becoming too clever to get a husband at all."

Nancy merely made a face at him, without taking the trouble to reply.

"You silly children!" cried Mrs. Burton, rising from her chair and shaking Laurence's outstretched hand. "Well, if you must go, good-bye, Mr. Baxendale. I am afraid you will imagine that I have a most frivolous family."

"I shan't think any the worse of them on that score," Laurence politely expostulated.

But he did—in those days before Nancy had taught him how wise it is to be silly sometimes: and how dull it is (when once one has been silly) to become wise again.

(To be Continued.)

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HERE AND THERE

Our European Friends.

During the past few weeks Americans have been favoured quite gratuitously with a vast amount of innocent diversion provided by the Foreign Offices of the principal European powers. Seldom has such a diplomatic Donnybrook been put on view. The open publication of confidential despatches, questions and answers in Parliament, inspired and semi-official assertions and denials and tremendous unofficial buzzing in an atmosphere made thick with portentous and mysterious hints of what would happen if the whole truth should ever become actually known—all this because each of the great nations of Europe is so anxious to assure us that it and it alone was our good, good friend when Spain was trying so hard to do us up! Our countrymen little dreamed, in those interesting days just after the *Maine* had been destroyed, that unless some power or other (name not yet quite definitely known) had taken a firm, strong stand in our behalf we might have had to face the possibility of a collective note, a note actually deprecating a policy to which the American people, without reference to party, was absolutely and irretrievably committed! It is awful, the thought of that collective note—the letter which never came; but somehow or other, Americans are not very much impressed by it in retrospect any more than they are very deeply interested in the pleas that are now put forward with such agitation by the various claimants upon our gratitude.

The reason why they are not much impressed by the thought of the collective note is a very simple one indeed. They know perfectly well that no note of any kind from any conceivable combination of powers would have led to anything more serious. The collective note would have remained a collective note. Only that. And in the second place, even had such a diplomatic demonstration been intended to convey a lurking threat, that fact would not have altered by a single jot the course on which the nation was united. So far as the little affair with Spain was concerned, we went into that not because we enjoyed it, or because there was any particular glory in it, but because, as President McKinley said to the diplomatic corps at the time, a prolongation of Spanish misgovernment in Cuba had become unendurable. We were only half stirred by the call to arms when Spain alone was our antagonist. But had any other power or powers ventured even one inch beyond the limits of the most discreet reserve, then all our good American fighting blood would have been really up, and we would have sacrificed, if necessary, untold treasure and a million lives, to show the world just how Americans receive dictation.

Yet, as a matter of fact, there was never the remotest possibility that any foreign power would interfere. When the assembled diplomats expressed to President McKinley in the most guarded, deferential way their hope that war would be averted, they were putting out a feeler, to see how he would take it. And when he answered them in a manner equally urbane and in language equally polite, but meaning, when properly translated, that they were to mind their own business very strictly, as we intended to see the thing through in our own way—then they knew that they had been diplomatically snubbed, and that the game of interference was all up. They wrote no end of letters back and forth among themselves, and they wasted much good money in cabling voluminously to their governments; but that was purely professional and the proper thing. It had no real meaning. And when they all met, at Lord Pauncefote's decanal invitation to talk things over, it must have been a most amusing scene. Everybody looked into everybody else's eyes, and nobody had very much to say. No doubt each one of them would have liked his neighbour to suggest the belling of the cat; but this particular cat was a very large and very active animal, and its claws were very sharp; and no one seemed to have much stomach for the task. Therefore, they said some vaguely complimentary things to one another, and adjourned in a thoughtful, quiet sort of way. A little later and the reverberatiion of Dewey's distant guns inspired them with a won-

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derful affection for the United States, which has endured down to the present moment.

Moreover, Americans are not the least bit anxious to discover who their friends were in the early days of the Spanish War, because that is something which they discovered at the time. And they discovered it not on the basis of what "a prominent diplomat" or "an official too highly placed to be named" has subsequently said, but on the much more satisfactory basis of a few cold facts. The great powers of Europe are five in number—Austria, Germany, France, Russia and Great Britain. Now, Austria—that is, German Austria—while always most scrupulously correct in her diplomatic attitude, is necessarily no friend of the American Republic, and small blame to her. For, in the first place, Austria is the country where "humanity commences with the baron"—the most haughtily and intensely aristocratic country in the world, and therefore representing everything in the way of caste prejudice, against which the fundamental theories of our Republic are a protest. But more than this, in some curious way, it has happened that time and again America's policy has crossed the path of Austria's pride or Austria's ambition, and has brought them both to open humiliation. From the days of Kossuth, whom the whole American people honoured for his gallant struggle against Austrian despotism, from the time when Daniel Webster wrote his intentionally arrogant letter to Baron Hülsemann, from the time when an American naval officer, Captain Ingraham, took Koszta from the deck of an Austrian man-of-war, the very name of the United States has been hateful to the ears of Austria. We toppled over the pinchbeck Franco-Austrian empire in Mexico. We forbade all interference while Juarez caused the Austrian Maximilian to be shot at Queretaro. And finally, when we turned our arms against the tyranny of Spain, we were making war upon a country of which the Regent was an Austrian princess and the King a child in whose veins ran the blood of the haughty Hapsburgs. And so Austria was not our friend; nor could Americans expect her friendship.

Then there was Germany. In Germany there are very many who look to the American Republic as a sort of promised land, a land of hope, a land where men of German blood have found a chance that was denied them in the country of their birth. But those who think in this way are not of the ruling class, the military caste, the Junkers, the Agrarians, the stiff-necked sticklers for the petty privileges which console them for the loss of self-respecting independence. And so it came about that Germany—official Germany—was wholly Spanish in its sympathies. How the wasp-waisted officers in the cafés of Berlin made merry over our impromptu armies! How they jeered over the notion that our raw levies, hastily dispatched to a strange country, quite destitute of siege artillery and with obsolescent rifles and old-fashioned smoky powder could cope with the disciplined and seasoned veterans of his Majesty, the King of Spain! How all the journalistic organs of the Hochwohlgeboren preached about our greed, and carefully explained our unmilitary characteristics, and caricatured us in the similitude of pigs! And then, when we began winning victories, how venomous was the mood which succeeded to the earlier derision! There is no doubt that Admiral von Diederichs at Manila quite accurately translated into action the feeling which animated his superiors. Perhaps it is just as well that Admiral Dewey cut the cable when he did; for had the American people known from day to day precisely what was going on, and how far the presumptuous insolence of Diederichs carried him, another and a greater war might possibly have followed on the heels of that with Spain. Even now the whole story of those critical weeks has not been fully told; but the men who served with Dewey know it, and this knowledge utterly nullifies and makes ridiculous the German Kaiser's sentimental pose to-day.

And France! Of all the hatred that was lavished on our country in those months of war, the hatred of the French was the most malignant and intense—the more so, possibly, because it was so impotent. This feeling was partially inspired by a sort of sentimental belief in

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the solidarity of the so-called Latin races, and it was seduously fostered by persons who had invested largely in Spanish bonds; but it could not have attained to such a pitch as it actually did, had it not been rooted in a very deep dislike of the United States and of the American people. The French, more than any other nation in the world, are influenced and also represented by their newspapers; and not one single newspaper in the city of Paris showed the slightest symptom of friendship for this country. It was not merely that they held the war to be on our part one of pure aggression. Some of our own newspapers held this view. But the French journals not merely denied the merit of our case against Spain, but they showed a malignant hatred of everything American. Their gutter sheets reeked with every possible form of abuse, vituperation, and coarse slander. They invented hundreds of lying stories and gave them an enormous circulation. Even the *Figaro* published the absurd tale that when the Spanish cruiser *Viscaya* visited New York just after the destruction of the *Maine,* its commanding officer, Captain Eulate, ordered the ship's guns to be trained upon the city in order to intimidate the mobs which the *Figaro* described as assembling on the water front and yelling insults at the Spanish vessel. Later, after the war had begun, these purveyors of mendacity published spurious reports of Spanish victories, just as some thirty years before they had gulled all Paris into believing that the German army of invasion had been routed by MacMahon and that the Prussian Crown Prince had been made a prisoner. Only one French newspaper, *Le Temps,* made so much as a pretence of maintaining a judicial attitude; and this was only a pretence, for *Le Temps* also was absolutely hostile toward both the government and the people of the United States.

That this feeling in the French press was precisely the same feeling as that which animated the French people, every American who was in France at that time has exceedingly good reason to know. Americans lived there in an atmosphere of the intensest hostility—and this hostility was exhibited, not by any single set or faction or class, but by every Frenchman, from the noble of the Jockey Club and the rich *bourgeois,* down to the cabman and the *garçon de café.* As soon as an American was known to be such, he experienced treatment ranging from studied incivility to open insult; and those of our countrymen who adopted the somewhat absurd but very harmless practice of wearing an American emblem were more than once threatened with actual violence. The malignity of all this was equalled only by its pitifulness; since France, the nation, was impotent to do us any harm collectively, even had not Russia, our traditional friend and France's master, forbidden any governmental action. All that was possible for France to do was to leave its rabble free to yelp at the heels of casual American tourists. Decidedly, therefore, France was not our friend.

Finally, there was England. In England there is always one thin stratum of society which dislikes intensely all that is American. The members of this set during the Civil War sported ostentatiously the Confederate emblem, and during the Spanish War its women, with equal ostentation, wore the Spanish colours. The men read with avidity the jeering articles prepared for them by such literary caterers as Frank Harris and Mr. Morley Roberts, and they comforted themselves for a time with the belief that the Yankee fleets were going to be blown out of the water and the Yankee coast towns laid under contribution by the Spanish squadrons which were—on paper—so superior. But this particular stratum of the English world no longer counts; for it long ago ceased to be representative of either the heart, the intellect, or the conscience of the English people. Great Britain as a whole was unreservedly our cordial friend. Its press defended our interference in Cuba, just as in 1859 it had defended the interference of France in Italy. And English sympathy went to further lengths than words alone. Not in our generation will it be discreet to tell the whole story of how, in every quarter of the world, whenever an American representative met an English official, he found in him an ally. What the consuls of Great Britain did for us in Sicily, from which island came the sulphur that we use in the manufac-

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ture of powder, what the Governor of Hong-Kong did for us when Dewey's fleet lacked adequate provision, and what Sir Edward Chichester did for us off Manila at the critical moment when German guns were on the point of being trained upon our vessels—these things are partly known to all, and they form only a few of the innumerable illustrations of what England's feeling really was for us in the days of war; though perhaps the most significant of all the proofs that England stood our friend in 1898 is to be found in the one impressive fact that after the war had ended, the Spaniards' hatred of the English was more intense and more implacable than their hatred of Americans.

Herein is found the reason why diplomatic documents and semi-official *communiqués* and *démentis* cannot at this late day disturb or alter the opinion which Americans entertain as to the question of their international friendships of four years ago. We know how other nations felt, and we know what England did; and if the time shall ever come, as we trust it may not, when England shall be sore beset by foreign foes, she will then learn in the hour of her extremity that Americans have memories and are not ungrateful. *H. T. P.*

NOVEL NOTES

MARGARET WARRENER. By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. $1.50

Here is a novel of emotion from the Boston point of view. Miss Brown has become identified with New England life, and when she came to the writing of a sex novel it was quite natural that she should choose Boston for her background. Margaret Warrener, beautiful and talented and distinctly feminine, becomes the wife of a man who apparently loves her with an ardour equal to her own. For him she gives up the stage and with him goes to Boston. They live in a studio building and soon become intimate with a Bohemian set. Among them there is one Laura Neale, a journalist of the most masculine type. She is an epicene sort of person, turning every experience of life into newspaper copy, and betraying her best friends in cold type. She is the strongest creation of the author, her hateful personality dominating the book and making the reader feel an actual loathing for her. One man says to her:

You are a curious compound of sexual differences that means power of a certain sort. Your personal magnetism is tremendous. Your brain is big enough to estimate and use it. But that magnetism has no particular value to you except as force. It has no sacredness whatever. You have accepted it as something God Almighty gave to you to earn your bread with, as he gave the tigress claws to clutch. You simulate emotions you don't in the least feel, except in an elementary way. You are a merchant trading in charms.

It is for this woman that Llandaff tires of Margaret. For no reason whatever his love dies, and before Margaret's very eyes he makes love to Laura. He is hypnotised by her physical strength, her business-like power, and her lack of sex. Llandaff is another disagreeable type. Cruel to his wife, a mere weakling and plaything of fate, a failure in everything that he undertakes, his death at the close of the story comes as a relief. Even when he is suffering in a hospital Laura shows not even a glimmer of feeling. To offset these two miserable specimens the author brings forth Margaret, whose wonderful love and devotion redeem the story. Just once does she force a scene with her husband. After that she lives on in the same building, effacing herself for his sake, crucifying her love every day, and going to him only when his need is great. It is a pitiful story. But Margaret learns the great lessons of life, and in the end she triumphs.

The story also tells of other lives. There is Brownell, one of the *nouveaux riches*, whose cab smells of patchouli; Teresa, called the Child, whose little love-story with a world-weary man is well told; and Brandon, the playwright, in whose play Margaret returns to the stage. There is much that is natural in the book, but the action of Llandaff is quite improbable. Miss Brown has failed to give to her book the touch of reality. As a novel it suffers by comparison with her other work.

Flora Mai Holly.

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THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

The January list of publications proved to be a very light one, comparing unfavourably both as to size and quality with those of recent years. In fiction the number of new titles was exceedingly few, and contained no novel of special note. Under the grouping of miscellaneous books there was a more numerous output, but these entered to but a slight degree into the sales of the month. The most noticeable titles were *The Apostles' Creed,* by A. C. McGiffert; *American Mural Painting,* by Pauline King; *Richard Wagner,* by W. J. Henderson, and *Studies of Trees in Winter,* by Annie Oakes Huntington.

Sales, as a whole, kept up remarkably well, the demand for the more popular titles in fiction of the holiday season just passed continuing strong. *The Crisis, The Right of Way, D'ri and I* and *The Cavalier* selling fully as well as when first issued, while *The Man from Glengarry* and *The History of Sir Richard Calmady* seemed rather to increase in popularity.

The sale of novels was the only remarkable feature of the month, but miscellaneous works were in fair demand, particularly for libraries, from which source an increased activity was noticeable with the opening of the year.

January in the book trade, while not a dull month in point of sales, is looked upon by the dealer as somewhat irregular. It is one of special clearance sales, of stock-taking, rearranging of goods, replenishing after the holiday demands and preparation for the coming spring business, and the present month has been no exception in these respects.

Few signs of the coming spring business are as yet noticeable, but in a short time the customary call for European guide-books may be expected, and somewhat later the annual revival in the sales of out-of-door works may be looked for. The Easter trade will come earlier than usual, and in addition to the customary novelties for the season there is a growing tendency for books of a more substantial character appropriate to the occasion.

The announcements for early publication are both numerous and interesting. From the point of sale *Audrey,* by Mary Johnston, to be published in the latter part of this month, is undoubtedly the most important. Other works of fiction will be *Kate Bonnet,* by Frank R. Stockton; *Dorothy Vernon,* by Charles Major; *The Rôle of the Unconquered,* by Test Dalton, and *The Colonials,* by Allen French.

The success of the American Publishers' Association with net books has warranted them in placing the new fiction issued by its members from this date under regulations for the maintaining of prices profitable to the dealer, and it is expected that with the successful accomplishment of this that the legitimate sales of books in all departments of literature will be materially increased.

The best selling books of the month just past are as follows:

The Right of Way. Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
The Crisis. Winston Churchill. $1.50.
The Man from Glengarry. Ralph Connor. $1.50.
D'ri and I. Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
The Cavalier. George W. Cable. $1.50.
Lazarre. Mary Hartwell Catherwood. $1.50.
Circumstance. S. Weir Mitchell. $1.50.
Blennerhassett. Charles Felton Pidgin. $1.50.
Tarry Thou Till I Come. George Croly. Net, $1.40.
The Eternal City. Hall Caine. $1.50.
The History of Sir Richard Calmady. Lucas Malet. $1.50.
In the Fog. Richard Harding Davis. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, February 1, 1902.

Steadiness and uniformity were the chief features of the opening month of the year. Business, as is usual in January, seemed somewhat quiet at first compared with the busy days of December, but as a matter of fact the volume of trade was quite up to, if not beyond, the average. The leading novels sold very well, but the demand was more marked for current books outside of these, such as the many books of fiction of secondary grade and the vast army of miscellaneous and standard books that sell all the time.

Receipts of new books were light last month, and few titles of especial interest were published. A good sale, however, was met with for *Schley and Santiago,* by G. S. Graham, stimulated largely no doubt by the recent visit of the admiral to the middle west. In fiction the principal books received from a selling point of view were *The Fifth String,* by John Philip Sousa, and *The Second Generation,* by J. Weber Linn.

Several of the fall books which, owing to the enormous output of that season escaped notice then, came into especial prominence last month. Chief among these were *The House With the Green Shutters,* by George Douglas, and *If I Were King,* by Justin Huntley McCarthy.

The recent decision of the American Publishers' Association limiting the discount at retail upon fiction published after February 1

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has been well received by the trade, and the resolution is hailed pretty generally as another step in the right direction.

Judging from the different publishers' lists of books for spring publication which have already come to hand, it is evident that the output will be much in excess of the ordinary. Each year more books are published in the spring, and it is now generally recognised as a good time to put forth even important books. Already the demand is being felt for the books which are likely to command exceptional sales, such as *Audrey,* by Mary E. Johnston; *Dorothy Vernon,* by Charles Major, etc.

The Right of Way continues to sell largely, and so does *The Crisis. The Man from Glengarry* is also going very well, and so is *The Tempting of Father Anthony, D'ri and I, Lazarre* and *The Cavalier.* Outside of these there was little that is remarkable in the sales of leading books, although most of them are selling as well as can be expected. Miscellaneous books were in good request, as heretofore noted, especially *The Making of an American* and the more important of the heavier books published last year.

The outlook for future business continues to be bright, and there is every reason to expect a good spring trade. There is plenty of confidence among the trade now on account, perhaps, of business having been fairly good of late, and a disposition exists to buy liberally of books for which a fair sale may be expected.

The best selling books during January were:

The Right of Way. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.
The Man from Glengarry. By Ralph Connor. $1.50.
D'ri and I. By Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
Lazarre. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. $1.50.
The Cavalier. By G. W. Cable. $1.50.
The Tempting of Father Anthony. By G. Horton. $1.25.
The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
Graustark. By G. B. McCutcheon. $1.50.
Blennerhassett. By C. F. Pidgin. $1.50.
Marietta. By F. M. Crawford. $1.50.
Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.
Sir Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. $1.50.
Tarry Thou Till I Come. By G. Croly. Net, $1.40.

ENGLISH LETTER.

DECEMBER 21, 1901, TO JANUARY 20, 1902.

With the issue of the present report the record of another year's trade is closed, a year in which, although a large amount of business has been transacted, has yet proved far from satisfactory. The war, with its uncertainties and many calls upon the public purse, has continued to bear hardly upon the book trade, for to a very large percentage of people books are distinctly a luxury and one of the first to be foregone when an increased outlay is necessary for necessities. The week before the Christmas Festival was certainly a very busy one, and much activity was necessary to deal with the orders from both town and country; but, with probably the exception of the 6s. novel, the usual intensity in the demand was considerably less than was anticipated.

As is usual, a period of slackness since that time has prevailed, and for a few weeks the issue of any works of importance has ceased. In 6s. novels, *The Green Turbans,* by J. M. Cobban, and *The Yellow Fiend,* by Mrs. Alexander, have been the most prominent. There has been a steady demand for several of the already popular works.

With the expiration of copyright in several of the works of Darwin an increased demand has been experienced, and Mr. J. Murray's cheaper reprints have been especially in request. The Shakespeare-Bacon controversy has caused the appearance of several works upon the subject, and the December issue of the *Nineteenth Century* was early exhausted.

The best selling books of the month:

Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Count Hannibal. By S. J. Weyman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
The Green Turbans. By J. M. Cobban. 6s. (Long.)
The Visits of Elizabeth. 6s. (Duckworth.)
In Spite of All. By Edna Lyall. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)
History of Sir Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. 6s. (Methuen.)
Love, Courtship and Marriage. By. E. J. Hardy. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
Light Freights. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s 6d. (Methuen.)
History of the Great Boer War. By A. C. Doyle. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
The War in South Africa. By A. C. Doyle. 6d. (Newnes.)
Rhodesia, and After. By S. H. Gilbert. 5s. net. (Simpkin.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

JANUARY 10 TO FEBRUARY 10.

NEW YORK.

American Book Company:
Selections from Irving's Sketch-Book. C. T. Benjamin.

Appleton and Company:
The Strength of the Weak. C. C. Hotchkiss.
Book-Binding and the Care of Books. Douglas Cockerell.
A Fool's Year. E. H. Cooper.

Armstrong and Company:
The Church's One Foundation. Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll.

Buckles and Company:
The Lovely Mrs. Pemberton. Florence Warden.

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Dewey Publishing Company:
The New Age Gospel. John Hamlin Dewey.

Dillingham Company:
The Rôle of the Unconquered. Test Dalton.

Doubleday, Page and Company:
The Colonials. Allen French.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:
The Colour of His Soul. Zoe Anderson Norris.

Harper and Brothers:
Cecil Rhodes. Howard Hensman.

Hinds and Noble:
How to Attract and Hold Audiences. J. B. Esenwein.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:
Correggio. Estelle M. Hurll.

Jenkins:
En Son Nom. Edward Everett Hale.
First Year Latin. W. W. Smith.

Macmillan Company:
Japan. Mortimer Menpes.
Tales of Passed Times. Charles Perrault.
The Newcomes. W. M. Thackeray.
The College Student and His Problems. James H. Canfield.
What is Shakespeare? L. A. Sherman.
Who's Who? 1892.
A Sketch of Semitic Origins. G. A. Barton.
The Second Generation. James W. Linn.
The English Chronicle Play. F. E. Schelling.
Pendennis. W. M. Thackeray. (Three Volumes.)
The Care of Destitute, Neglected and Delinquent Children. H. Folks.
Mental Growth and Control. Nathan Oppenheim.
The Language and Metre of Chaucer. Revised by F. Kluge, translated by M. B. Smith.

Mansfield and Company:
New Glimpses of Poe. James A. Harrison.

Markley:
The Americanisation of the World. W. T. Stead.

New Amsterdam Book Company:
Beyond the Great South Wall. Frank Savile.

Offices of the Studio:
Modern Design in Jewellery and. Fans. Edited by C. Holme.

Putnam's Sons:
Henry V. Charles L. Kingsford.
Swiss Life in Town and Country. Alfred T. Story.
The Art of Life. R. De Maulde la Claviere. Translated by G. H. Ely.
Christus Victor. Henry Nehemiah Dodge.
Wales. Owen M. Edwards.
The Basis of Social Relations. Daniel C. Brinton.

Revell Company:
Musings by Camp-fire and Wayside. W. C. Gray.

Russell:
If I Were King. Justin Huntley McCarthy.

Scribner's Sons:
A History of Architecture. Professor B. Fletcher.
Robespierre. Hilaire Belloc.
The Apostles' Creed. Arthur Cushman McGiffert.
The Medici and the Italian Renaissance. O. Smeaton.

Silver, Burdett and Company:
I Promessi Sposi. Mortiz Levi.

Taylor Company:
Lachmi Bai. Michael White.

Wessels Company:
Philip Freneau. Mary S. Austin.

Whittaker:
Spiritual Development of St. Paul. Rev. George Matheson.

William Beverley Harrison:
First Message. Theodore Roosevelt.

BOSTON, MASS.

Birchard and Company:
Lyrics. John V. Cheney.

Ginn and Company:
Elements and Notation of Music. James M. McLaughlin.
Herbarium and Plant Description. W. H. D. Meier.
Handbook of the Trees of New England. L. L. Dame and H. Brooks.

Knight and Millet:
Studies of Trees in Winter. Annie O. Huntington.

The Gorham Press:
The Watchers of the Hearth. Benjamin Sledd.

United Society of Christian Endeavour:
Adventures in Tibet. William Carey.
Fifty Missionary Programmes. Belle M. Brain.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Minnesota Tribune Company:
The Minneapolis Tribune Cartoon Book for 1901. R. C. Bowman.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Dramatic Publishing Company:
Francesca Da Rimini. George H. Boker.

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INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Bowen-Merrill Company:
Such Stuff as Dreams. Charles E. Russell.
The Fifth String. John Philip Sousa.

Conkey Company:
Schley and Santiago. George Edward Graham.

Sergel Company:
The Revolt and the Escape. V. De L'Isle Adam.

The University of Chicago Press:
Constructive Studies in the Priestly Element in the Old Testament. William R. Harper.

DETROIT, MICH.

National Educational Association:
Journal of Proceedings and Addresses of the Fortieth Annual Meeting.

CLEVELAND, O.

Burrows Brothers' Company:
The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents. R. G. Thwaites. (Volumes LXII. and LXIII.)

SEATTLE, WASH.

Homer M. Hill Publishing Company:
Eastern Peru and Bolivia. William C. Agle.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Whitaker and Ray Company:
Pandora. Mrs. Salzscheider.
The Wolves of the Sea and Other Poems. Herbert Bashford.

Robertson:
In the Footprints of the Padres. C. W. Stoddard.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Kingsley-Barnes and Neuner Company:
The Herald's History of Los Angeles City. C. D. Willard.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Gies and Company:
Small Potatoes. Floyd Isbell.

GROSS POINT, ILL.

Songs and Other Fancies. Henry D. Muir.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Neale Publishing Company:
The Goldsmith of Nome. Sam C. Dunham.

Government Printing Office:
Report of the Librarian of Congress for the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1901.
A List of Books on Samoa and Guam. A. P. C. Griffin.
Report of the Librarian of Congress for the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1901.
Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year 1899-1900. Volume II.
Eighteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology. J. W. Powell. Part II.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Bell and Sons:
Rembrandt. Malcolm Bell.
Giotto. F. Mason Perkins.

Methuen and Company:
A Report on Canada. The Earl of Durham.

TROY, N. Y.

Pafraets Book Company:
The House of Cæsar. Seymour Van Santvoord.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1519 Clio:
William. W. W. Handlin.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between January 1 and February 1, 1902.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
4. The House With the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Lion's Whelp. Barr. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) $1.50.
6. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) $1.50.
3. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

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4. Count Hannibal. Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) $1.50.
5. Thoughts for Every-Day Living. Babcock. (Scribner.) $1.00 net.
6. The Pines of Lory. Mitchell. (New York Life Pub. Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Pines of Lory. Mitchell. (New York Life Pub. Co.) $1.50.
3. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
5. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) $1.50.
6. Clementina. Mason. (Stokes.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Trees in Winter. Huntington. (Knight & Miller.) $2.25 net.
2. Marietta. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Count Hannibal. Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) $1.50.
4. Old-Time Gardens. Earl. (Macmillan.) $2.50 net.
5. One of My Sons. Green. (Putnam Sons.) $1.50.
6. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Benefactress. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) $1.50.
6. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40 net.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Circumstance. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Tristram of Blent. Hope. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. By Bread Alone. Friedman. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Annie Deane. Slade. (Brentano.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
4. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
5. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) $1.50.
2. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) $1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
6. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
3. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
3. A Lily of France. Mason. (Griffith-Rowland Press.) $1.10 net.
4. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Cardigan. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
3. Cardigan. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Crisis Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
4. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.

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5. Blennerhassett. Pidgin. (Clark Co.) $1.50.
6. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS.

1. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50
3. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
5. Farm Rhymes. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Strategems and Spoils. White. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Count Hannibal. Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. My Lady Peggy Goes to Town. Mathews. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25 net.
5. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75 net.
5. A Drone and a Dreamer. Lloyd. (Taylor.) $1.50.
6. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Velvet Glove. Merriman. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00
5. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Potter and the Clay. Peterson. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Sylvia. Emerson. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. A Summer Hymnal. Moore. (Coates Co.) $1.25.
5. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
6. The Portion of Labour. Wilkins. (Harper.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Count Hannibal. Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Velvet Glove. Merriman. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan.) $2.00 net.
5. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner.) $4.00 net.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Jaconetta. Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) 85 cents.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40 net.
4. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Benefactress. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
4. The Velvet Glove. Merriman. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PENN.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Circumstance. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Marietta. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.60.
4. Marcus Whitman. Mowry. (Silver Burdette Co.) $1.50.
5. McLoughlin and Old Oregon. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Life of Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) $1.40 net.
3. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
4. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Portion of Labour. Wilkins. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan.) $2.00 net.
6. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. In the Footprint of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $1.50 net.
2. God Wills It. Davis. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Marietta. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4 California Violets. Hibbard. (Robertson.) $1.00 net.
5. Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum. Irwin. (Elder & Shepard.) 25 cents.
6. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) $1.50.
4. The House With the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Sir Richard Calmady Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
3. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75.
5. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Westminster Co.) $1.25.
3. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Morang Co.) $2.00.
4. Johnny Courteau. Drummond. (Putnam Sons.) $1.25 and $2.50.
5. Marietta. Crawford. (Crawford.) $1.25.
6. Mark Everard. Magee. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.)
2. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Lives of the Hunted. (Thompson.) Scribner.) $1.75.
4. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON.

1. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) $1.50.
6. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) $1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINT
A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives 10
" "	2d	"	"	"	8
" "	3d	"	"	"	7
" "	4th	"	"	"	6
" "	5th	"	"	"	5
" "	6th	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50	265
2. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50	129
3. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50	111
4. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50	110
5. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50	100
6. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	97

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